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EDITORIAL

In many first issues of The Journal the editors have announced their intentions of printing the best of student essays, stories, poetry and plays. They set a standard of originality, good taste and some evidence of writing ability for all contributions. They do this in all sincerity. But they may or may not succeed in maintaining their standards for the remaining four issues.

This year we will not go so far as to make promises or set standards. We hope that each issue will give you interesting reading, some of it entertaining, some of it informative, some of it thought-provoking, some of it even inspiring. We hope that each contribution will exhibit originality, will observe the rules of good taste, will be well-written. We hope these things, we cannot promise them.

If, however, there is an average number of students who have ability to write, who have something to say, who realize the values they will receive from writing, and who will contribute their efforts to The Journal, we believe the magazine will fulfill these goals we have set.

* * *

Writing is an affort to meet a challenge, for there is always an understood challenge to all writers. This challenge is automatically expressed by anyone who is a prospective reader. Readers say, "You cannot keep us interested. Nor can you make improbable things seem either probable or plausible. You have neither new things to say nor new ways of saying the old things."

Any reader must fulfill the obligation which he has assumed in making the challenge. He must judge a writer's work fairly, in order to see how well the challenge has been answered.

Writers have long been attempting to answer these challenges. Many have failed. Many others have decided that their meager efforts by no means met the standards of good writing and have kept their work entirely to themselves. Others have succeeded in answering their challenge to a surprising degree of success. And it is to this latter group that we owe our heritage of great writings.

Whenever a reader feels that a writer has not succeeded in answering his challenge, he should realize that the writer has in turn challenged him to make a better attempt. As a result of this game of challenge and counterchallenge many great writers have emerged who might otherwise have remained for all time lost in obscurity. It is as exciting a game as you will find. It demands strategic cleverness and clean sportsmanship at all times. The outcome is never final, for by challenging we often become the challenged.

We invite you to choose your side and join the game. It makes little difference which side you choose, for if you play the game fairly, you will soon find yourself on the other.

* * *

The study of the literature of foreign countries is being neglected today in many American colleges, and Wofford is one of those guilty of such neglect. The study of English literature is required of every student; a course in American literature is required of every English major. Various courses on periods in English and American literature are offered as electives. But when it comes to foreign literature, two semesters of Roman and Greek classics have been the only studies available in translation. A taste of German, French or Spanish literature may be obtained in the romance languages department but only after at least two years of a language. This year the classics course has been broadened to include Dante and perhaps some Russian writers. That is an improvement. But still the majority of students have no contact at all with many of the world's best writers merely because those writers wrote in a language other than English.

We study literature for several reasons; to learn to recognize and appreciate skills of writing; to become acquainted with ideas and the various, ever-changing treatments of these ideas; to learn historical facts and possibly to be able to predict history; and a secondary reason might be to derive pleasure from the reading. Assuming these to be approximately correct, let us see if world literature is equal to English literature (including American) in giving us these benefits.

Literature loses something in translation but there is still much to be admired in the translated works of the world's great writers. The English language boasts only one of the world's three great poets, Shakespeare. Goethe is missed by the Wofford student unless he takes German. Virgil, as well as Dante and Homer, can be studied only by taking the classical literature course. Among the world's great novelists who are not studied in the English department are Balzac, Hugo, Flaubert, Rabelais, Cervantes, Zola, Boccaccio and perhaps Tolstoi and Dostoievski. Great dramatists such as Moliere, Corneille and Racine can be studied only by taking from three to five years of French. The plays of Ibsen,

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Mary and the Snowman

by Bill Duke

The cold December air was biting its way into his body. Snowflakes danced dizzily to the ground. Before long they would completely cover it, and everything would look different. But that wouldn't change things on the inside, not for long anyway. Moods always changed with the weather, and even when the weather was settled the moods changed anyway. He pulled the coat closer against him, but the cold had already settled and the coat made him no warmer. The flakes made white splotches against the brown of his coat.

But it wasn't the cold and the snow which bothered him—it was the empty feeling where his heart was supposed to be. All his life he had worked toward the position of department manager at Hudson's. And now to lose that position, and to lose it because someone had not reported that the cash register was out of order and wasn't recording the sales accurately. And even after waiting a lifetime for that position, the store seemed very far away now. Especially since he had been excluded from that select little group which was ever so tiny a fraction of the American business mind. He had always hated them, because they were so stupid and because they had dollar marks where their hearts should be. Their air of self-assumed importance was little less than nauseating to him. Nothing else mattered except what they termed "business." He had never been able to define that term and he wondered if it had any concrete definition.

His shoes left prints in the snow which was gradually covering the ground. When the ground was covered the flakes would begin to pile themselves in little heaps. Soon they would turn everything into white. He wondered idly if anything would ever give a white tinge to the black in their hearts.

Two more blocks and he would be home. He allowed himself a faint smile. No wife to welcome him in that shabby apartment building where the noise drowned out your thoughts. He and Mary had dreamed of the day when they would be married and have a home of their own. The dream seemed to be fading very fast. He would cling to the last shreds of that dream so that he would have something left when the dream itself was gone. Yes, home! The shabby brick building which was standing only because it refused to die. Home! Two flights of steps and the old creaking door. Home! The lonely two rooms and bath. Home!

"Help us make a snowman, Johnnie!"

"Yeah, Johnnie'll help us make a snowman. Won't you, Johnnie?"

"Not tonight, boys."

The expression on the children's faces was knowing. As he let himself into the building, the voice floated up the stairs, imposing itself in his mind.

"Say, wonder what's wrong with Johnnie?"

What was wrong with Johnnie? The steps creaked under his weight. He wondered if the building would ever fall down, or if it really mattered whether it did or not. He found his key in his pocket and fed it to the gaping mouth of the lock. The cold was in the room, too, but it wasn't as biting as the cold outside. He toyed with the idea of getting drunk with the whiskey in the cabinet.

The empty fireplace reminded him that he was cold. He found some old newspapers and got the kerosene from the kitchen. He put half the coal in the bucket into the fireplace and struck a match. The smell of the fire starting irritated his nostrils and the black coal dust on his hands disgusted him. He would wash up, eat something and get drunk. He thought about calling Mary, but things like that didn't seem to matter any more. Mary was just the last rung of the decaying ladder of dreams that they had built. And what use was the last rung if the rest of the ladder was gone?

As usual, there was no hot water at this time of night. The cold water running over his hands gave him a pleasant sensation. He decided to brush his teeth and get rid of the taste of too many cigarettes. Back in the room, he noticed that it was getting a little warmer. He pulled a cigarette from the pack in his pocket and enjoyed the sensation of the nicotine clouding up the minty taste that the toothpaste had left.

He wasn't as hungry as he had been. The food could wait until later. The bottle was in the cabinet and the room was becoming warm and comfortable. It would be even more comfortable with the bottle.

Sitting with the glass in his hand, before the fireplace, there was only himself. The people from the office had gone home and were eating supper and telling their wives about the hard day at the office. The wives would be very bored and would be thinking about the new clothes that someone else had. But these men were not a part of him anymore. He wondered if any of them would tell their wives that John Mannings had been fired today. No, they wouldn't, because their wives didn't even know this John Mannings, and no one really cared about his being fired. This little room was his world and

(Continued on page 20)

Fate Finishes First

by Tommy Jones

I NEVER thought that I would ever know what a hell on earth was, but these last three months have given me a preview of what that place is like. It all started when my childhood hate of cats started changing into fear. I would dream that I was being chased by huge cats. The mere mention of the word would send a sliver of ice up my spine.

One morning at my coffee, after a torturing night, my secretary brought me a present. *A Cat!* Its "sweet face," as she called it, looked like a mask of death grinning knowingly up at me. I lost all sense of reason. I saw the book-end. There was a thud, a scream, and then—nothing.

I ran out of the office onto the street. The air seemed to bring me to the full realization of what I had done. I walked until I could walk no more. Somehow I managed to get to my doctor. He said something about my being run down and frayed nerves could stand only so much. He suggested that I take a leave of absence and get away for a rest.

As I walked up the front walk of my home, my wife met me. She wondered why I had come home so soon. It seemed that she asked a million questions. I only grunted the answers. I told her we were going to take a little vacation, a second honeymoon. I told her it was going to be my anniversary gift to her. We decided to go up to a little cabin in the mountains for a few weeks.

The drive up was wonderful. It was good to get away from the crowded confusion of city life. It gave me a clean feeling inside—a feeling that I was secure. As we turned into the winding drive, the sun was settling down for the night. Its rays caused a mirage of reflections on the colored stone of the little cabin. We thought of this cabin as our baby cradled in a bed of towering pine. It was here that we had spent our honeymoon and it was here that I hoped to regain control of myself.

The first few days we busied ourselves with straightening the house. Then came fishing, hunting, and swimming. Sometimes we would take lunch to the cliff's edge a little way from the house and watch the wind play cat-and-mouse with the leaves. Our evenings were spent listening to our favorite recordings and reading aloud to each other. It was perfect. Too perfect to last.

I guess it was that I had become too confident, or maybe that I wanted to prove to myself that I was okay, that made me do what I did, but when Joan asked me at lunch to take her to the village to see a local stage production, I agreed. Why or how these things happen I don't know. It seemed that fate and I were in a race of some kind.

After a pleasant dinner we dressed and drove into town. The theater was packed with mothers, fathers, aunts, uncles, and cousins of the performers. The play was being sponsored by some woman's auxiliary. The members were easy to spot with their corsages on. This play was *the* social event of Lakeview. The local band was playing some march that I doubt Sousa would want to claim, when the houselights were dimmed and the curtain creaked open. My heart jumped, my head started to spin, and I felt a hot throbbing all over as I realized what had happened! The play was a mystery and the villain was dressed like a huge black cat! I couldn't control myself. I was shaking violently as the "cat" headed for its first victim. I remember tearing frantically across feet—a door opened and I was in the open again. I looked around and saw Joan coming out of the theater. The expression on her face was one of terror, love, and surprise intermixed to form an indescribable twist of horror. We drove home without a word. It seemed like I lived an eternity that trip back to the cabin. The car stopped and I leaped out. In the house I took a sleeping pill and fell across the bed in a state of exhaustion.

Then I found myself in a large cage completely surrounded by large, slick, shiny, purring cats. They were everywhere! I knew that I had to get out or they would kill me. I looked for a door. There was none. I tried to climb, but found that I couldn't. I looked around and saw the cats moving in for the kill. Their purring was deafening now and was getting more intense. I knew that I was trapped. I made up my mind that I would not die alone. If I had to go I would take one with me. I grabbed the first one I could reach and squeezed its smooth throat. I could feel the life oozing from its struggling body. It gave a terrified scream of death and then all disappeared.

I was standing in my bedroom dripping with perspiration. At my feet lay a crumpled mass—a crumpled mass of love . . . the last fragment of understanding and reasoning. I felt that everything had been drained out of me as I staggered through the French doors, past the terrace, out to the cliff's edge.

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A Tragedy in One Act

by Jim Dolman

"Jack, Jack Baker! What're you doin'? I'm comin' right down there this instant."

"Don't bother. I'm not doin' anything. I'm just shuttin' the back door."

"It ain't open. I closed it myself this mornin'. You're tryin' to sneak out again and you know you ain't supposed to."

"Damn it, Essie, after seventy-four years I can do as I damn please, I guess, without you buttin' in. Go on back upstairs and finish your housework."

"I won't. Not until you get in the livin' room and sit down. You can't do what the doctor don't want you to."

"What does he know about how I feel? I'm goin' ——"

"You're goin' inside and sit down."

"Those tomatoes out there are gettin' all choked by weeds. I'm goin' out ——"

"We ain't starvin' 'cause of them tomatoes. Go see what the mailman's bringin'."

"He don't ever bring anything. If I can't do what I want, why don't you kill me? Put me to rest forever. I ain't doin' you any good and I ain't ——"

"You've done your good all your life. Shame on you, a good Christian, talkin' that way! What would I do without you? I'd be all lost and alone. The Reverend would give you a talkin' to if he heard you."

"Him? Hell! All he does is pray and pray for the sins he ain't had nerve enough to commit. Fine man he is."

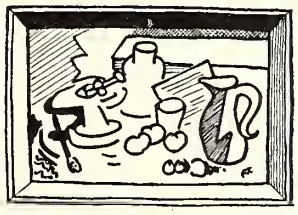
"Stop talkin' about a minister of the Lord that way! Go see the mailman and maybe we'll take a walk this afternoon."

"What'll I do with your father, Lucy? All the time I watch him so he won't get in no trouble and I don't get nothin' done around the house. He's always trying to slip out. If he ain't doin' that he just sits and mopes and broods. I'm just all worn out. He tosses and turns all night and I can't get a wink of sleep for it."

"Why don't you put him in the hospital, Mom? You could see him ——"

"What're you talkin' about? You know I never shirk my duty. He ——"

"But he'd get the proper care there. He'd have nurses and the right diet and all. They're not unpleasant, Mom."



"I can care for him. I brought you children up all right, didn't I? Anyway, without him I'd have nothin' left."

"Oh, Mother, it's not that. You just haven't the proper training for all this. You're just getting worn out and you're too old for that now."

"If you grudge comin' over here to help me the little you do, don't bother. He's your father, after all, and seems like he could expect a little gratitude."

"Mother! I love Dad too, you know that. We just can't watch all the time, though. He needs professional help and no matter how much we love him we can't give him that at home. He's always slipping out, and some day he'll have an accident. I'm thinking of him when I say put him in the hospital."

"I'm sorry, Lucy. I know, I know. It's just that I hate to think about it. He'd feel so strange away from home. I'm so afraid he'll sneak out and have one of his spells."

"He's not going to recover from a spell one day, Mom."

"Lucy, I'm so tired and afraid! It seems so pitiful, poor Jack not even able to talk clear. I don't see how I can go on much longer."

"Mr. Galen, telephone for you, sir."

"Thank you, Mabel. Hello, Mac. Yes, how are you? No, there's not much anyone can do. His wife went out shopping and while she was gone he went out to work in the garden. A clot passed his brain. Rather serious. Doc says he probably won't live much longer. . . . Yes, it certainly is. He's a fine old gentleman. He should have known better than to exert himself. . . . How're Betsy and the children? . . . Good, fine. . . . They're all doing well, thanks. Drop over to see us sometime, old man. . . . Good, so long."

"What did he have to say?"

"Nothing much, Betsy. Looks like the old fellow's due to kick off."

"Oh, that's awful! What will poor Mrs. Baker do?"

"Probably live with Lucy for a while. They've been married so long she undoubtedly won't live long after him. They generally don't at that age—like they were part of one another."

"Mac, isn't it pathetic? How can you be so cold-blooded about it?"

"Come off it, Betsy. Everyone has to die some day."

"I hate to think of it. It's so pointless. Poor things!"

"It's not so bad. He led a full life. What can you expect?"

*In Pursuit of a Myth**

by William J. Schereck

AUTHOR'S NOTE: A first purpose of this paper is to present certain positive logical and factual evidences that the popular Centaur of Greek Mythology has had far greater influence on the history of the world than is indicated by its appearances in classical literature.

The Centaur, identified herein as the Scythian, was an important factor in the spread of the concepts that aided and allowed the development of early Christianity. And, although he may not have been the Cro-Magnon man of early Paleolithic times, there is a preponderance of proofs that the Cro-Magnon man of 3,000 B.C. and the Centaur are one and the same.

That these statements may be believed is the main purpose of this work.

I

"A fabled monster having the head, arms, and body of a man from the waist up, united to the body and legs of a horse" is a thing of reality to the popular fancy. It is a generally accepted figment of the imagination so imbued with being that the veriest schoolboy identifies it unhesitatingly as the well-known Centaur. Academically defined, such a creature is a "myth." By its categorical definition it should be a very dreadful and terrifying bugaboo. Yet, the world at large views the Centaur as a rather pleasant and interesting fellow to have around. The transition from monster to a creature of pleasant attributes is, at first glance, rather unusual. Nevertheless, such is the essence of the myth.

This ambiguity of character, however, gives us our first clue to its true identity. Only upon an occasion of slight acquaintance can such liberties be taken. This is actually the case. The Centaur, according to the reference works examined during the research on this paper, appears but twice in the aggregate of myths. One reference shows the Centaur in a most unfavorable light, while the other is akin to the popular Centaur of today. Both references, however, are in accord with the character and the culture of the peoples with whom we shall come to identify the Centaur.

Upon examining other possible sources of information, we find the Centaur in less mythical and more frequent occurrence among the ancient works of art. According to one evident authority on the subject, the figure of the Centaur was commonly cast on coins:

> On the very ancient coins near the banks of the Stryman in Thrace . . . the equine symbol appears entirely humanized, except the feet, which are terminated in the hoofs of a horse: but on others, apparently of the same date and country, the Centaur is represented. . . . On many other coins, were Silenus with a tail or a Pegasus Mercury with always the head of Bacchus on the reverse. Hence the equines and the caprines . . . seem to have had nearly the same meaning and to have respectively differed in different stages and styles of allegorical composition only by having more or less of the animal symbol mixed with the human form, as the taurine figures of Bacchus and the Rivers have more or less of the original bull.[1]

Referring to the maps of the Ancients, we find Thrace to the northeast of Greece on some; and on others we find the same area preeminently included in the empire of a people known as the Scythians.

Now that we seem to have located the Centaur at a geographical point of contact with the Greek civilization, it yet remains to determine whether the Centaur was, even then, merely a symbol of the mounted horseman, or whether it be possible to identify the Centaur as any certain, specific, mounted horseman.

Bacchus, whose figure was always on one side of the Thracian coins, is popularly remembered as being the Greek god of wine. The same author writes of Bacchus as a military leader:

> These (the Satyr also found on the Thracian coins) were of the race of the Centaurs, with whom they made a part of the retinue of Bacchus in his Indian expedition; and they were probably the original Satyrs derived from Saturn who . . . appeared in the form of a horse.

Turning now to the writings of objective historians, we find more positive evidence. Aryan tribes of the Russian steppes (Scythia) "pushed eastward into India some time between 3000 and 1000 B.C. and conquered . . . peoples who were then in possession of that land."

At this point we can give a fairly comprehensive description of the Centaur, dropping at once any further mythological designation, and in the third person singular. The Centaur was in all events a perpetual horseman. He was a warrior. He drank to excess. He abused women. He was well versed in the arts of

*Copyright applied for.

[1]R. P. Knight, "An Inquiry into the Symbolical Language of Ancient Art and Mythology," *The Classical Journal*, XXV (March and June, 1822), 112.

riding, hunting, and the art of healing. Examination into the character and the culture of the Scythians tends to permit the contention that the Centaur was the Scythian, or that the Scythian was a later Centaur.

> The Scythians, a horde of warriors half Mongul and half European . . . kept their women in pudah seclusion, rode bareback on horses, fought to live and lived to fight, drank the blood of their enemies, and used the scalps as napkins.[2]

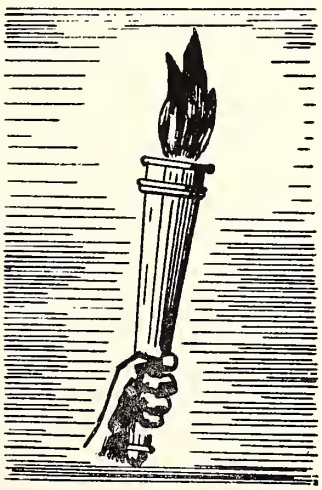
We also learn that "the height of Scythian power coincided with the ascendency of the Macedonians and the Greeks, with whom they maintained close commercial relations." It then becomes more readily acceptable that the early Greeks would look to the Scythians for knowledge and training. Achilles certainly had not gone to an empty well when he went to Chiron, as tales of the prowess of the Greek bear out.

> The chief intellectual figures (of the Scythians) were wizards who read omens and practiced magic, especially for treating disease. A special kind of magic was reserved for the treatment of the king's ailments. An artistic tradition . . . was highly developed.[3]

That the Scythian was also a perpetual horseman can best be shown bv quoting a reference to the same characteristic of the Hun, who "about the beginning of the sixth century B.C. . . . began to borrow the Scythian horse culture, and shortly afterwards, to create an empire." And, as though all these other proofs were superfluous and unnecessary, "bow-legged from much riding . . . lived, fought, ate, and even slept on horseback" is sufficient within itself to give rise to perpetuation in myth as well as in the coin of the realm.

II

Our once mythical Centaur has now become an individual of well-defined character and culture. Casual retrospection relegates his importance to a far removed and distant past. But to the world of today, the Scythian has made very definite contribution, to mankind in general, and to modern man in particular. Trousers, a most common and ordinary item of wearing apparel, and the parka-type clothing, now a standard item of military combat issue, both



originated on the Russian steppes. According to Herodotus, the famed Greek historian, "they go into battle wearing trousers and having caps on their heads."

Of far greater importance, however, are the resultant effects of the coupled nomadism and belief in Mithraism, which, as hired mercenaries, the barbarians brought into the legions of Rome.

> It (Mithraism) was spread originally by soldiers and slaves, and its chief centers were always in the communities that grew up about the provincial camps of the legionnaires. In the second century it won a wide following in mercantile and official circles. In the third century imperial favor added greatly to its popularity.[4]

Mithraism, at the time of its displacement by Christianity, was, as it had been for centuries, a religion of the savior-concept. Mithra, "god of light, defender of truth, and enemy of the powers of darkness," was ordained—

> to the guardianship of truth and good faith; also invoked as the protector of the needy; to assist the souls of the departed in the faith on their journey to Paradise; a god of battles . . . Prince of Light . . . Mithra, the Mediator, as at once the commander under whom the individual shares in the fight against the Prince of Darkness, and the Redeemer who grants to his faithful servants final deliverance from the body of death followed by the return of the purified spirit to the sphere from which it came.[5]

Wherever trod the armies of Rome, and wherever swept the Scythian hordes, Christianity, in one form or another, through one means or another, has prevailed, and yet persists except at the borders of its realm. The study of maps from 520 B.C. onward as well as the evidence and the record of the movements of the Scythians; the Samaritans, who eventually subdued them; and other successive nomadic, "horse-cultured," Mithra-devoted barbarians; extends the arena of influence of the savior-concept to those regions of northern and northeastern Europe that had never been under the direct rule of Rome. Thus can be seen the guiding hand of the Divine Authority in all the upheavals and shiftings and

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[2]Will Durant, *The Story of Civilization* (New York, 1942), p. 287.

[3]Ralph Edmund Turner, *The Great Cultural Traditions* (New York, 1941), II, 736.

[4]Turner, *op. cit.*, p. 998.

[5]*Encyclopaedia of Religion and Ethics* (New York, 1925), VIII, 753.

An Old Man's Hobby

by Ed Berckman

It was just another little store—in the middle of the antique shop section—looking as inconspicuous as a copy of Shakespeare in an English teacher's library. The shriveled old man behind the counter was just as unimpressive. But it proved to be the most unusual shop I ever visited.

When I strolled in one November afternoon, I was looking for old Chinese vases. I had been bargaining in several shops before I had reached this one. After talking price with the old man for a while, I was about to leave for some other shop; but there was something about the place that struck me, some sort of odd attraction. I stayed and looked at other articles.

As I looked, I thought I began to hear low noises, a sort of whispering. It sounded like the rustle of voices and yet it was ever so faint. And it seemed to be coming from the curios.

I examined them more closely. It was unbelievable! There were actually voices coming from those stone and wood antiques. And were my eyes deceiving me or were they moving too?

I looked up at the old man who wore a strange smile on his face. He looked mild enough and yet . . . well, you never could tell. I asked him about those strange curios.

"Voices? Oh, yes, you have met my pets, have you? . . . But don't look at me like that, sir. A man has to have a little company in his old age."

Horrors! I thought to myself. Could it be true? I remembered thinking, when a child, that stones had life and chairs were living creatures and so on, but those were just fantasies. Or were they? . . .

Waking from my thoughts, I suddenly realized that the old man was speaking again.

"May I introduce you to some of my pets? This one here," he said, pointing to a small wooden wheelbarrow, "this one's a witty fellow. Has an extraordinary sense of humor."

I leaned over, trying to make out the faint words of the wheelbarrow. It was facing a small vase and saying, "Have you heard the one about the traveling salesman? . . ."

I straightened up, pulled out my handkerchief and wiped the cold sweat from my forehead. I was ready to leave. I am not usually very easily disturbed, but this definitely got on my nerves. I picked up my hat.

"Didn't you want to buy something, sir? They are lots of fun, especially if you're lonely. And I could get you almost any kind of personality." The wry grin on the old man's face seemed hideous to me.

"Uh, er, no, thank you. I—uh—I'm only looking, thank you." And I rushed out the door.

I was completely unnerved. This was something I had to talk to someone about. I thought of my friend, Ashley Benson. He would know about things like this. And, moreover, he knew something of this part of town. Yes, I would go see him.

I almost ran over a pedestrian in my haste to get to his apartment. As he let me in the door, he let out a little gasp. "Man, what's wrong? You look white as a sheet!"

I sat down and told him the whole story. When I had finished, I saw that there was something resembling a smile on his face. I could not understand.

"I know the place you're talking about," he said, "and I know the man. You're right; there is something strange about him. He's kind of a mischievous fellow. And he started that hobby rather late in life."

"Hobby!" I exclaimed. "You call that a hobby?"

"Why, certainly. Wouldn't you call ventriloquism a hobby?"

To an Empty Coke Bottle

Green-tinted glass, withholding useless space
Why have you lost your cooling sweet so soon?
And why not join your brothers in their case
And cease to hamper progress, dull buffoon?

You're cursed and kicked, insulted, knocked about,
Your use, if such there ever was, is gone.
Can you, translucent glass e'en now still doubt
You're useless as the strains of maudlin song?

"But, sir, I once had use and use was sweet,
You said I freshened life with soothing cool
And cast me then away; your thoughts are fleet.
So then, I ask, am I or you the fool?"

If life is fully drunk too soon, I claim,
Then useless bodies sit and live their shame.

Bill Duke

An Old Woman's Hobby

by Ed Berckman

As THE bus pulled out of the station in Atlanta, I wondered who would sit down by me. I never have any luck with bus companions. Like the time that our bus stopped with seven empty seats including one by me. Six gorgeous girls got on first and then an old man. You guessed it—I got the old man. But this time my luck was neither good nor bad. I took a seat near the back next to a window and discovered that no one at all would sit by me. But that was all right. That was still much better than having to make conversation with some dull but talkative man or to listen to the ceaseless chatterings of some garrulous old lady. I settled back in meditation.

About fifteen minutes later I awoke from this "meditation" to find my solitude shattered. A woman of sixty was seated beside me, evidently having got on somewhere in the outskirts of Atlanta, since we were just getting into open country. She wore fairly plain clothes and seemed to be what one would call a member of the middle class.

We rode for a while in silence; then she turned towards me and, looking out the window, remarked, "Looks like it might rain today." (That's the stock opener for bus travelers—"Looks like it might rain," or "Don't believe it's going to rain today.")

"Yes'm, it sorta does."

She focused her attention on me. "You're going back to college after the holidays?"

"Why, yes," I replied, "how did you know that?"

"I didn't know it for sure. But I had a pretty good idea that you were. You see, I've made a hobby of trying to identify people and their occupations by looking at their faces and their clothes. You're wearing a coat and tie; you're young; you're riding alone on a Sunday afternoon; and, well, it just adds up to your being a college student. What college do you go to?"

I told her. But I was interested in her hobby.

"If you're pretty good at guessing what people do," I said, "what about that fellow up there across the aisle, the one smoking the cigar?"

"Well, let's see. He has a suit on. And he looks rather nervous smoking that cigar. I'd say he's a farmer who's been to Atlanta visiting his relatives over the week-end."

"That's funny," I told her; "I would think he's a salesman or business man on a trip. He might be nervous because of overwork."

Just then the bus stopped by a farmhouse and the man of whom we were talking got off.

"I guess you were right," I said. "But what is that man in the tan leather jacket? To me he looks like a preacher on his vacation."

"That man," she said, lowering her voice, "that man is a criminal. He's restless; he's been smoking ever since I got on. Look at his face when he turns it to this side. Notice those lines in his face. They indicate years of hardness, worry and fear. He may be riding away from a crime now."

I shrugged my shoulders. "You might be right. I don't know much about criminals."

"Ah, but I have specialized in the study of criminals. They fascinate me. You can always tell criminals by their faces."

"Maybe you can," I replied, "but I don't believe I'm very good at this game."

"What do you think I am," the lady asked me.

I thought for a moment. "I don't know—a school teacher?"

She threw back her head and laughed—with a harshness that surprised me. "No, I'm afraid you aren't very good at this game."

She lapsed into silence after that and I was content to do the same. I did not want to be too inquisitive and I was getting sleepy anyway.

When I awoke, it was dark. The bus had stopped by the side of the road. No one was getting off, but the woman that had been sitting by me was standing in the aisle motioning to someone sitting up front. I looked closer.

She had a gun in her hand! And she was taking watches and pocketbooks from the passengers!

I looked up to the driver's seat. The driver was sitting with his hands behind the back of the seat, and standing by him was the man in the tan leather jacket. He also had a gun in his hand and was covering not only the driver but the rest of the passengers as well. How could they get away with it? I wondered.

But I saw across the road a car with the motor running. Suddenly the seat seemed to sink under me and I heard a hiss of air. The man outside had deflated a tire. Then he deflated another.

By this time the woman had almost got to me. She was doing her work quickly. Still there was no sign of any traffic in either direction.

The woman turned to me. "Pocketbook and watch, Bud." There was nothing else I could do. I gave them to her.

"Nice little hobby I've got, isn't it?" she said. "Didn't I tell you the man in the leather jacket was a criminal. You can always tell criminals by their faces."

She threw back her head, laughed that harsh laugh again, and turned away.

The Date

by William Neal

The warm, glowing expectation pushed all other thoughts into the background, those fleeting, conflicting, demanding flickerings with infinitesimal lifetime—especially the humorous, quasi-ridiculous, trite familiar comments on his first attempt to detach the minute curling fuzz which had emerged finally from a timeless quiescent period. The sequent current attempt was part of the inner excitement, the quivering sensation, the grand and glorious expectation that welled up and slowly emerged from deep within him, diffusing throughout his consciousness, and imparting a sense of imminent conquest, engulfing, overwhelming and infusing all he encountered with that omnipotent mood that possessed his being.

Long, lean, herculean fingers gently, softly caressed the area that had boasted a minute protuberance of adolescent foliage which unresistantly yielded to long straight sweeps of the razor. The ritual of inspecting for stray, straggling units of fuzz supplemented the all-pervading, all-powerful tingling of the psyche and a gentle, harmonious and pleasing tinkle of unlockers, tiny bits of hammered and shaped and symmetric metal that induced a feeling of power, mastery, super-ordination, soothed and quieted and repressed malignant thoughts.

Pure and undefiled, soft messengers from Luna stole through the sky, lending those non-earthly characteristics to silent, graceful sentinels of men—trees, hills, churches, and distant, blinking, sky-exploring fingers of bird-men's safety. The mechanical steel-chariot received these rays and retransmitted them with such effect that Shelton cancelled the debt of rags and dust and polish, sweat, fatigue and hours that had produced the finished product on that afternoon of Saturn.

A clash and grind of the inner mechanisms of the oblong block of metal educed a soft whispered unprofane but deeply satisfying "darn." The smoothness of the gliding and purring strides dispelled the queasy conception of Fate's displeasure that ebbed and flowed and throbbed through supra-sensitive organisms of Shelton.

Single, then multitudinous, faint unearthly, detached, distant, and beautiful stars sent infiltrations of light through the protective, glistening piece of transparent sand that separated him from formal contact. Narrow, dusty byways declared their freedom from the bumpy, vagrant concrete on which he traveled and wandered according to their respective volitions. He turned the steering apparatus of the shiny, black vehicle so that it turned into one of these routes, passing by a jumble of stone, masonry, wood, and metal that men erected for the all-wise Being.

Whiteness, docility, and disgusting similarity characterized the atmosphere exuded by dwellings which faced squarely opposite each other, each receiving its own pre-ordained share of the silt and particles raised to signify the passage of an irresistable force. He stopped by the fourth unit down, counting and selecting monotonously in his subconscious entity. His steps became particular as he sought to avoid contamination by the all pervading, omnipresent dust. The stamping of black, half-soled shoes on the well-worn, cracked, wooden steps was purely reflex. He knocked on the wall, bringing away knuckles besmeared with the blend of brown and white.

The lady, opening the door, smiled and spoke, "Shelton. How good to see you."

"How are you, Mrs. Jones. Is ——"

"Ethel will be ready in a little while. Come in and wait for her."

"Thank you, I will."

The waiting, the untactical exposure to trite, dull, inane, and trivial conversation, the searching out for common ground, the chit-chat of humdrum routine affairs, the perfunctory replies conspired to vanquish, override, beat down and totally eliminate the warm and glowing expectation that had become a part of him.

But then—she came. He arose with mouth agape. Unaffected naiveness and its co-conspirator, natural simplicity, flooded her symmetrical features with a rare, almost unearthly comeliness.

"Be in by eleven, kids," Mrs. Jones uttered an admonition native to anxious parents since the inception of time.

Stark, silent, stripped sentinels of earth, now scattered sparsely, now clustered into communal groups, were illuminated more clearly by the boring eyes of the steel-chariot than by the Malachi of Luna. Ethel sat secluded in a far corner of the fiber-covered cushion; she was silent and stared into and beyond the communities of the sentinels.

Shelton took cognizance of her silence and of how comprehensively it supplemented the mood, the warm, glowing, pulsating feeling, spiced by expected excitement, which predomi-

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In Conclusion

by Jack Carroll

GOODNESS, it's started to rain again. It's been raining off and on for the past three days. Look at the people beginning to scurry.

My, but it's lonely penned up in this room, having to stay in bed these long months. The doctor says that there's no hope of my getting well. I don't want to die. I've enjoyed life too much to leave it all behind. That elderly couple is trying to cross the street. They'll get soaked if they don't get across soon. Here, let me get my umbrella for them. I would hate to see them catch cold. Oh, I forgot—I'm not able to get out of bed. This old heart just won't stand all it used to.

Is that someone coming up the stairs? No, I guess not. It must have been the steps creaking. I do wish someone would come up to see me. It's terribly lonely in here. This room is so cold and unfriendly. In time it will become a part of me. I can feel myself getting more and more like it each day.

It's raining harder now. The rain is beating loudly on the window panes. It sounds like a thousand drums beating out the marching rhythm for a parade. I love parades. How I used to look forward to seeing them when I was a little boy—especially the circus parades. They don't have many of them any more.

Look at that old dog out there. Poor old fellow, I wish you could come in and get warm by the fire, but there's no one here to let you in. I hope you aren't as lonely as I am. These rainy days are so depressing.

It's getting a little dark now. The fog is beginning to get thicker. I can just distinguish the outline of that skyscraper. It's such a beautiful building. How I used to enjoy going to the top of it and seeing the wonderfully terrifying city below, with its unending maze of rushing people. I won't get to see it again, but I don't mind too much. It always frightened me so.

Is that someone coming in downstairs? It must be the cook. She went out to buy some things for supper.

This rain makes me so sleepy. I think that I'll try to take a nap before supper. Maybe it will quit raining before I wake up. I'm so much happier when everything is beautiful and clear. . . .

A man who has no fear of death
Is like unto the rain—
When born he falls upon the earth,
When dead, he leaves again.

Job Seeking

I applied for a job in the Kingdom of God.
I thought I could be manager, treasurer—
A leader of men.
But God said: "No, we have too many of those;
But my grounds are untidy;
Leaves are unraked;
Weeds litter the lawns;
Too few in my kingdom are willing to sweat.
If you wish to keep things shining for others
We can use you;
Come to work with the sun;
Leave when you must;
The pay is generous (but does not jingle)—
No worry for the future—
We are glad to take care of a faithful employee.
And don't worry about skill,
We'll train you for any job that we wish you to do."

The Lily of the Field

It toils not, neither does it spin, I'm told;
Though God bedecks it with a beauty rare.
He makes it for our eyes in His great mold—
Of all His lovely arts we men are heir.
It knows not what its mission is on earth,
It shines for men to see; that's all it wants to do:
But God, who knows all things, gave it its birth;
He planted it and watched it as it grew.
A king once saw this handiwork of God,
And to his mind came words of wisdom keen.
He spoke those words and on his way he trod.
Those words remain forever fresh and green.
So do not scorn God's simpler works of art—
That which inspires has also done its part.

WALTON N. BASS

Success Takes a Turn

by Bill Duke

SARA pushed the oven door shut, satisfied that her roast was coming along all right. She stood up, lifted the lid of a pot, stirred the potatoes with the spoon in her hand, and replaced the lid. It seemed like the dinner was going to be fine. She was hoping that it would be, at any rate. The job meant so much to John and she had tried so hard to make everything just right for Mr. Brantley. Sara had never had an important business executive to dinner before, and just the thought that William Brantley, president of Brantley Steel, Incorporated, was going to eat dinner with them had given Sara a mild case of the butterflies. That, plus the fact that John was one of the men in line for the job of being secretary for Brantley Steel, Incorporated, she reminded herself.

They had been planning for this all week, so that everything would be perfect. The bookcase in the living room had been gone through thoroughly. The paper-backed novels were placed in a box which in turn had been temporarily placed in the attic. The current best sellers had been dusted and arranged neatly on the shelves. The crowning touch was the topmost shelf. There Toynbee, Plato, Aristotle, Homer, Dickens, Hardy, Whitman, and Sandburg stood stiltedly. Sara shuddered every time she thought about these. They were John's college books, they had not been opened since he received the sheepskin and, in all probability, they would never be opened again. John much preferred pocket editions and Westerns. Anyway, it was probably more what Mr. Brantley was accustomed to this way and everything depended on impressing Mr. Brantley.

Back in the kitchen, Sara hummed to herself as she was fixing dinner. While she was cutting up the salad, she glanced at her watch. Five o'clock. Brantley was coming at six and where was John with the groceries? A slammed door and two short whistles answered her question. She returned two long whistles and one short one as John emerged through the swinging door. His head was poking curiously over the bag of groceries he was carrying.

"Boy, it sure smells good!" A hat sailed for a shelf, missed and bounced to the floor.

"Won't you ever learn to hit that shelf?"

"Sure, some day, I guess." He planted a light kiss on her cheek and picked up a carrot from the vegetables on the table.

"Does the house look all right, John? I've tried to think if anything else needs to be attended to, but it seems like we've done it all."

"Looks fine, Sara. I already feel like the official secretary of Brantley Steel."

"Incorporated," Sara added laughingly.

"Anything I can do to help?"

"Yes, don't do anything except go get dressed," she flung as he started out the door. "And, John, don't forget the hat!"

He picked up the hat, grinned guiltily, and started toward the bedroom. Sara finished the salad and put it in the icebox. Proudly, she admired the lemon ice-box pie, and resisted the temptation to run her finger through the top.

"Better check the dining room," she thought and proceeded to do so. The table was nicely set and the bowl of flowers in the center made things look fresh. She glanced up at the overhead fan and thought how nice it would be to turn it on if the room was too warm during dinner. Seeing it all, she seemed to sense that something had been overlooked.

"Oh, dear, I wonder if John ——"

"SARAH!"

"What in heaven's name could he want? Coming, John."

"Sarah, which suit should I wear?"

"Now, John, how should I know? Either the brown one or the blue one."

"But which one?"

"John, honey, it really doesn't matter."

"Will the brown do all right?"

"It'll be swell, helpless." She laughed to herself as she headed once more for the kitchen. Everything was ready except the roast, and it was almost done. She cut the oven off so the roast could simmer while she was dressing.

She half breathed a prayer that all would go well and that John would land the job. The hall was spotless, she noticed as she passed through it on her way to the bedroom.

"John, what in the name of heaven?"

He was standing in the middle of the room, clad only in underwear and a white dress shirt, surveying the dozen ties he had laid out on the bed.

"Sara, which tie should I wear?"

"If you've wrinkled that dress I had on the bed, you won't be able to wear any of them." She was trying to be stern but couldn't keep from laughing.

"Aw, Sara, I'm sorry. You know I didn't mean to." He picked the dress up tenderly and hung the hanger over the closet door. "Sara, we've got to hurry. It's almost five-thirty. Which tie?"

"What suit are you going to wear?"

"The blue one."

"I thought you decided to wear the brown one."

"I did, but . . . Oh, well, I guess I'll wear the brown."

"Well, wear whichever one you want to, silly. It really doesn't matter to me."

"O. K. Which tie will go with the blue?"

Sara looked over the ties and shuddered as her eyes caught the gaudier ones. She finally decided on one which was a little more conservative and handed it to John.

"Gosh, Sara, what would I do without you?"

"Heaven only knows! We'd better hurry and get dressed."

A few minutes later John was sitting in the living room trying to compose himself. A few clanks and clinks assured him Sara was managing all right in the kitchen. He lit a cigarette and stared thoughtfully at the cloud of gray smoke which danced crazily toward the ceiling.

Why couldn't you just be yourself and get along in the world? This dreadful ordeal before him, being strainedly polite and uppity even for a few hours was more than he cared to cope with. But Sara seemed to know about these things and who was he to disagree with her? That book-case and those stuffy old college books. How could anyone ever enjoy reading those things? He felt like laughing hysterically. Maybe some music would help. He walked over to the record-player and reached for his favorite Tommy Dorsey album. What the deuce was this on the record-player? This must be one of Aunt Harriet's old records that had been collecting dust in the attic for two years. *Leibestod* the record cover said. The German he took in college told him it had something to do with love. He might as well try it, anyway. He reached inside the cabinet and picked up several other twelve-inchers, put them on the rack, set the switch to automatic, and settled back in his chair. Not bad, even if it was high-brow.

He puffed on his cigarette and felt a little more calmed for the coming ordeal. He hated acting and always had. He was sure he would do or say something wrong. If everything went right he would land the job, so he resigned himself to the fact that it was worth the chance. Somehow, he couldn't help remembering his senior high-school play. He hadn't wanted to be in it, because he hated acting and everything connected with it, but the class had voted him into the role of an elderly grandpa and he couldn't get out of it. He smiled to himself as he remembered hobbling over the stage with his cane, stroking a long white Santa Claus beard. That darned beard had almost ruined everything, that and the old electric fan on the floor. He'd never forget the scene where he had to lean over and turn on the fan. His beard got caught and ole' crippled grandpa gave a leap which would have done credit to an Olympian track star. The audience thought it was all in the act, until the fan started spewing forth bits of cotton from the beard Grandpa left behind him. He was a howling success; no other actor got such an ovation. But the director had raised sand with him afterwards. Well, here was hoping this would be better acting than that play. If only ——

R-i-i-n-ng.

This was it. Curtain going up.

Take up Thy Cross and Follow These

They searched the swamps of Santee,
They searched its sandy shore,
But still they saw not sight or shade
To spur them as they swore.

Their curses cutting forest calm
Came to the convict's ears,
As concealed in cryptic cover,
He counted crimes in years.

Then through the thick they saw him;
He thought that they had passed,
But through tall trees they quickly came,
To take him in their grasp.

They hung him high against the heaven,
Cursing his soul to hell,
Happy that halter stopped his heart,
Hacking him as he fell.

All hail, all hail this noble band,
Its justice bringing to our land!
Who is, who is this noble band?
Ah, sir, it is the Ku-Klux-Klan!

Only fifty of this band,
Hung a savage Nigger man.

TOMMY KEMMERLIN

The Last Song

by Tommy Jones

THE NAME on the mail box told me that I was at the right place. Jonathan L. Beecham. As I walked up the twisting stairs the boards sang their song of age! Their song disappeared as the strains of "Clair de Lune" floated down to greet me. The record stopped as I reached the top landing.

To me the whole scheme was crazy. It is true that Jonathan Beecham was once one of America's leading baritones, but that was years ago. His name was remembered but that was all. He had passed into oblivion. I knew that. Hadn't I spent the last six months looking for him?

A feeling of guilt filled me as I rang the bell to apartment 10-D. A deafening silence enveloped the hall before the door knob turned and the door slowly opened. I do not know exactly what I expected to see. I had not made up my mind what thirty years could have done to a forgotten idol. I was met by a figure of demanding build with grey hair. He was dressed in blue serge pants and a velvet smoking jacket. Upon closer observation, however, you could see that his face had lost the rugged, carefree air of that by-gone era. His eyes were weak and he gave the appearance of a huge, tired dog that had been severely beaten by his master but who refused to stop loving him.

"Mr. Beecham?"

"Yes."

"I'm James Blackman. I called you this morning. May I come in?"

"Naturally. Er—you said you had something about a very important benefit over the phone. Would you please explain further?"

"Of course. The American Theatrical Agency has been asked to promote a benefit show at Carnegie Hall. They suggested you as a possible ——"

"But my young man! I haven't sung in years. I really am flattered but I don't think I ——"

"I don't think you understand. We thought that you would help in an advisory capacity. We realized that you couldn't sing after all these years."

"Mr. Blackman. I am afraid that I will have to ask you to leave! Good day!"

"Mr. Beecham, I am sorry for what I said. It was thoughtless and cruel. Please accept my apologies."

The old man's face dropped as some of the pride fell down his throat.

"I am sorry too, Mr. Blackman. It is hard for someone to get in the back seat after riding up front for so long. These past years I have not let myself take a back seat. I walked. I can't say that I enjoyed the walk either. If I can be of any assistance to charity I will be glad to give myself."

"Mr. Beecham, you are truly a great artist."

As I walked down the stairs I still had a peculiar feeling, which I chalked up to a job well done.

The show went into rehearsals the next week. All of the big names in show business had parts. I watched Beecham busy himself with odd jobs. I realize now that I also saw him die a little each day. Those proud shoulders began to bend and his attacks of indigestion, as he called it, were getting worse.

We became great friends during the two months that the show rehearsed. The finale was built around a song that had made him famous. He had never commented on it, but I knew that he did not like the way the present singer was doing it: I'll admit that I didn't either. Every time the crooner sang it Beecham was not to be found. I will never forget the day I found him in one of the boxes, tears streaming down his face. He told me he couldn't stand hearing that song. It brought back so many memories. To add soot to an already dirty pot, the crooner was forever making cracks to Beecham, who outwardly ignored them; inwardly they drove him mad.

Opening night everyone was running around checking on last minute details. In the midst of the confusion we received a telephone call from our male star's manager that the crooner was in bed with laryngitis and would not be able to make the show. I could feel myself concocting some mad scheme inside. Would he do it? There was one sure way of finding out. I looked in the wings but could not find him. No one seemed to know where he was. It finally dawned on me to call his flat. The phone rang—it rang again—again—. A faint hello was heard on the other end. It was Beecham. I told him what had happened and asked him to take a stab at it. He said he didn't know. I pleaded with him and he agreed. I hung up and went back to the master of ceremonies and told him my plan. He was a little dubious but agreed.

Beecham came up to me. Even through the heavy makeup I could see the tired expression on his face. But there was also a glint of victory in his eyes. I watched him mount the stairs to the platform on stage. There was something very strange about him. He looked down and smiled. I crossed my fingers and went to my box. The orchestra started and the massive curtain swept open. There stood Jonathan Bee-

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A Choice of Women

A PLAY . . . IN FOUR SCENES

by Charles Weaver

CAST

GORDON GOODLY—*very successful business man who is rather naive about his home and social life. Medium-sized man.*

HAWTHNA—*Gordon's wife, very sharp and suspicious person. Inclined to be narrow. Tall for a girl but not taller than Gordon, very attractive.*

MRS. FRAZEE — *a nosy neighbor, large woman with a pleasant face.*

JANE STALLINGS—*represents her father's firm on business trips. Beautiful girl and very intelligent. Inclined to be broad-minded. Attracted by physical good looks.*

JOE BRONSON—*Jane's boy friend, who wrestles for a living. Tall, very broad shouldered and handsome. Strong as an ox but not very smart.*

MINERVA—*the housekeepper. Does a good job around the house. Not very educated. Keeps the house in an uproar.*

NOTE

In the play, the following letters stand for the following people:

G: Gordon
H: Hawthna
M: Minerva
J: Jane Stallings
B: Joe Bronson

Mr. and Mrs. Frazee are designated as Mr. and Mrs. F.

ACT I, SCENE 1

(*In the Goodly living room. Gordon is talking to his wife, who is sitting on the sofa knitting. He is smoking a cigarette and flipping the ashes into a flower pot sitting on a small table by the window.*)

G: (*Weary tone of voice*) "But Hawthna, I tell you it's not so. If you weren't so suspicious, things like this wouldn't happen. I have no interest in Miss Greene other than a business one. She happens to work for me, you know. I was talking over a model's exposition with her at dinner today and that is all."

H: "That's not what Mrs. Frazee said."

G: "Mrs. Frazee—I might have known. That undoubtedly is the nosiest old woman I ever saw in my life. You'd probably believe her if she told you I had just eloped with an Eskimo."

H: "I wouldn't put it past you. You always did think you were a slick article with the women."

G: (*Direct look at Hawthna*) "Yeah, I didn't know when I was well off, did I?"

H: "Gordon, this has got to stop. I am sick and tired of having your love life spread all over town. Either it stops or I go home to mother."

G: (*Tenderly*) "Let's not quarrel, Hawthna, it's silly, and besides I have some big news to tell you."

H: "All right, Gordon, but that's the last time I am going to tell you. What's the big news?"

G: "I have been trying for the past several days to get an exclusive contract with 'Stallings, Inc.,' one of the largest manufacturers of women's lingerie in the country, and if it goes through, we stand to make a small fortune."

H: "What sort of a contract is it?"

G: "It will mean that I am the only one who will handle their line of goods in this part of the country. They're pretty big, Hawthna, and it means a lot to me . . . to both of us."

H: "Can't you just apply for it and get it?"

G: "Of course not, they have to find out whether or not I am qualified . . . probably check on my Dun & Bradstreet rating. At any rate they are sending down a representative tomorrow to go over the store with me. (*Pause.*) Oh! by the way, Hawthna, I expect to keep him here at the house while he is in town; you know, sort of be nice to him, might help my chances."

H: "I'll have Minerva prepare a special dinner for him when you bring him home."

G: "Swell, he ought to like that."

(*Minerva comes in. Stands there waiting for them to finish speaking. She is wiping her hands on her apron.*)

H: "Yes, Minerva, what is it?"

M: (*Bored tone*) There's something wrong in the kitchen."

H: "What?"

M: "The cheese souffle just blew up in my face."

H: (*Surprised tone*) "What in the world!"

G: "Now there is a challenging situation, like having your garder belt pop during a woman's auxiliary meeting."

H: (*Disgusted*) "Gordon, be quiet, you and your crumby jokes. (*To Minerva*) I guess we'll have to do without it, then."

M: "I guess so, unless you want to scrape it off the mix master."

H: "No, thank you, we'll eat whatever else you have."

M: "Okay."

(*Minerva starts to leave.*)

H: "Minerva, how many times must I tell you to say 'ma'am.' It just isn't the proper thing to say—'Okay.' What if we had company?"

M: "If we had company, you wouldn't be serving cheese . . . an' it wouldn't have blew up . . . an' I wouldn't have said 'Okay' . . . an' you wouldn't have bawled me out 'cause I did say it."

(*Gordon loughs. Minerva leaves. Hawthna sits with a resigned look on her face.*)

H: "She gets worse every day. I'd fire her if she wasn't such a good housekeeper."

G: "Oh, no you wouldn't, who'd do the work around here then?"

H: "I would, naturally."

G: "Oh, no, any work you did would not be natural."

(*The door bell rings. Hawthna goes to the door; she is heard to exclaim*, "Why, Mrs. Frazee." *Then they come in together.*)

G: "Hawthna, I think I will go out for a breath of fresh air."

H: "Why, Gordon, Mrs. Frazee is here, don't you want to stay and talk."

G: "No, thanks, I might not like what I have been doing."

Mrs. F: "Well, I never . . ."

G: "Oh, yes you did . . . incessantly."

H: "Gordon, at least you could be civilized."

G: "Aw, hell!" (*Leaves.*)

Mrs. F: "My dear, I hope I didn't upset you when I told you about Mr. Goodly and Miss Greene. I Just thought you would be naturally interested in your husbands affairs, besides, I'm sure they meant no harm."

H: "Of course not. Gordon always takes his lunch with a beautiful blond—says it helps his indigestion."

Mrs. F. "Yes, of course, so when he took her hand he was having a hard time with a potato no doubt."

H: "You mean tomato, don't you?"

Mrs. F: (*False laugh*) My dear, you take everything so beautifully. I wish I were as—as—"

H: "Calm as I? That middle-aged Romeo won't be a ball of fire for the next few days, he has a representative coming to see him from one of the big New York stores."

Mrs. F (*interested*): "Really, how interesting, whatever about?"

H: "Oh, about some exclusive line in women's lingerie he wants to put in down at the store."

Mrs. F: "That'll be nice—he'll double his business and the women will flock down there."

H (*disgusted*): "Sure, and big-hearted Gordon will welcome them all, literally."

Mrs. F: "I rather think Gordon just likes to be nice to his customers as well as his employees."

H: "The way he treats them they all ought to love him."

Mrs. F.: "He probably does — I mean—" (*As if it slipped.*)

H: "Oh, yes, Gordon is literally saturated with benevolence."

(*Gordon comes in. Mrs. Frazee rises to go. Hawthna stands up. Gordon looks at Mrs. Frazee pointedly, but doesn't say anything.*)

Mrs. F: "Well, I must be going. I only stopped in for a moment to chat with you."

H: "Do come back soon."

Mrs. F: "Thank you, my dear—nice to see you, Mr. Goodly."

G (*only grunts*): "Uh-huh."

(*Mrs. Frazee leaves.*)

H: "You could have been a little more polite, you know. And a little more pleasant. You acted like an Egyptian mummy."

G (*angry tone*): "Very well, call her back and I (*dramatically*) will emit one shout of pure joy."

H (*mad*): "Gordon Goodly, one of these days you are going too far and that will be the end."

G (*very dramatic*): "Let us all face East, never forgetting to bow down three times, and offer fervent prayers that this unfortunate happening does not occur."

H: "Have you gone crazy?"

G: "What's the matter, you lonesome?"

(*Hawtha just looks at him angrily. Goes over and tries to resume her knitting. She is missing a needle.*)

H: "Now where did I put that other needle?"

G: "By this time I should think it was somewhere up around the Lumbar region."

H (*surprised*) "What did you say?"

G: "You've been sitting on it for the last two minutes. You must be a dead end kid."

H: "The difference in us being that I know which one of my ends is dead."

G: "That's a tired old joke."

H: "And it was for a tired old man."

(*Gordon grabs the newspaper and starts to read just as Minerva enters the room.*)

M: "Mrs. Goodly, I was wondering if I could have the day off tomorrow?"

H: "What for, Minerva?"

M: "Well, my sister is marrying an old boy friend of mine and I'd sorta like to be there to laugh."

H: "That's no way to treat your sister who is getting married."

M: "I know but I warned her about the guy."

H: "What's wrong with him?"

M: "He's nuts . . . likes to invent things. He invented a new kind of

soap and I tried it. It didn't clean —didn't float. As far as I could figure, it was just a companion in the bath tub."

H: "I'm sorry, Minerva. Mr. Goodly is bringing a man home with him to dinner and you will have to be here."

M (*surprised*): "A man?"

G: "That, Minerva, is sad but true."

H: "Minerva, is supper about ready?"

M: "Yes, ma'am, that's what I come to tell you."

(*Exit everyone.*)

Act I, Scene 2

(*The following night in the Goodly living room. Gordon has not returned from the office with his guest but is expected at any time. In the living room sit Hawthna and Mrs. Frazee, a neighbor. Mrs. Frazee looks as if she has just finished a day's laundry. Hawthna is her usual composed self. They are discussing clothes.*)

H: "Yesterday, when I was uptown I saw the most darling dress, with lace cuffs and bodice . . . a long black creation."

Mrs. F: "Yes, I know the one you mean—in the window of 'Handy's' wasn't it?"

H: "Yes, and if Gordon ever finds out I bought it he might be a little angry; he doesn't like me to get my clothes anywhere else but the store."

Mrs. F: "Oh, you have already bought it."

H: "I took it out on approval—he'll probably make me take it back."

(*Hawthna looks at her watch.*)

H: "He should be home any time now, he is bringing some man home with him; some sort of representative for a clothing concern from New York."

Mrs. F: "Oh, in that case, I guess I had better be going; Fred will be coming any minute and I haven't started to prepare his supper yet."

H: "Oh, no, don't rush off."

Mrs. F: "I really must be going."

(*Mrs. Frazee stands up and starts to go. The door bell rings as if in warning and Minerva hurries by to answer the door; presently Gordon comes in with his guest. The guest turns out to be an exceptionally pretty young lady.*)

G: "Jane, I would like you to meet my wife, Hawthna. Hawthna, this is Jane Stallings, representative for 'Stallings, Inc.'"

(*Hawthna stands there with her mouth open as if she doesn't believe her eyes. Mrs. Frazee appears intensely interested.*)

H: "How do you do, Miss Stallings."

J: "I've looked forward to meeting you ever since I met your charming husband this morning. I'm so glad to know you."

G: "And this is Mrs. Frazee, one of our good neighbors."

J: "How do you do, Mrs. Frazee."

Mrs. F: "It's nice to meet you, Miss Stallings."

J: "Thank you."

G: "Well, shall we sit down?"

Mrs. F: "I really must be going; I was just leaving as you came in—so nice to have met you, Miss Stallings."

J: "It's nice to have seen you, Mrs. Frazee."

(*Mrs. Frazee leaves but not until after giving Jane the once over carefully to see just exactly what is going on here.*)

G: "I imagine you must want to take your things up to the guest room don't you, Jane?"

J: "Why, yes, I think I should."

(*Gordon calls Minerva who comes in presently.*)

G: "Minerva, will you show Miss Stallings to the guest room and take her things up with you as you go?"

M: "Okay."

(*Gordon looks appalled for the first time; Hawthna sucks in her breath audibly in obvious displeasure.*) (*Jane stands there with a trace of a smile on her face and then goes out with Minerva.*)

H: "So that is the male representative you were going to bring home. You could have fooled me."

G: "Honest, Hawthna, I didn't know it was a she."

H: "What do you think Mrs. Frazee will think now; why, this will be all over town in the morning."

G: "Aw—surely not, she talks, I know, but not that much . . . (*pause*) does she?"

H (*exasperated*): "You know as well as I do she will. Don't you remember last year when you were caught in the model's room down at the store . . . she spread it all over town that you were trying to seduce one of them."

G: "Me? Trying to seduce one of my own models? Why, that's stupid!"

H (*with significant glance*): "Yes, I know the whole idea is silly, but that is what was told on you."

G: "Well, surely she won't spread anything about this . . . why, this is purely a business deal."

H: "Some business. Regardless of what the town's information bureau says about it, I don't like it."

G: "Oh, don't be silly, Hawthna, you are too old for that sort of thing."

H: "Yes, I know I am, but are you?"

G (*getting angry*): "That is not what I meant and you know it."

H: "Well, I think you had better let her stay in a hotel."

G: "It's too late now."

H (*practically shouts*): "Well, I don't like it one bit."

(*Hawthna leaves the room in a huff and almost knocks Jane down as she is coming in at the same time. Hawthna doesn't say a word to her but gives her a dirty glance.*)

J: "I hope I haven't caused any inconveniences."

G: "Not at all . . . not at all."

(*Gordon lights a cigarette and offers Jane one, who takes it. Then they sit down on the sofa after*

Gordon has gotten some papers out of his briefcase, which he brought in with him and placed on a table.)

G: "I presume by now you have gotten the report on my Dun & Bradstreet standing."

J: "Yes, I had that before I left; it seems to be in good order—triple A, as a matter of fact."

(Gordon beams, very pleased and moves a little closer to Jane, as if to show her some particular thing on the papers he has on his lap.)

G: "Now here is my plan *(Jane gives him a funny look for a second)*; we will expand the store here and build new store-rooms here to handle the material. I plan to use exo-plastic windows so the quality of the materials can be shown to the public at all times."

J: "That sounds like a good idea to me, but of course you will have to regulate the heat of the room so as not to ruin any of the clothes."

G: "That will be taken care of naturally."

(Hawthna comes in, obviously made up to look what she thinks is her prettiest, trying to outdo Jane. She sees Gordon and Jane sitting on the sofa close together and her face hardens.)

H *(coldly)*: "Excuse me, I didn't know I was interrupting something."

G: "Oh, you won't bother us, dear. Come on in and sit down."

H *(pointedly)*: Thank you."

(She flounces across the room and sits in the chair next to the sofa.)

J: "Gordon, I think I will go back to New York tomorrow; pick up the contract and be back in a day or two to settle the thing."

G: "Then you are satisfied with it as it stands now."

J: "Yes, quite, the plan seems to be a good one and I'm sure Father will like it as much as I do."

(Gordon beams happily, getting a dazzling smile in return from Jane. Hawthna is obviously burned up.)

H *(with a smile)*: "Oh, must you leave so soon?"

J *(noticing the feelings)*: "Yes, I'm afraid so . . . I have to work, you know."

H *(smiling)*: "That must be a novel thing to do, I'll have to try it sometime."

J: "You should really, it's something all women who aren't married have to do. Sometimes I wish I had as charming a husband as you have."

H *(under her breath)*: "You probably do."

G: "Hawthna, would you mind seeing if Minerva has gotten dinner ready yet? I am famished and I'm sure Jane could use a bite to eat."

(Hawthna gets up and goes out, giving Gordon a black look which he succeeds in overlooking.)

G: "Hawthna has prepared something special just for you."

J: "What? Corrugated iron?"

G *(laughing)*: "That's a good one. I'll have to remember that one."

J *(bitterly)*: "Please do, particularly when they hold the inquest."

(Gordon laughs louder than ever. Hawthna comes back with Minerve right behind her. She steps just inside the door and looks at Minerva.)

H: "Now, just like I told you, Minerva."

M *(exaggerated)*: "Dinner is served."

(Everyone laughs and they all leave the room.)

Act I, Scene 3

(Two days later in the Goodly living room at evening. Hawthna is sitting on the sofa reading a magazine, waiting for Gordon to come home with Miss Stallings. The door bell rings. Minerva hurries by to answer it.) (It is Gordon and Miss Stallings and a rather large muscular young man.)

G: "Hawthna, you know Jane. This is Joe Bronson, her fiance."

H *(nods to Jane)*: "How do you do, Mr. Bronson."

B: "Pleased to meet-cha."

G: "Shall we sit down?"

J: "If you don't mind, I believe I would like to freshen up a bit. Would you like to come up with me, Joe?"

B: "Sure, I'll take my stuff up too."

H: "Minerva!" *(Minerva comes in.)* "Would you show Miss Stallings and Mr. Bronson to their rooms?"

M: "Follow me, please."

(They leave. And as they leave the door bell rings. It is Mrs. Frazee.)

G: "This is where I came in."

H *(angrily)*: "Gordon!"

Mrs. F: "Hawthna, dear, Fred and I are going on a three weeks trip and I was wondering if you wouldn't like to go too. You wouldn't mind her being gone for three little weeks would you, Mr. Goodly?"

G: "If I were your age I probably wouldn't."

H: "That's awfully nice of you, Mrs. Frazee, but I would be afraid to leave Gordon by himself, he just wouldn't know how to do a thing—right."

G: "Oh, I would manage by hook or crook."

H *(to Gordon)*: "Oh, I'm sure you would and it would be a lot easier if her boy friend wasn't here."

Mrs. F: "Her boy friend is—here? I mean."

G: "Yes, Mrs. Frazee, she brought her own little storm trooper to protect her from us great big ugly capitalists."

Mrs. F *(ignoring Gordon)*: "I just thought I would ask if you would like to go along with us" *(speaking to Hawthna)*.

H: "I really would like to very much, but I just can't now . . . some other time perhaps."

Mrs. F: "Of course, there's always other times. Well, I must be running along, have to make plans, you know."

G *(under his breath but so the audience can hear)*: "Plan to exterminate yourself some way, will you?"

(*Mrs. Frazee leaves. Gordon and Hawthna sit down. Gordon in the easy chair and Hawthna on the sofa. Shortly Jane comes in. Joe is not with her.*)

G: "Ah! here you are . . . feel better?"

J: "Much better, thank you."

H (*excitedly*): "Oh, my goodness, I forgot something!" (*Gets up to leave.*)

G: "What's the matter? Forget the arsenic?"

H: "It has nothing to do with dinner." (*Leaves.*)

(*Jane sits down on the sofa. Gordon looks at her and goes over and sits down there too. Jane gives him a sharp look. He rests his arm on the back of the sofa.*)

G: "You know, Joe is a very lucky guy. I wish I had a beautiful girl in love with me."

J: "Your wife loves you, doesn't she?"

G: "That is the most contradictory statement I have ever heard."

J: "Gordon, really! Your wife must be a nice person."

G: "Yes, of course; particularly when I'm not at home."

J: "You're joking, naturally."

G: "I am? I mean, I am. At any rate, I wish you and Joe all the luck in the world. (*Pause.*) There are different kinds, you know."

(*Jane laughs and Gordon lets his arm drop from the back of the sofa to Janes shoulder. She immediately moves.*)

G: "Jane, how soon do you think it will take for you to hear from the home office and let me know?"

J: "I should hear any day now."

G: "Good. The quicker I hear from your father the quicker I can go ahead with my plans."

J: "As they stand now, they seem to be pretty good, of course I cannot tell what my father will think of them . . . he should like them, however."

G: "I hope he does."

J: "I guess we'll just have to wait and see."

(*Neither says anything for a while. Gordon slides over to Jane, puts his arm back up on the sofa. Suddenly peers intently into Jane's eyes.*)

G: "I like your eyes, my dear."

J: "That's a brilliant statement—want one of them?"

G (*taken aback*): "What I mean is they are very pretty."

(*Hawthna comes in just in time to hear this last statement.*)

H: "I like them, too, particularly the purple one."

G: "Haw—!"

J (*cuts in*): "Don't apologize, Gordon; she's just jealous because my eyes have blood in them."

H: "That's great! I'm jealous because she has blood-shot eyes."

J (*getting mad*): "Now just a minute. I didn't come down here to be insulted."

H: "I can't insult you — nature beat me to it."

J (*stands up*): "I think, Mrs. Goodly, that I will take my hand and slap your 'ha-ha' face."

H: "I think not, you'd look awful with a book-rack head."

G: "Please, this is very silly."

J: "I'll say it is, and I've had just about enough."

(*Jane leaves very mad. Gordon looks at Hawthna, he is obviously mad.*)

G. "Well, I hope you are satisfied. She'll never give me the contract now."

H: "I should have told her you had sixteen concubines downtown at the store. I know she wouldn't want to be number seventeen."

G: "Sometimes I wonder if it was worth the two dollars I spent for the license."

H: "And if I had known I could have saved you some money."

G: "I wish you had . . . I'd be two dollars richer and twenty years younger."

H: "That would have suited me fine."

G: "I won't argue any longer with you, Hawthna, either you stop this idiotic behavior or I move to a hotel."

H: "Go ahead, maybe I would like that."

G: "I'm going upstairs, you can do as you like."

(*Gordon leaves with Hawthna right behind him still yapping about the scene with Jane.*)

Act I, Scene 4

(*In the Goodly living room. Hawthna is sitting in the easy chair. Minerva is sitting on the sofa holding a broom in her lap.*)

H: "But, Minerva, I just don't know what to do. I don't want to lose Gordon and it looks to me like I am going to."

M: "Well, Mrs. Goodly, I've found that whenever there's any making up to do it's usually the woman who does it, particularly if she is in the wrong."

H: "Do you think I'm in the wrong, Minerva?"

M: "I think you might have done some other things instead of those you did."

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H: "Such as what?"

M: "Well, you insulted Miss Stallings when she didn't really deserve it. I think she might keep the contract away from Mr. Goodly just on account of that."

H: "Do you really think she might?"

M: "She's liable to . . . women are funny sometimes."

H: "Thank you, Minerva. You've helped a lot."

M: "Oh, that's all right . . . any old time."

(*Minerva leaves. Hawthna sits there thinking. Shortly Gordon and Jane come in. Hawthna gets up as they come in.*)

G: "Going somewhere?"

H: "I'll be back shortly."

(*Gordon and Jane sit down on the sofa. Gordon again puts his arm on the back of the sofa. Jane looks at him as if in warning.*)

J: "Gordon, you know when Joe heard about the little quarrel I had with your wife he wanted to come down and break your neck."

G (*hesitantly*): "He did?"

J: "Yes, he said very emphatically that no one was going to mess with his girl!"

G: "Oh, I see, he was just kidding."

J: "I'm afraid he wasn't"

(*Gordon gets up and goes over to the book case and takes down a book.*)

G: "Come over here, Jane, I want to show you something."

(*Jane gets up and starts over to the book case. She trips on a rug and almost falls, but Gordon catches her, just as Hawthna and Joe enter the room.*)

H: "Well, I haven't seen anything like this since they took my opium away."

(*Joe starts for Gordon.*)

J: "Now, Joe, don't get the wrong idea."

H: "Aw, go ahead Joe, break his old worn-out neck."

(*Jane restrains Joe, who finally stops trying to get at Gordon.*)

J: "I was just going over to the book case to look at a book when I tripped over a rug and Gordon saved me from falling."

B: "It looked to me like he was trying to paw you."

G: "I was not — I wouldn't paw her."

H: "Oh, no! Not Don Juan himself—he'd take her tenderly into his arms and sweep her majestically off her feet."

B: "I just don't like other guys messing around with my girl. . . . I think I will crack your skull."

H: "Got a hammer?"

B: "No, but I got this." (*Shows his fist and swings at Gordon.*)

(*Gordon ducks and sits down on the sofa.*)

J: "Joe, if you do that again you and I are through."

(*Hawthna doesn't like the idea of Joe swinging his fist at Gordon either.*)

H: "Don't you hit Gordon, you overgrown gazelle."

G: "Why, Hawthna . . ."

(*Minerva comes in dressed to go. She has her hat and coat on.*)

M: "Mrs. Goodly, I would like to go. I am through for the evening."

H: "Have you finished everything?"

M: "Yes, ma'am." (*Pause.*) "You know the boy my sister was going to marry?. Well, they didn't get married."

H: "What happened, Minerva?"

M: "He was fooling around with some new kind of perfume and he gave some to my sister to try out. Well (*laughs*), it took the hide off her."

H: "It did!"

M: "Yes, ma'am; so the last time I heard anything, she was chasing him around the house with a pitchfork."

(*Everyone laughs at this and it seems to break the tension.*)

H: "All right, Minerva, you may go."

M: "Thank you, Mrs. Goodly—goodnight, everybody." (*Leaves.*)

J: I wish I was as happy as Minerva is and in as good a mood all the time."

G: "Yes, she is quite a tonic around this house."

J: "Seeing Minerva that way kind of makes me ashamed of the way I have been acting."

H: "I know what you mean, Jane. I haven't been acting quite according to Hoyle and I think I owe you an apology. I'm sorry, Jane."

J: "That's all right, Hawthna, everyone has those moments when we just have to let off steam."

G: "I certainly am glad to see this."

J: "Gordon, I think I can promise you the contract will go through all right. I am going to put my personal endorsement on it and Father never turns that down."

G: "That is fine, Jane, I'm sure we can work together splendidly."

H: "What does everyone say to a nice cool drink?"

(*There is a mixed chorus of "splendid" . . . "fine . . . "I'd like that" and everyone leaves the room in a very congenial mood.*)

Mary and Snowman

(From page 3)

they could not invade it. He snapped the radio on. It could be a part of his world. He would drink slowly and absorb the music.

Should he call Mary? He convinced himself that there really was no need to. Then he remembered that they had a date for tonight. That didn't matter either. Mary was no longer in his world. That was long ago and the ladder had fallen. Would she call him? She couldn't if the phone was off the hook. Mary was in the past and there was no past now. There was no future either. There was just the present and the

whiskey and the soft music on the radio.

He watched the fire die. Maybe the whiskey was putting out the fire. The whiskey was warm and there was no need to keep the fire going. He had been here five hours and the whiskey was almost gone. And as it went the present went too. And the present was his world. There was no future and when the present went his world would be over. It was a sad thought. A world shouldn't die. Not his world anyway. The world he had made in a short time. It was sad. He was crying. Mary hadn't called him. The radio station was signing off. Everything would be dead in another hour.

What was wrong with Johnnie? That was what the kids had said. Johnnie's world was dying and nobody cared. Mary hadn't called him and she didn't care. The kids had built their snowman and they didn't care. Nobody cared. But they were missing something. They had never seen a world die. He was watching one die. He knew what it was to see the death of a world. It was very sad and it made you cry. Kids built their snowman and Mary didn't call you. It was very, very sad.

The whiskey was almost gone. There were about two more swallows. The blood of his world was almost drained. The fire was out, but it wasn't cold. There was still heat. Now there was only one more swallow and Mary wasn't going to call him. She didn't care. She wasn't in this world. She should have been, but she wasn't. She hadn't called and the kids had built their snowman without him.

Only one more swallow, and Mary hadn't called him. Damn the telephone! He had taken the receiver off the hook. The dream remained!

He stumbled to the window and looked out. A new day was dawning with all the promises that a rosy sunrise makes. Darkness was disappearing. As the black curtain rose on the snowy setting, the stage was bare. There was no snowman in the yard. There would be one very soon.

Fate Finishes First

(From page 4)

So here I stand. Everything I have lived for gone. I can never have peace on earth again. Society would never understand why or how I could have done what I did. On the top of *our* cliff, I stand on the brink of everlasting peace and rest. The sign says DANGER, but to me it means VICTORY. One step forward and . . .

In Pursuit of a Myth

(From page 7)

broad sweeps of the barbaric nomad, in the marching conquests of the men of Rome, in the regeneration of pagan ritual into a universally embraced savior-concept, preparing the souls and shaping the minds of men for the eventual advent of Christ.

Modern Christianity has retained much that is pagan and Mithraic. Early scholars, emperors, and church officials, unable to find the date of the birth of Christ in the Bible, accepted the pagan practices and set the date of the Nativity of Christ in deliberate competition to the feast of Mithra, celebrated on December 25. From the feast of Mithra, the feast of Saturnalia, and like feasts of the winter solstice of the north countries, as well as from the Egyptian and other Oriental and Mediterranean religious practices, we have derived many of the festive aspects of our modern Christmas and the worship of the new-born infant as practiced by many denominations of Christianity today.

Lest we view such close analogy between Mithraism and Christianity with alarm, we should remember that

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Christ gave no ritual. The founders of the forms of our faith did well in retaining the best of what they knew.

III

We have already followed our Centaur afar. We have seen him in India. "Recent archaeological investigations indicate this grassland culture (*i.e.*, the Scythian nomadism) carried eastward, long before the Hellenistic age, some Greek materials." Moving down around the Black Sea, the Scythian swept into Assyria and "advanced to the very cities of the Egyptian Delta." But, except for his successors who entered the Roman armies, we have not, as yet, seen him in Western Europe.

The records, although full of evidence that France was familiar to the Scythians long before the rise of Greek civilization, do not seem to recognize or to correlate these evidences. Yet, they exist in surprising abundance.

One of the most recent evidences was discovered in September 1940 in the valley of the Vezere in the Dordogne sector of France (more readily identified as the area bordering the Gironde river near the city of Bordeaux). These discoveries are in the nature of cave paintings and are the latest of a series of such discoveries which had not begun until the sixties of the last century. That these paintings and the cultures they depict are in sharp contrast to the progress of the natural co-inhabitants of the region is yet a puzzle to historians, anthropologists, and archaeologists. For expediency of designation, the term Cro-Magnon was devised to differentiate between these peoples, out of place in time, and the "small-brained, beetle-browed, long-armed, chinless, and nigh speechless . . . Neanderthalens . . . (who) had no art." These discoveries have been confined mainly to France and to Spain. The striking differences between the bone-structures, as well as the art and culture, of the French Cro-Magnon and that of the Spanish Cro-Magnon have added to the mystery of their origins and has further confused the investigations. The bones discovered in Spain are exact replica of the Bushman of South Africa, but, as yet, no positive link between Spain and South Africa has been found. How the African Bushman could have (as he probably had) gotten to Spain is in itself an interesting study. However, since the main connection between the two is the accident of their proximity, it has no place, beyond mention, in an isolated study of the Caucasian-type French Cro-Magnon.

The art of the Cro-Magnon is so advanced and so well preserved that

the students of these discoveries have been able, with a great degree of certainty, to recreate the kind of life he led.

> There is no trace of any intermixture between the races (*i.e.*, Cro-Magnon and Neanderthal) in spite of the fact that the newcomers . . . were establishing themselves in the very same spots that their predecessors had occupied. . . . They were a hunting peoples. . . . They ate much horse. At a great open-air camp at Solutre, where they seem to have had annual gatherings for centuries, it is estimated that there are the bones of 100,000 horses. . . . We find late Paleolithic drawings of horses with marks about the heads that are strongly suggestive of bridles, and there exists a carving of a horse head showing what is perhaps a rope of twisted skin or tendon. . . . They carved little figures . . . they used a lot of color . . . black, red, brown, yellow and white pigments . . . they watched and drew and killed and ate. They do not seem to have cooked their food . . . because they had no cooking implements. . . . They had no buildings. . . . They may have had simple skin tents. Some of the drawings seem to suggest as much. . . . These later Paleolithic men clothed themselves, it would seem, in skins . . . (which) they prepared with skill and elaboration . . . (the skins) were mere wraps; there are no clasps or catches to be found.[6]

It is amazing that H. G. Wells, who wrote the above description, and who has also described the Scythian in great detail in the same volume, has not realized a connection between the two. In fact, he displays a print from a reproduction from a Greek electrum vase which shows in detail the character of the Scythian dress, and one has but to add in explanation of the clasps, that the Scythians gathered their sock-type felt boots and their parka jackets to their bodies at the ankle and the waist, respectively, with what appears to be leather thongs.

Another writer, Ralph Edmund Turner, who also describes both races in great detail, has this to say of the Scythians:

> In Europe it appears that they came in contact with the Celts. . . . Horses, cattle, and sheep were the chief forms of wealth. The horse was primarily a military animal, although its flesh was eaten. . . . The Scythians lived in semi-permanent tent towns. . . . Their domestic utensils were wooden, and their furniture consisted mainly of felt mats, carpets, and rugs. Metal, which was worked skillfully, was used . . . for the fittings of saddles and bridles, which they greatly elaborated. . . . An artistic tradition, characterized by animal motifs and a polychrome style of surface decoration, was

[6]H. G. Wells, *The New and Revised Outline of History* (Garden City, N. Y., 1941), pp. 273-4.

brought this skill with them as they moved westward along the Danube. That they had lived along the Danube, we know from the records of the military campaigns of Darius and Alexander. The maps of the Ancients show surprisingly accurate chartings of the Danube, and of the Rhone and Gironde rivers, as well as the Dar dogne and Britanny areas of France. The map of Eratosthenes (c. 225 B.C.) shows the Danube as extending well into France beyond the source of the Rhone, and but a scant hundred miles or so from the headwaters of the Gironde. The map of Hecataeus (c. 520 B.C.) places the Celtae in France and marks the town of Narbo on a spot somewhat farther to the east than the modern Narbonne but corresponding to the mouth of the Rhone, which, however, is not shown. Herodotus, famed historian and cartographer, knew much of and learned much from the horsemen. It is a matter of record that much of his knowledge of his world was gained in the years he spent in absence from his native Greece.

The conclusions which can be drawn are that these rivers were much-used highways between the East and the West; and that the Greeks, who, as yet, had not reached their later development, had their information from the Scythians to the north and from the Scythian-influenced people of Asia Minor.

The proofs are preponderant. The Scythian not only had knowledge of and access to the ways of France, but a description of the French Cro-Magnon is a description of the Scythian, the half-man, half-horse, the Centaur of our myth.

The Date

(From page 10)

nated all deterrents conceived by Fate.

"Pick out a star, Ethel, and I'll go claim it for you." This was a unique strategem, to discover whether she fitted in the whole scheme of the mood or not.

She joined in the game. "Well, see that teeny one, up there all by itself? That's the one I want."

"Here goes!"

He elicited a powerful, humming surge forward as he suddenly increased the pressure on the accelerator.

"Oh, Shelton, you're not going in the car?"

Outward signals of inner amusement cleared their features of tension and evaporated the customary commodity implied to exist between

Uplifting Downfall

Hung high upon the wall she brightly shone,
Her colors filling heart and soul with joy.
The evil ecstasy was but a loan
That was expensive paid with blood of boy.
She seemed so firmly put in daylight hour.
Enraptured in the trickery of night
She fell, no more possessed of clinging power.
The wall was bare of flag when came the light.
God brought defeat to us who made man slave;
Our banner now makes only ornament.
The principle was wrong; we fell though brave,
And of our deeds we surely did repent.
Thou cannot hold a man and call him thine,
For God did say to man, "Thou art but mine."

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two people not yet completely adjusted to each other. She had pierced closer to the bull's eye than any previous contestant.

Their conversation manifested the same general pattern of amorous juvenile couples with their individual variations educed by the functioning variety of the homeostasis organisms of each.

Laughter ruled, firmly and securely situated and was punctuated by common interests of locality, education and that much speculated over, never defined, sometimes maligned, attraction of the opposite sex.

The stillness of the quiet, expectant mood now ceased being supplemented by the hummed lulling of a figment of a man's mind.

"Ethel—Ethel, you can see all of Lanston from here, spread out before us, minute and unique as Lilliput to Gulliver. It's very beautiful at night, the magic nocturnal carpet seems to have been cast over all, imbuing everything with a sweetness and beauty and peacefulness. It seems exceptional tonight, but, then perhaps that is due to your influence."

"Do you—come here often, Shelton?"

"Why, yes; every chance I get. But"—in the dull red inner emanation he saw and perceived the full import of her utterance—"this is the very first time I've shared it with anyone. Believe me?"

"Yes, Shelton, I do."

"Ethel, you know that I like you very, very much, don't you?"

She nodded silently.

"Can you like me enough to go steady, Ethel, see no one else but me? Can you?"

Her soft, whispered yes encouraged him to move under the steering apparatus nearer to her.

"Have you ever—ever loved anyone, Ethel? A boy? Have you ever wanted to be with someone so much that to be away from them was no life, timeless, not to be endured?"

"No, Shelton, I have never loved like that."

"Could you, would you ever love, Ethel, let it be me, for you see, I want to be with you always. It's something that you can't fight. It's

The Sea and Dreams

The sea becomes by night moon-silvered and
The glassy water makes a mirror for
Our dreams. And here, supernal Nature rests
And watches this, the nonpareil of all
The arts which she possesses—this her claim
To all the beauty of her craft, and yet
Beneath the silvered surface there is life
Which fights the truceless battle in which Death
Would be the victor. This, the quiet sea,
In which we find reflected all our dreams;
And still we dare not plunge our thoughts into
The depths below. But winds will rise, and will
Distort these dreams, while making love to waves
Which bare their lips in this strange perfect love
Which Nature blesses.
Dreams are gone,
For we will not accept distortion, or
Stand by to watch ours mingle with the dreams
Which others cherish.

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there, there's not a thing you can do about it. Can you see?

"I think it is possible, for I like you very, very much, Shelton. More than anyone else I've ever met."

"Ethel—" he was beside her, taking both of her exquisite hands—"Ethel, look at me."

Her head turned slowly and, as she faced him, Shelton gripped both her shoulders with long, lean digits of strength and kissed her with the sweet, refreshing and naive fervor of seventeen.

"I love you, Ethel, more than you know. I love you. I love you."

"Oh, Shelton, what is this? Shelton, I don't want to let you go, ever. Hold me close. I—I believe I love you, too."

Long, powerful, glowing twin beams pierced the scene. Ethel pushed him away.

"The car, Shelton, the car."

"Yes, we'll go."

The deep, humming throb pierced deep into the nocturnal silence as the automotive vehicle bore them away.

"Shelton, I like that place."

"Then we'll call it our own. It'll be our place."

They approached and passed swiftly by ramshackle abodes of negroid citizens, abodes dotting the agricultural vicinity of Lanston and emitting flickering feeble attempts to emulate Sol. They met other vehicles traversing the rubber-caressed trails that would have excited the envy of ancient Mongoloids; they passed each

The Seven Ages of Woman

(*With apologies to Shakespeare and Jacques*)

All the world's a court,
And all we men are slaves to female queens:
We have our duties and our tiresome tasks,
And woman in her time rules many men.
Her life is seven ages. At first the infant,
Cooing and gurgling in the nurse's arms.
Then the prissy school-girl, bringing like pagan,
An apple for the teacher. Then the lover,
Gracious as Venus, with flirting glances
Cast to her lover's eyebrow. Then a housewife,
Full of recipes, talking like a jaybird,
Jealous of husband, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bauble reputation
Even 'gainst her husband's word. And then the mother,
In fair round belly with rare dainties lined,
With glance severe and gowns of formal cut,
Knowing wise words and modern evils.
And so she rules her home. The sixth age shifts
Into the fat and giggling hostess.
With spectacles on nose and gems round neck,
Her youthful clothes, well saved, a world too small
For her vast flesh; and her boisterous voice
Turning again to childish softness, coos and gurgles
In its sound. Last age of all.
To end this strange eventful history,
If failing health and graying hair,
Sans rouge, lip stick, sans slave, sans everything.

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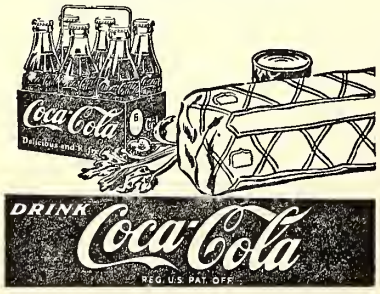

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other, each vanishing from the other into the vast expanse of earth.

He tried to formulate, to conceive the effect of the double, the endearing, the culminating declaration. The impact was too sudden, too great, too overwhelming to solidify into coherent spoken language. The mood intensified, redoubled, and expanded immensely, compelling, demanding silent contemplation.

Success Takes —

(From page 13)

John's cue and Brantley's entrance. He put a smile on his face and went to open the door.

"Good evening, Mr. Brantley. won't you come in?"

"Thank you, Mr. Williams. How are you tonight?"

"Very fine, thank you. Come on into the living room and have a seat. I'll take your hat, sir." John disappeared into the hall-way and when he reappeared Sara was with him. Brantley rose.

"Mr. Brantley, I'd like you to meet my wife. Sara, Mr. Brantley."

"How do you do, Mrs. Williams?"

"Fine, thank you, sir. And you?"

"Quite well, thank you."

They took their seats and began a conversation. John admired the way Sara steered the conversation along what seemed to be the right roads. They talked about politics, the cold war, and baseball. And, of course, there were the usual trite subjects of conversation in which none of them had any particular interest. This situation wasn't nearly as bad as John had expected it to be, but still it was a relief to hear Sara say.

"Shall we go in to dinner?"

The food was just as attractive as the table was. It was certainly too pretty to mess up with silver. The best silver, too, John noticed uncomfortably, wondering if Brantley knew this was all an act to get the job — that the Williamses were not always like this, that any other time he probably wouldn't recognize them or the house either.

They sat down. John said the blessing and began carving. The roast was nicely banked in by steaming white potatoes speckled with parsley.

"Gravy on your roast, Mr. Brantley?"

John would have enjoyed the dinner so much more if the thought of the job had not kept pounding his head like an automatic hammer.

"Gotta get the job. Gotta do this right. Gotta watch my step. Gotta get the job.

Half-way through dinner John was feeling miserable. He was very warm and he wondered if it were the strain he was going through. He glanced at the overhead fan and said.

"Do you find it rather warm, Mr. Brantley?"

"Yes, a trifle. I believe the fan would help."

John reached for the cord and smiled at Sara. But Sara wasn't smiling. Now, she remembered what had been forgotten, but it was too late. The fan was whirling. John resumed his seat amid clouds of dust.

"Jehosophat," he muttered, "we forgot to dust the fan.

The dust fell all over the food and all over John, Sara, and Mr. Brantley. John looked helplessly at Sara who wore a very strained expression on her face and a little ball of dust in the very middle of her hair. Then he looked at Brantley, who was staring dubiously at the ball of dust which had settled comfortably alongside the piece of potato on his fork. The sight of Mr. Brantley and Sara and the memory of the high-school play were too much for John.

He pushed his chair back from the table and his eyes were moist. He was going to do what he had wanted to do all evening. The devil with the job! He was going to laugh and he was going to laugh loud and long. And he did just that. The laugh was not hysterical. It was

the laugh of a person who is enjoying a good joke.

Sara was either going to laugh or cry, he couldn't tell which, but at the moment it really didn't matter. But when Brantley joined John and laughed as loud and as happily as he, Sara added her soprano laugh to the trio.

When the laughter finally subsided, Brantley spoke first.

"Williams, you're hired. I've been looking for a long time for someone who could laugh when the joke was on him and you're the first man I've found with that trait."

John winked slyly at Sara as he rose to shake hands with his new boss.

The Last Song

(From page 14)

cham in full array. He started singing. The first words were weak, but as he gained confidence in himself, his voice grew. He was putting everything, every bit of life left in him, into *his* song. I watched the audience. Men listened admiringly and the women were enthralled as they recognized their dream man of another day. While the chorus sang, he started down the steps, stopped, bent forward. Then he straightened up and came forth with the most powerful voice I had ever heard. The music swelled to the climax. Jonathan Beecham ended in a blaze of glory. The curtain graced forward and from the audience rose loud shouts of "Encore! Encore!" The audience wouldn't quit, but the curtain didn't open.

Editorial

(From page 2)

Strindberg and Chekhov are completely excluded from the curriculum. There is much to be learned about writing skills from these great men of letters.

Ideas old and new come from men such as Voltaire, Rousseau, Swedenborg, Karl Marx, Cicero, Erasmus as well as from others already mentioned whose works show their attitudes and opinions without directly expressing them.

In reading the literature of another nation we usually learn something of the political, social and economic status of the people, and of their moral standards, religious beliefs, and the way their mind works. At the present we certainly need to learn to understand the peoples of other countries.

For sheer enjoyment of literature what can you find better than Boccaccio, Rabelais or Moliere? Obviously foreign writers give us all that we can ask and in some ways surpass the writers of English.

The University of Chicago has instituted a course called Great Books, and other colleges have begun to use an imitation of this for their required literature courses. Greek, Italian, French, German, and Russian, as well as English and American literature is included. Other more specialized foreign literature courses have been installed. We believe this is a trend toward fuller education. We hope that Wofford will soon be a part of that trend.

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Surplus from 1949-50	201.88
	$1,945.84

DISBURSEMENTS

Printing — 5 issues	$1,181.75
Editor's Salary	97.87
Business Manager's Salary	100.37
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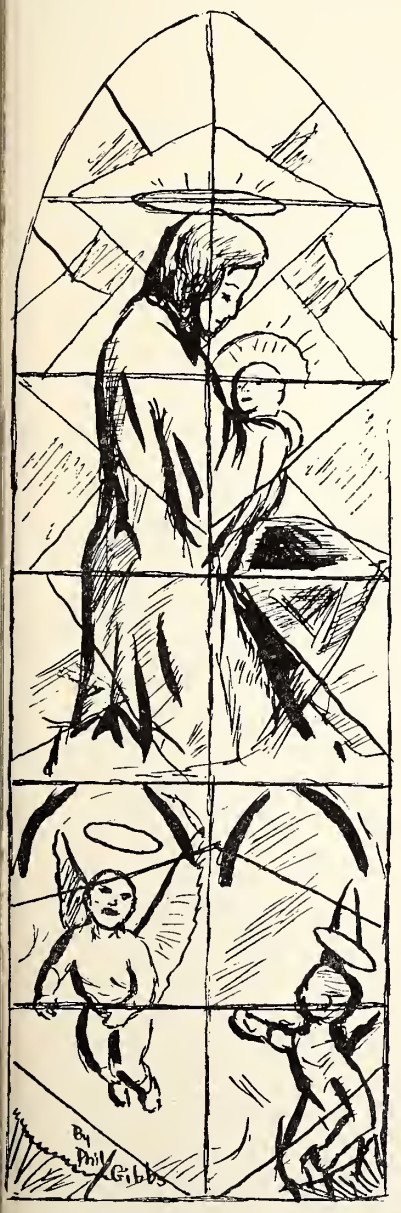
The Journal

Volume 72, Number 2
December, 1950



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DEADLINE FOR FEBRUARY ISSUE IS JANUARY 20

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EDITORIALS

Do you have the Christmas spirit? Did you begin to buy gifts weeks ago to avoid the Christmas rush? Have you sent Christmas cards to at least ninety percent of the people you have ever met? Do you have some spare gifts and cards to send to people who unexpectedly sent you some? Have you scraped up every cent you can spare to buy ties, toilet articles, stationery, handkerchiefs, for gifts to people who probably won't want them, at least not the kind you give them? If you have done all these things, then you have the modern Christmas spirit.

Christmas today is a time when every citizen who wishes to remain respectable spends approximately 25 percent of his annual savings to buy for his fellow citizens things which they would really rather buy for themselves or perhaps not buy at all. In return he receives a group of articles wrapped in pretty paper and ribbon which he unwraps on December 25, outwardly rejoices over, and inwardly sneers at.

Or is this a true picture? It certainly is not for the average college student who has not yet become a member of adult society. It may not be true for some persons and families who are either too poor or too sensible (and therefore "odd") to indulge in this mass spending orgy. But it is true to a large extent, we are afraid, of a majority of what are known as respectable citizens in this country.

If it is true, why, and can anything be done about it? We would say that this situation has evolved from the old Christmas custom of giving gifts, perhaps naturally but with the careful cultivation of merchants and manufacturers who should gloat over the lengthy and prosperous Christmas season (although they probably dread it in private life).

There is no reason to believe that there will be a change. Not as long as people try to "keep up with the Joneses." Not as long as society remains the way it is. For one person or group of persons cannot begin to change such a tradition. And we are certainly not going to advocate national revolution.

Besides being financially disastrous, this spirit can be proved to be non-Christian, we believe. "It is more blessed to give than to receive," the Bible says. When one really gives something—when it takes a sacrifice to give it—one does feel blessed, or happy. There is a feeling of joy connected with this kind of giving. But giving at Christmas brings only relief from a duty. Giving is not a pleasure then but a necessity. It is not an act of kindness but a social obligation.

So we congratulate you if you do not have the modern Christmas spirit. You are fortunate. But what kind of Christmas spirit should you have? We will leave that answer to the honest and intelligent preachers, teachers and writers who can give it to you much better than we. We hope that you will listen to them and that you will get the right kind of Christmas spirit.

* * *

Hoarding

(The following poem, written by C. B. Haynes, expresses some thoughts that may become more and more timely. Although not written as an editorial, it serves as one that is different and also meaningful.)

Not hesitate to tell a lie,
Anyone she would defy
To get the goods she wished to buy.

When checking out, she looks so shy;
She seems to think 'twill justify
Her action. But by and by
When a diminishing supply
Runs prices up to the sky
And black-markets amplify,

Her costs will multiply.
I hear her cry
For lard with which to fry.

A month ago she used just Spry.
"Sugar I need to make a pie;
Butter with which to fortify;

And cream the more to beautify;
White bread, I can't eat rye!
'Twill take these to satisfy

My wants. Why, oh why
Didn't I comply—
Back in the month of July—

To warnings, I should modify
My purchases and deny
Those goods I could not verify?"

Demand and price should signify:
Demand goes up, the price is high;
Tries each the other to pacify.

And each the other will magnify
Until the point they occupy
Cause men to terrify.

Remember your neighbor or the guy
Gone overseas, perhaps to die.
Don't be so foolish to think you're sly.

'Tis only yourself you'll crucify.
It isn't hard to qualify
As one who will not hoard, yet vie

With those who try: to dignify,
Or edify, or glorify, or gratify,
Or ratify, or rectify, or testify.

Or purify, or certify, or sanctify
Hoarding—whether boxed, or wrapped,
Or packaged dry—

On good common sense rely;
And most of all, it apply
To actions that will tie
SCARCITY.

A Letter to Santa... by Ted Morton

Christmas, 1950

Dear Santa,

Already it is time to begin thinking of Christmas again! It seems but weeks ago that we were taking down our Christmas tree and packing up our decorations for another year—a year which, considered on the day after Christmas, would seem nothing short of eternity. But now that eternity has passed, for even as we write this letter to you the Christmas lights are coming on all around us, and the beautiful strains of "Silent Night" are coming to our ears from the little church around the corner.

Santa, maybe this past year hasn't been such a long one, but it certainly has seemed so to us; possibly it is the fact that we have had to attempt to behave ourselves for so long. When we look back over this past year we have cause to wonder whether or not we are wasting our time in writing to you. We cannot deny that our misdoings are many and grave; we are truly sorry for them. Numerous have been the occasions on which we have taken those things which were not our own; time after time have we struck down those around us, both with words and weapons; callously we have turned our minds from the thought of the suffering which is ever present to the seeking of pleasures for ourselves. This does not even begin to name the wrongs we have done, wrongs which we look back on with sorrow, wrongs which we know have sorely distressed our Father. However, we hope that our few weak attempts at being good will entitle us to a visit from you.

Because of our scarlet record for the past year, Santa, we could not feel right in asking for many toys and playthings as we have in the past. Instead we would ask for things that we can share with everyone. At the very top of our list, Dear Santa, we would place World Peace. For so long we have sung about it, read about it, formed groups for the purpose of advancing it —in short, done everything except practice it. Go to those smoke-filled conference rooms, Santa, and bring us World Peace; we want to give it a chance.

Instead of candy and toys, we would ask for grateful hearts for those things which we do have; grateful hearts which will cause us to want to share our material blessings with others through such organizations as CARE and The Salvation Army. Such forces for good will be the only visit that many of us will receive from you this Christmas.

Finally, Santa, we would ask for wisdom, courage, strength, and faith: wisdom in order that we might be able to discern the paths of right in the days that lie ahead; courage so that we might not falter after having seen where we should go; strength in order that we might do the works which need to be done; and faith in our Father, in you, and in ourselves—we must never doubt for an instant that there is a Santa Claus, for then we would be doubting that there is a God.

Even though we be so undeserving, Santa, please don't fail to pay us a visit this year. Fill our hearts and minds with these gifts which we ask so that this can truly be a Merry Christmas!

—THE CHILDREN OF EARTH

Star Light, Star Bright

by Bill Duke

"Come back to see us and a Merry Christmas to you, boys," the filling station attendant called to the back of the Chevrolet coupe.

"Same to you," Jim called back, as he managed to manipulate the car around the corner at full speed.

"You know, Hap, the Christmas spirit is really wonderful. Everybody loves everybody else."

"Sure, Jim, there's nothing like it. Gosh, what a wonderful time of the year! Presents, turkey, cranberry sauce, parties, m-m-m-m—"

He lazily settled back into the seat. Christmas vacation was wonderful—no classes, no more dull lectures, sleeping until noon. Everything was wonderful.

"Hey, Jim, was your father a polar bear?"

"Huh? Oh, the window—sorry. Boy, this weather is something they must have ordered out of a catalogue just for Christmas. Cold and clear!"

"Yeah, and get it clear that you keep the cold out o' the car where it belongs."

"Yessir, will there be anything else, Master Hap?"

"You might turn the radio on, if you like, or if you don't, either."

As Jim snapped the radio on, the lights of the city disappeared behind them. The headlights traced a straight pattern through the clear, cold blackness ahead of them. The stars were like little children that, once put to bed, want to keep peeping over the blanket instead of going to sleep.

"You wanna hear the carols, Hap, or had you rather hear something else?"

"Just the carols, Jim. Gosh, Christmas music is pretty. It gets you all in the mood for the season. What time you expecting to make it home?"

"It's eight now. We should be there by twelve-thirty at least. You know it's only three days 'til Christmas and I haven't bought the first present."

"You aren't by yourself, and, boy, is Dad gonna raise more than eyebrows when I tell him how much money I'm going to need."

"You, too? Wonder what sort of presents people would give if there were no money to buy things with. Bet Christmas presents would really be wonderful then. One thing for sure, they would mean a lot more."

"That's a point, Hap. You got something there."

They rode on in silence thinking about their last remarks. The stars still kept peeping over the blanket of night. A large half-moon roamed uncertainly from one cloud to another, finding each new site so pleasant that it could not make up its mind where to stop.

Ahead, the lights caught a small figure by the roadside. From a distance, it was an indistinguishable mass. As the car closed in, the lights traced a definite pattern—a small boy standing beside a suitcase. He motioned for a ride.

The car screeched to a halt beside him.

"Want a lift?"

Hap opened the door, and the boy climbed into the back seat.

Jim started the car again and began conversation with the boy.

"What's your name, sonny?"

"Chris."

"Well, Chris, where the devil are you going at such a time?"

"Any place you happen to pass through, thank you, sir."

"Chris, my name's Jim, and this is Hap. Aren't you a little young to be out all by yourself at this hour of the night?"

"I'm always by myself."

Chris wiggled uncomfortably on the back seat. With a definite trace of uneasiness, he added:

"You see, I have no real parents. I move from place to place and get odd jobs and more or less adopt my parents. Then when everything is as fine as it could possibly be, I move somewhere else."

"How old are you, Chris?"

"Ten."

"And this is the way you live?"

"Yes, Jim, you see as long as I'm being paid for the little jobs that I can do, it's all right. But when they want me to do no more jobs and just keep me on as their son, I leave."

"But, Chris, right at Christmas! How could you leave then"

"The people I was staying with were too poor to buy presents, even for each other, and they felt that they should make me happy on Christmas——"

"Chris, if only grown people could see things like you do. But you know, maybe you're teaching them."

"Maybe."

"Tell me, Chris, how long are you going to keep this up"

"I don't know. Until I find my real parents, if I do. I'll know when I do and then I'll stay with them."

Jim drove on in silence. Hap sat staring out the window, trying to keep Jim from seeing the moist film around his eyes. The air inside the car seemed heavy with the thoughts of Jim and Hap, while those of Chris seemed to surround the night with a halo of the purest simplicity. Jim tried again.

"Say, Chris, with Christmas coming, what would you want to find in your stocking?"

He crimsoned as the last syllable left his lips, but Chris, unabashed, answered the question:

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Roof of the World

by Jim Dolman

It was flat and not at all attractive. Black tarpaper covered it. Here and there ugly chimneys, cement molding between the bricks, broke the monotony of the black tarpaper. Around the edge was a foot-high parapet of brown stone from which Victorian New Yorkers had tried to extract respectability and comfort. They had built and built and built with it, raised a city of tall narrow town houses conforming to their standards. Respectability and heavy, oppressive comfort. God forbid that they should have beauty too. No, beauty was not their goal, nor had they attained it by any accident of a kind fate.

He didn't care, however, for he did not ask beauty of this roof either. This roof topped one of their graceless town houses that had been converted into apartments. Five stories, one apartment to each dreary story, and his was the fifth apartment. With the top floor apartment went the privilege of using the roof. He had done what he could with the apartment. Everything he had, all his furniture was as simple as possible. Perhaps the furniture couldn't quite offset the fretted ceilings, the beveled wood, and the molded woodwork, all the ornate, senseless little arches, but that made no difference. What he wanted was the view especially the view from this roof.

For him there was no world except what he saw from this roof. From this ugly little patch he saw the world of finance, he saw the world's system of news, the drama of life, the world's culture, symphonies, concerts, operas. Here was the world's laughter, bustle, noise, quiet, rush and push. His world wasn't large. On one side the East River bounded it. Uptown he could see to 59th Street. He could look downtown almost all the way to Greenwich Village. Toward the west he could see to 7th Avenue. Every direction he looked in he could see what was amazing and wonderful to him. God had been the architect of this world and the devil had been the contractor.

Dominating the immediate vicinity, rising seventy-seven stories over Lexington and 42nd Street was the Chrysler Building. Far, far beyond the Victorian's conception, but they would have loved it. Built to be something it isn't, its rise looking uncomfortable and hampered, distorted by shiny metal gargoyles, senseless decor flung at it to suit the tastes of everyone on the board of trustees. Further down, looking smaller because of the distance, actually twenty-five stories higher, stands the Empire State. A man's dream transposed to a magnificent reality. A massive tower, mistress of New York's skyline, empress in a court of queens.

Only a block from him stood the News Building. Though it was only fifty stories, this was the favorite of his world. Every line in its bulk was reason; each of its tiers was a pawn. Love built it and it stood in the cleanliness and comfort of controlled strength. Thousands of broad, functional windows opened acres of interior space to sun and air. On its uppermost roof stood the lacy structure of a television transmission tower, modern as the day and looking like a spire from a medieval church.

Close by the East River a steel skeleton grew like a living plant. Men, perched on its bare girders, walked up and down them hundreds of feet above the flowing traffic in the street. They were laboring to build the capital of peace—in a world that sometimes wondered whether the capital itself might not be destroyed in the holocaust of war. Some day if man's hopes instead of his fears were culminated, men of the most diversified backgrounds would meet to plan the future of the earth. Meanwhile the United Nations Building was as incomplete and ineffectual as the body of proposed inhabitants.

He could see, too, the twin towers of the Waldorf-Astoria, poking their arrogance at heaven. There people lived and visited in a magnificent sham. The polish was studied and artificial but so contrived that people could feel at ease in its elegance and be flattered by the eclat—all for a price, for this was a mercenary world.

There were hundreds of other buildings in his world. Brownstones, gleaming white granite, marble palaces. The world needed thousands of offices to function; it required the most intricate, elaborate transportation system anywhere. Amusement had become business, people entertained and were entertained in the way that suited them, in the place that suited them. His world was small, revolving around his roof hub, yet his world was the possessor of life in every phase. Some of its inhabitants never left its borders since they never found the need to leave.

He knew it was insane. He knew that at some future date, perhaps thousands of years from the present, archaeologists might examine his world and wonder. They would wonder why a civilization having almost illimitable space chose to limit itself in close-packed communities such as existed on this island, why they lived heaped on top of one another. These were impractical buildings, costing fantastic sums to build and maintain. They were man's monument to foolishness. Yet whatever they were built for one had to admire them, and he bowed to their wonder.

Bombs, Blood and a Bet

by William J. Schereck

THIS one was coming in. It was going to be a direct hit or else be mighty close. The onrushing roar, like an express train crashing headlong at incredible speed through the night, crescendoed into a smashing, blasting, swelling burst of sound and an eye-searing, blinding flash that lit up the night with colors from Hell. Weston, 2nd Lieutenant, Company M, and Sheridan, 1st Lieutenant, same outfit, were standing outside the ruins of what once had been an Italian farm house and which now served as the company C. P. With the war raging all about them, and waiting for the pay roll officer from the rear to bring up the pay roll, they were rehashing the report of the Chicago Bears tennis shoe 70-some to 0 victory over the Washington Redskins. Then the roar, the flash of light, and Weston felt a sudden shock as though one of the mighty Bear linemen had suddenly materialized and vehemently charged into him. His body was hurled against the wall of the building two feet away. As, instinctively, his right hand came up to protect his face, he felt a hot, searing flash of pain across his wrist and along his chin. Bits and chips of rock and mortar flew from the wall and showered his face and neck in a numbing counter-blow to the other side of his head, which already felt as though it had been struck with a baseball bat. A small piece of shrapnel caromed off the wall against his chest and dropped at his feet. He bent from his crouch to pick it up. It was as hot as a glowing coal, and he dropped it. When his heated finger tips went to his mouth, he saw the trickle of blood on his wrist. How close to hell was it possible to get? Or would a couple of inches higher have taken him out of hell? He wiped the blood from his wrist. The wound was only a scratch and already had almost stopped bleeding. Purple Heart? Nuts! It he went seeking a medic in the bombardment that had started with that first shell, he would get his Purple Heart certificate all right, but the Purple Heart would be delivered posthumously. The piece of shrapnel at his feet would be a good souvenir, however, and would serve the same purpose for him. It would be something to play with and fondle as a man will with loose change in his trouser pocket.

Then he remembered Sheridan. Sheridan! God in heaven, how much can a man's eyes see and still be able to see? How many shocks can a man's mind take? Sheridan? *That* shapeless blob of meat and bones and cloth and blood, Sheridan?

Maelstrom; vortex; roaring, rushing, crashing, swelling dervishes from beyond; spinning, whirling, falling.

And then a voice. A voice shouting, cursing, venting blasphemies somewhere out there in the darkness. Then, nothing. A blank. Silence. The vacuum of a tortured soul that had suffered the final blow.

* * * * *

Weston's breakdown had been a puzzle to his men. He and Sheridan had not been close friends. Rather, a mutual dislike seemed to have existed between the two men. The only thing they had in common was a love for football and the ardent loyalty of big city supporters for their home teams.

Sergeant Holmes remembered Lt. Weston's first day at the front. They had been discussing mortar target points when the bullet from a 900 rpm German light machine-gun suddenly began to tear up the bark of the tree against which Lt. Weston was resting his shoulder. As the bullets cut their upward pattern but scant fractions of an inch from the officer's face, Sergeant Holmes had shouted:

"Get down, you damned fool, they're shooting at us!"

"Sergeant, you are addressing an officer," Lt. Weston had replied, lighting a cigarette and looking him straight in the eye. "Remember you are still in the army. You should have said, 'Lieutenant, *sir*, get down, you damned fool, *SIR!*'."

Sergeant Holmes could not believe that such ice would ever melt.

Assistant Gunner Harding thought of the last day he had been ammunition bearer number one and Warren had been the assistant gunner. The jeep from the company mess was due with a hot meal. The section had gathered in scattered groups—in the general area of the number one mortar. Only Warren and the Lieutenant were in the gun emplacement.

Then it happened. A screaming meemie broke loose, and its third shell dropped right into the hole. The pattern of six completed, the men rose from the ground and looked about to see if there had been any other direct hits. There were none. Then in hesitant silence they looked toward the gun emplacement. At first they saw nothing but the top of the hole itself. Next the miracle. The officer stood erect, vaulted to the ground, looked about as though orienting himself, and spoke in a voice that belonged in a barracks classroom.

"Sergeant Holmes, we shall need a new mortar. Corporal Jennings, replace the aiming stakes. Harding, you will take over as assistant gun-

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Thanksgiving at Christmas

He sauntered down the bustling street,
Kicking the snow just freshly fallen
As more continued to cover his prints.
He heard the sound of tinkling bells
Shaken by Santas everywhere.

All at once it came to him,
The answer he was seeking.
The editor's voice still rang in his ear,
"Find something new, or you're fired!"
Of course, the conventional question asked
by reporters on Christmas Eve was,
"What does Christmas mean to you?"
And the question on each Thanksgiving,
"What are you thankful for today?"
Combining the two was a stroke of genius,
"What are you thankful for this Christmas?"

Approaching the next gentleman he saw,
His inquiry he extended.
"Why, for my house, my job, my family."
Came the business man's reply.
And he rushed on his way for a late appointment.

Next came a housewife loaded with gifts.
"I'm thankful for my friends and children,
My husband and the school."
And then she, too, walked on.

Thrusting his head in a taxi window,
The reporter asked the driver
What he was thankful for today.
"For the people I meet, for the gift of gab."
His answer was added to the list.

A student walked briskly down the street.
His reply to the writer's question was,
"Thanks for the chance to learn,
To meet the great ones of the world
Through the books under my arm."

The reporter rounded a corner,
And there against the side of a wall,
Pressed an old ragged beggar.
The snow was drifting 'round his feet
As he stood and held his cup.
The reporter didn't speak to him,
But he thought as he lighted a cigarette,
"He's not thankful for his job,
For indeed, he doesn't have one.
He's not thankful for his family,
For he has been forgotten.
He's not thankful for his friends,
For everyone has shunned him.
He has no time to read good books,
Besides, he cannot read."

And as he reached into his pocket
For something to give the old fellow,
He heard from a phonograph nearby
A strain from Handel's "Messiah."
As he dropped a coin in the cup,
He looked into the old man's face,
And the old gentleman smiled.

Halfway down the block he stopped once more.
Unfolding his notepad, he wrote:
"A beggar's thanks on Christmas Eve:
'I Know that my Redeemer Liveth.'"

—Jack Wilson

Reward

by Ed Berckman

It was 1:30 a.m. Dr. Muncie stepped off the porch and turned around. "I won't need the porch light, Mrs. Porter. The moon's bright enough so I can see my way to the car."

"All right, Doctor," replied the woman standing at the front door. "We sure do appreciate you coming. Mr. Porter was feeling mighty bad."

"Well, I think he'll be all right tonight. Good night."

"Good night, Doctor."

The doctor climbed into his Chevrolet and started the car. It was a clear, cool night and the breeze through the window felt refreshing. It would help keep him awake till he got home.

Just the thought of getting home and being able to sleep made him sleepier. This was the fourth straight night he had been called out of bed. He was getting to be tired and sleepy during the day. He found himself becoming irritable, even with Janet and the kids. But a doctor's wife has to expect that. And he was building up his practice all the time.

Soon, how long?—in seven months Dave would be through with his internship and be ready to come to Barburville. Then, as partners, they could share the work, the calls and the surgery. Maybe he could sleep late on mornings after nights like this. But tomorrow—no, it was this morning now—he had an appendectomy to do at eight.

Why do people have to get sick in the middle of the night anyway? he thought. Why did this Porter fellow have to wait till one o'clock in the morning to get worried about the carbuncle on his neck? Oh, well, he was through with that tonight. Soon he'd be in bed.

When he turned into his driveway he noticed the light on in the bedroom and wondered why Janet was sitting in a chair reading a magazine when he walked in.

"What's the matter, honey?" he asked. "I don't have another call, do I?"

"I'm afraid you do, Carl. It's a delivery case—a Mrs. Bailey. They said you knew her and where she lives."

The doctor's heart sank. Seventeen miles out on a lonely road. His wife saw the weariness and depression in his face.

"Darling, it's not fair! You need to sleep."

"I know. I'll be back pretty soon. You go back to bed now."

He kissed her and went back out to the car. He dreaded this trip. It was going to be harder than ever to stay awake now. He had been looking forward so much to sleeping, and now—seventeen long, hard miles, aching, straining to keep awake.

He reached to turn on the radio, then stopped, remembering that he hadn't had it fixed yet.

As he drove, the monotonous drone of the motor added to the effect of sleepiness that was pulling his eyelids down, pleading with his thinking processes to stop, tugging at something in his chest. He had to have something to keep him awake.

He thought of the brandy that he kept for medicinal purposes in his bag. He had drunk only on rare occasions since leaving med school, and he made it a practice never to drink when working. But this time he had to stay awake to reach his patient. And the brandy should help.

He pulled over to the side of the road, reached for the bag in back, and pulled out the brandy bottle. He poured some into a small cup and brought it up to his mouth.

Then he stopped. He thought of the mother and of the baby that he was going to deliver. He would need calm nerves and steady hands. And suppose something went wrong and they smelled his breath. No, he couldn't risk the lives of the mother and baby and he couldn't risk his own reputation. Something like that could destroy him in Barburville, and just when he was beginning to get a good practice.

He lowered the cup and poured the contents back into the bottle. A few drops trickled off the side and spilled on his coat. He capped the bottle and put it back into the bag. As he started the car off again, the smell of the brandy on his coat seemed to waken him a bit.

He drove on for several minutes, meeting only one or two cars, the highway seeming always to stretch endlessly before him. The cold air blew on his face, but its unvaryingness seemed to petrify his face and his mind. He shook his head, blinked and determined to fix his mind on something so that he would have to stay awake. But what? Football.

He would think about the time when he had played high-school football. He started with the first game, tried to remember every play, just what he had done. It was hard to do but it came back, slowly.

He came to the game against—who was it?—any way, the game he had broken into the clear. He'd run sixty-five yards, only to be caught from behind on the ten. The next play had been a pass and he'd blocked. Then there was a run to the left; he'd carried the ball for about two, maybe three yards. Or was it five. The next play was a . . . an end run . . . no . . . it was a . . . was a . . . His mind couldn't or wouldn't make the effort; it relaxed into inactivity.

The motor droned on. The driver's eyes were closed. The car sped on down the highway. It was approaching a curve. The hands on the steering wheel didn't move. At the curve the car went straight forward, ran off the road into the embankment, turned over and stopped. Nothing moved inside the car.

Five minutes later headlights shone on the overturned car.

Brakes screeched; then excited voices. Another ten minutes and more headlights. An ambulance, then a professional-sounding voice: "Yes, he'll live. He's had a nasty blow on the head, though. Probably a bad concussion." As the stretcher-bearers made their way to the ambulance, the people standing by sniffed and there were murmurs.

"Did you smell that? You might know he was drunk—runnin' right off the road like that and nobody around."

"Sure. You know, these doctors drink a lot more than people think, anyway."

"That's the truth."

"Well, he's never operated on me and he's never going to. I wouldn't trust my life to a doctor that was drunk. I'm glad I found out about him."

Mrs. Bailey and her baby both died before word ever reached her husband that the doctor wasn't coming.

The accident happened early Wednesday morning. Janet Muncie spent most of the next several days at the hospital with her husband or at home looking after the children. She had little time to be out or with her friends. But on Sunday she went to church.

She happened to notice when she walked up to a group of her friends before church that the conversation had died down, and she sensed that the subject had been rapidly changed. She did not understand why, but she asked no questions. Also it seemed to her that she was being stared at. She did not know the reason for the stares either, unless it was sympathy.

Janet went shopping the next morning and while at the supermarket she saw Mrs. Davenport, the wife of a local doctor who looked upon Carl Muncie as an intruder in the city and a rival who was deliberately trying to steal his (Dr. Davenport's) patients. Janet was on friendly terms with Mrs. Davenport, but that was about all. The latter came over to speak to Janet.

"Mrs. Muncie, I'm certainly sorry to hear about your husband's accident. It must have been an awful shock to you."

Cerebration

How rarely doth the owlet hoot
When Sol's aloft.
Darkness only charms the brute
To voicings soft.
His nightly practice causes me
A thought to lift—
Do owlets get a special fee
To sing this graveyard shift?

—Nedgo Shan

"Well, yes, it was. But I think he'll be all right in a few weeks. It was just a concussion, you know."

"Yes, I was thinking, though, maybe it's a good thing. He ought to have learned his lesson by now. A man should know better than to drive in that condition."

"Condition? . . . You mean being sleepy? Why ——"

"No use to try to hide it, dear; we all know Dr. Muncie was intoxicated. It's all right. I just hope he won't drink any more when he's driving."

"Intoxicated!" Janet could not believe what she heard. "Why, Carl wasn't—he couldn't have been ——" She stood there open-mouthed.

"Don't tell me you didn't know that before, dear? I'm sorry. But everyone in town has heard about it. You know, I'm afraid this isn't going to help your husband's practice any. It's really too bad. Well, I must be going. Glad to have seen you. And I hope Dr. Muncie gets well soon."

Janet stood there only a few seconds, then hurriedly paid for the things she had bought. She left the supermarket and drove straight to the hospital where Carl was a patient. When she walked into the room, he could tell she was worried.

She immediately told him what Mrs. Davenport had said. His face grew redder as he heard the story.

"That woman is lying! She's just made up that story to hurt my reputation. If she's spread that all over town ——"

Janet thought for a moment. "I'm going to call up Dorothy and ask her if she's heard anything about it. Nobody else mentioned it to me, but if it's out, Dorothy's heard it."

Dorothy was one of Janet's best friends. She and her husband, who was an executive at a mill, lived only a block away. She was usually well informed on town talk.

While Janet was talking on the phone, Carl remembered the brandy that he'd spilled on his coat. His heart sank. Who would believe the story that he had spilled it without drinking any?

"Dorothy says she heard from someone who heard from someone who was at the wreck that you had whisky on your breath. She says someone else told her that there was a bottle in the car. Carl, it isn't true, is it?"

He explained to her what had happened. She began to understand.

"But how can they make a story . . . Why must they . . . Look, can't we prove . . . No, I guess not. Isn't there something we can do?"

"I don't know what except to make the best of it."

(Continued on page 24)

Variety

A Poem

A poem
Is a pretty girl,
A rhapsody in verse.
A poem
Is a catchy smile
And lipstick in a purse.
A poem
Is a low-lit room,
Perhaps after a dance.
A poem
Is a stolen kiss,
The prelude to romance.

—Wm. J. Schereck

Retrospection

(Parody on *Break, Break, Break*, by Tennyson)

Go, go, go,
From my tortured brain, O thought!
And I wish that my mind could forget
The pain that on me is wrought.

Oh, fortunate the dead man's corpse,
For it's plagued with no life as I!
Oh, luckless the new-born child,
For too long it must live ere it die.

And this loathsome life goes on,
And in living I find a hell;
But, oh, dare I run from this ravish'd self,
And to God of such vice can I tell?

Go, go, go,
From the root of my soul, O deed!
But the wretched fear of a thing that is done
Makes now my heart to bleed.

—Tommy Williams

After the Game

It is wrinkled—
The paper that lies on the stadium bench,
Brushing the night with a ragged cheek.
The moon floats away
From the gossamer cloud
That plays with the stars
Who are diving
Beneath the waves of its mist.
The Evening Star
Smiling down at the October leaves
Now sparkles back at the moon,
Now dances among the wisps of fog,
Now bumps the stars at her side.
It is wrinkled—
The program that has served as a cushion.
It is cupped by the print of the buttocks.
A cooler breeze blows
Forgetting the moon and the stars,
Scaring the clouds and the leaves,
Rushing on to the north.
It is wrinkled—
The score sheet
Bent against itself,
Hiding its face.
A lone train
Moaning a dirge to the evening
Wakens the earth with its pounding
And passes into the night.
It is wrinkled;
It floats from the topmost bench
Spiralling
Down.

—Harold P. Hamrick

in Verse

Atheist's Prayer

If spirits wild or fairies free do dwell
In highest places or in dungeons gray
Who do make men of lower minds to think
Of life or death, of mountain, field, or stream,
If such things are in heaven or in hell
That do make men the masters of their souls,
I pray to Thee, the Highest that is known.
I want Thee not who art a tyrant true,
Who owns man's mind and tells him what to do,
Who does restrain my being as a man,
Who makes the good the bad and bad the good.
I would be free if freedom were but real.
But being free I am a slave to self.
And men do testify that Thou art so,
For those in life who have what I now seek,
Unmoved do answer in response that it
Is but the maker's magic mysteries.
I want Thee not; yet I escape Thee not.
From Thee who art their God, I seek release.
If Thou, who harshly judge will grant this not,
Then I am forced to pray as others do
That Thou wouldst let Thy creatures come to me,
That they may bring to nought the walls of doubt
That bar my mind and keep myself from Thee.
Do make an unbeliever to believe,
That I might share the joy, and peace of these
Who say, "My God," and say it not in vain.

—Tommy Williams

Skyscrapers

Temples of Mammon,
Towers of Babel,
Spires of Godless faith,
Why do you point ever upward,
When your foundations crush men
down?

Subways

Tunnels to Hades,
Tram-tracks to Sheol,
Catacombs of life,
Why do you keep men in the dark,
When their souls strive to reach the
light?

—Tommy Kemmerlin

Nightmare's Soliloquy

(In which an attempt is made to show the interaction of the nightmare and the dreamer in one being, Nightmare, who has the attributes of both man and phantasy.)

Look at me and find Death, Death that comes
More often than does life, but lives on life
And death alike. I neither grow, nor fade,
Nor live, nor die, nor ever cease to be.
I live in Hell, but pride encysts my soul
Until the fire that scorches every frame,
The Holy Fire to those who forego evil,
The Godly Fire of those who have a God,
Sweeps through my soul but does not edify.
Nor does it purge my thoughts nor burn my soul,
For I deserted God and would not bow to Satan.
But this is only thought. Not such as this
Could stir my soul into a sentient being.
Not such could burn my fears in Hades' pit.
For all its power, the mind must face its end—
To prophesy, not be, reality.

—Harold P. Hamrick

Uncle Julius

by Walton N. Bass

I USED to preach to them Sunday afternoons, once a month. Uncle Julius led the singing and prayed before I preached. He would start off an old hymn or spiritual, the others joining in; and as they were holding the last word of a stanza he'd recite rapidly the next stanza. They sang beautifully. I noticed that the others always looked at Uncle Julius, and it was easy to detect the open admiration with which the younger ones looked at him for cues, and for approval when they had a quartet. Uncle Julius intrigued me, and bit by bit, over the next few months I learned his story, partly from others, partly from him.

It was on a hot August day in 1930 that a young husky Negro shuffled down a bed of stifling dust called Pigmeat Alley. That was the lean year when dried blackeyed peas and fatback was a delicacy, and when it was an open question how much skin (and where) would show through the patched and ragged rummage sale hand-me-downs. Here was no Porgy coming home to his Bess, but a real live flesh-and-blood man. Sweaty palms held four crumpled dollar bills and a fifty-cent piece, his week's pay. There was a line on his face for every cent of the money, for money in his hand raised as many problems as it solved. Who's going to get it? The insurance man had been by four times during the week, mouthing hard times and "what are you going to do without insurance"; rent man three times, and "you get me some money unless you want to sleep in the street"; furniture man, and "I'd take every stick if anybody'd buy the mess." And there is Clara Belle, already given up, just sits and looks as if to say, "Okey, Big Boy, you married me, now feed me." Clara Belle, skinny, scare-crow clothes hung on her as they lay on the chair when she threw them there at night. Why couldn't she keep herself looking decent, and keep talking to him, and let him do the worrying. Could he, did he dare, spend the fifty cents for a pint? The coin felt mighty big, hard, and real; but problems, too, were mighty big, hard, and real.

Coming up the three loose pieces of board called steps into the never-painted (can't when you don't pay the rent) squares of space courteously called rooms, Julius stopped—or, rather, was stopped, still like a statue of horror. Collecting men don't talk low and laugh, and Clara Belle hadn't laughed before in goodness knows when! It couldn't mean but just one thing. He didn't know how he got to the room or when or how he got the piece of old iron bedstead in his hand. All he knew was that there lay a thing at his feet in a faded brown suit, dirty white shirt, and stringy red tie, eyes open and staring, mouth open ready to scream just once more, and that gash forever to be marked across its skull; and Clara Belle screaming piercingly, each shriek her life's history.

Down from August skies into an August soul came crashing the whole history of what has made man what he is, and has tried to make him what he should be. Adam, too, disobeyed God; Cain, too, had killed—had killed and had been doomed to wander, a thing unwanted anywhere; even the mighty David had had blood on his hands, and unhappiness. In his mind he heard a voice saying: "Julius, what'd you kill that man for? He wan't yours to kill." "But, he was messin' wid my wife—can't nobody mess wid my wife. I done married her. You joined us together, dat's what the Book says, and let not man put us asunder." But then the voice was more stern: "Julius, I makes 'em; I corrects 'em; and I takes 'em when time comes." Then: "Lord, what am I gonna do?" "Just do what the law says first, and I'll show you what else."

Then—well, let Uncle Julius himself tell the rest of the story. He knows it better than anyone else.

"Well, sir, from dat on in hit was jest a world of little people. Dey was a little sheriff and a little band a deppitties come atter me in a little car. Dey come a tryna look big and tryna talk big, but if you ever hear de Big Man talk, dey ain't nobody else sound big atter dat. Dey was a coh't house wid all de little people around hit a-chewin' tobacco and spittin' and lookin' mean and a-talkin' about de nigger dat had killed anothah nigger he caught wid his wife, dem things I remembah but not much exceptin'. Hit's jest like I told ye, if'n you evah hear de Big Man talk nobody else soun' big any moah. Dey was a trial, little old jedge, twelve men settin' dere lisnin' to two lawyahs a-talkin'. I hadn't got my min' back yit. I reckon de Lord was a-puttin' new stuff in it, cause I ain't been de same since. I heard talkin' and knowd dey was a-talkin' 'bout me, but I couldn't get any talkin' done. Didn't want to. Somehow, doh, I wan't mizzuble no moah, and when dey saw me a-settin' dere jest smilin' to myself de lawyah started talkin' about "crazy as a loon." Dey knowd I wan't crazy, doh; hit hadn't been moh'n five year since I'd bought some lan' and had a start. Crazy nigguhs don't buy lan' in hard times. Atter everybody'd had dere say de jedge starts in a-talkin' and goes on and on and on. Den de little jury went on out and stayed awhile, den come back; de jedge axed 'em if'n

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Jud

by Jack Seiler

"JUD! Git outta tha barn an' milk tha cow."

"Aw, Paw. Doggone, I don't feel too good. My cold's plumb aggravatin'."

"Don't gimmie nunna yore backtalkin', Jud. Jes' git on out thar and do like I tells ya."

"And fetch me a pail a' water on yore way in," ordered his mother.

Little Jud picked up a pail and scuffled out the door. He was so mixed up. He had always heard that a kid's mother and father were supposed to love him and take care of him when he didn't feel good. But his folks always pushed him around, made him work, and figgered he was jes' tryin' to git outta' some chores on the farm when he told 'em he wan't feeling good.

He couldn't see as to where his folks had done anything to make him happy. All they ever did was to bring him into the world and that warn't nothin' but the curse of the devil as far as he was concerned.

What'd he hafta be a country boy for, anyway? He didn't like none a' that plowin', milkin', harvestin' and such. Why couldn't he be like some a' them city boys what was always ridin' by in their big cars and laughin' at him. Them city boys with their good-lookin' gals and fancy clothes. Heck, they didn't know what work was. Their folks really loved them, took care of 'em and gave 'em all kinda good things.

Jud's temper grew worse and worse as he neared the barn. His little face got red and he wanted to cuss. Yeah, that's what he wanted to do, cuss. By grannies, he would, he would cuss out loud.

"I won't! I won't milk no *dadburned* cow. Not now, not never!" And as Jud let his oral wrath fly loose he felt a pain in his chest. One like he had felt a lot of times, only this one was worse. Things were spinning around, he felt awful weak . . . he couldn't see much. . . he fell . . . it was black.

"Shucks, Doc, you know me and Elsie, we's jes' country folks. We don't know nuthin' 'bout all this med-'cine and stuff. What you mean ya think Jud's got tuberlokis er whatever ya calls it?"

"Ezra, it's a very bad disease. It eats holes in your lungs. Makes it so you can't breathe. Jud will have to be put in a hospital right away so that he can be cured if it isn't too late."

"Ya . . . ya mean this tuberlokis could kill Jud . . . could hurt my Jud!"

"Yes, Ezra. That's exactly what I mean."

"Doc, you're jes' kiddin' ole Ezra. The good Lord up in them hevvins ain't a gonna let nothin' happin to Jud. Come on, Doc, tell me ya don't mean what you're tellin' me."

"Ezra, I'm dead serious. If you don't get Jud into a hospital right away, I can't tell you how long he will live."

Ezra looked at the doctor, his face grew grim and then he glanced down at Jud lying there on the bed. Suddenly Ezra threw himself on the floor beside Jud and jerked spasmodically at the tears that flowed from his eyes.

"Good God! Whatcha doin' this ta me fer? Dontcha know I always been a good man? I ain't never done nuthin' to make ya mad. Me and' Elsie has always loved ya and gone to pray ta ya on Sunday. And, Lord, ya know little Jud ain't never done anythin' ta ya. He's always been such a good boy. Done his work on the farm and loved his folks, although I guess we ain't shown him too much. But, Lord, ya knows we love him. Please, Lord, don't let nothin' happin to my boy. Please, Lord!"

Little Jud just lay quiet there on the bed as if he were still unconscious. He didn't know what the tuberculosis was or anything like that, but he was happy. Yes, he was happier than he had ever been in his whole life. Happy because he had found that his folks thought as much of him as any other kid's folks did.

And that night when Jud slept on the hospital bed he had tears in his eyes and he cried and he prayed. You bet your life he prayed.

Music

Music—magic mistress of life,
Holding me in her spell,
Controlling my thoughts, my actions,
My very being.

Carrying me up the stairs of heaven
Or down to the guttered slums of hell—

Inspiring me to greatness while anchoring
Me to the shore of life.

The anthem sung in the church of my soul,
Showing the genius of the Great Conductor.

A fuel for the fire of love,
A thought-provoking muse sending me
To the depths of ponderation—

Music—the magic master of my moods.

—CHARLES COPELAND

The Espirtis

by Phil Jones

It was Saturday night, July 8, 1950, and ten o'clock. It was a beautiful night and quiet except for the weird cry of the natives who were gathering in the hut over the hill. I wondered if we really had any business out or if we should go to that *espirtis* meeting; but, after all, we were there to be a part of those people, we were hoping to do something for them, and I couldn't see any reason why we shouldn't know what went on around these parts of the island.

I was one among six students from the United States who were spending an eight-week period in a work camp in the Province of Oriente on the beautiful, enchanting Isle of Cuba. Methodist Youth had sent us there to improve the life of the native by working with him and for him and, in so doing, to demonstrate the faith of the Protestant and particularly the Methodist Church.

Keith, like myself, was a farm boy. He was a rising senior at Duke as I was at Wofford. Rufus, the other boy in our group, was a Negro boy and won the favor of the natives with his musical talent.

There were three girls on the crusade and there is much that one could say about their loyalty to their duties. Joyce was a beautiful ranch girl from Montana and she was a great lady when it came to riding horses and driving jeeps. Mabel, a school teacher, had everything that being from Texas gives a person. Jolee, a little girl from Iowa, constantly boasted of Iowa's corn and amazed me with her proper use of the Spanish language.

Every one of us had a feeling of fright as we were moving carefully along that lowly path on that Saturday night. From the clearness of the chant ringing through the night we could tell that we were nearing the hut, and we began to wonder what would happen there or how we would be received by the group. We felt sure we would be received by this group. We felt sure we would be able to make our purpose clear. We were called *estudiantes de buena Voluntad* (students of good will), and we never wanted anyone to think of us in any other way.

We could now see the dim lights, candles they were, in the hut. "Suppose they object to our being here and try to force us to join them. If that happens I know I'll faint." said Joyce, as we took our last steps before being invited into the hut.

It was packed and it seemed that every eye was fixed on us as we filed in as silently as possible and sat at the far end of the large room. In front of us was a table on which were lighted candles and a picture of the Virgin de Caridad de Cobra.

We found that we had arrived early and it would be necessary to wait an hour before the *espirtis* chieftain would arrive to begin the ceremonies. We had been told that these people never hesitated to use their large knives when they felt that their religion was being interfered with, so we didn't dare all sleep at once. But we did take a sitting nap, several at a time; still, thoughts of what might happen kept us from losing ourselves in sleep.

Elio, our faithful helper and interpreter, who aided us about the mission house, had left work early that afternoon with no explanation of where he was going. But I had only to glance across the room to catch Elio's eyes as they were set on mine. He looked at me as if he had something that he just had to tell me, but I didn't dare go to him.

"Look! You all look up front at the lighted table," Mabel said excitedly, as things began to happen. We watched in amazement as the natives worked themselves into a frenzy with their weird combination of Catholic ritual and voodooistic incantations. The chieftain and his helper, who was a mannish woman, were mixing liquids that would be used to anoint their followers. They began to snap their fingers and to fling their arms about, as the leader attempted the long and difficult task of bringing in the spirits that were to cause these people to lose themselves in a mad religious dance that would produce fainting and complete exhaustion on the part of the participants.

"But why are they going under each others arms, and why do they groan and grunt so?" asked Rufus, as an expression of wonder moved over his eyes. They had begun to exercise greatly their muscles, and it was appearing to be a religion of body exercise. I didn't quite understand how those women were enduring the treatment necessary to enter into the forming circle, but they seemed merciless themselves when they started to administer the initiation. It looked as though one was trying to dislocate the arms of another by giving them quick jerks toward the ground. The men wrestled with the men; the women wrestled with the women; now they wrestled with each other.

I turned from the activities of the circle long enough to keep a check on my friend Elio, who still had his eyes upon me. Elio was a member of the Methodist Church and seemed to be content with his religion. What would happen to Elio tonight? I wondered. Was he there as we were, to look? I wondered if Elio would be forced to go through these rites. "Suppose we are responsible for Elio's not going in, what would they

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IN WORDS

OF ONE

SYLLABLE

Train Wreck

THE TRAIN sped through the ink-black night with its ranks of war-doomed men. The hush of doubt and fear rolled in the air like thick fog. No one knew what, when, or where, much less why. But the train moved on—on to its vain end.

With each turn of the wheels the thoughts of the men grew more tense. It seemed as if the steel strain in the air would snap and lash the train to bits with its force.

Then, as if it came to loose the stress of the men's minds, a great roar quaked the iron horse. Smoke, shock and fire flew through the air. For what seemed hours the sound of the clash and the twist of iron was all that one could hear.

And then, as quick as it had come, the noise stopped. A dead, vile calm swam on the scene. Once, what had been the thought of death was now the real. All that was left to show that there once had been a train and that there once had been some troops was a hushed mass of iron, steel and flesh. A mute toast to war.

—JACK SEILER

Strangers

It was night—black, thick and sad.
The cold ripped through clothes
Like a knife with toothed edge.
Tired stars blinked as if each blink might be their last.
The moon mourned—
Only a faint glow came through the black lace.
The wind heaved deep sighs.
All was sad.
I stood.
I saw the moon mourn.
I heard the wind sigh.
I saw the stars make vain tries to give something gay
To the mood.
They soon ceased,
Hid in the black, thick, sad night.
Mist came.
Mist made of all the tears of the world,
Merged to form one black shroud
To hide all gay things,
Made of tears shed to hide all joy.
I fought it,
But the mood held me.
Its arms held me
And I could not leave.
At first I had felt it,
Sensed the dark gloom. . . .
The wind ran weird hands through my hair,
Kissed my cheeks with moist tears of the mist. . . .
I must be a part of it. . . .
To blend my tears with those in the mist,
To be won to the black, sad mood,
I must be sad.
I had no tears.
For I could find no cause for sorrow.
The tears would be loosed when the cause were found. . . .
The wind sighed,
The sighs were deep, tired. . . .
The wind had no voice to tell why it was sad.
The moon had no voice. . . .
Why must the wind sigh,
The moon mourn,
The stars fail to blink?
I could not guess.
It was vague.
They could not tell,
I could not know.
Yet they were one.
Sad sighs and tears had made them one.
They wooed me to them,
But kept from me that which would give me tears
To join them.

—BILL DUKE

Monologue

by Jack Seiler

"Evenin'. Mind if I sit here? Oh, don't care to talk, eh? I guess life has got you down. A woman, I suppose?

"You know, mister, people like you puzzle me. Here you got a fine park to sit in, clear night air, and somebody to talk to—all for free, and yet you don't think life's worth livin'. It don't make sense.

"So a woman jilted ya. So what? Hell, I just got dropped myself, but you don't see me mopin' around with my chin plowin' up the ground, do ya? No, sir. Not me. I got better sense. What's a woman? Ya lose one, so another comes along.

"Take the one that just brushed me off, for instance. She was a good kid. Made plenty of money, had a nice apartment, treated me fine. She always kept me going, fed me, and even bought me clothes. Now I've lost her. Do I care? Hell, no. There'll be another one along 'fore long. She'll probably drop me too, but I'll have a good time before she does.

"I'll tell ya, mister, ya can't let life get ya down these days. Ya kinda gotta take it as it comes along. Ya always gotta remember to knock the other guy down before he knocks you down.

"Me? I get all I can outa anybody that comes my way, and if I can get all they got I'll get it. Ya gotta be an individualist, I tell ya.

"Now look at you. Your clothes look like somethin' was drug up from a junk pile. You can't never get the right connections unless ya at least look like a good guy. All ya gotta do is find some drunk and hit him for about twenty bucks. You'll never see him again, so ya don't have ta worry about payin' it back. That's the way I work. I'm out for me and me alone. I don't let nobody get in my way, nobody!

"Say, that's a right good-lookin' ring ya got there on your finger. I'll bet the guy you pulled that from was really in the rocks. Ya know, buddy, if you wuz ta do more things like that ya might get somewhere some day.

"Look at me. Hell, I ain't no good guy. I step on anybody's feet that will help me, but I got a few bucks in my pocket and my clothes ain't by any means bad lookin'. Believe me, mister, them's what got — get, and I'm out ta get what they got.

"And let me give ya some advice. If it's a woman that's got ya down, jest forget about it. I don't care who she wuz, she ain't worth all this frettin' and weepin' you're doin'. Ya oughta go out and find ya some doll with a lotta dough and get yourself set for life. That's my next move and you'll be smart if it's yours. Look, take that hunk a' gold ya got on your finger an' hock it. Then get some clothes and you'll be on your way to success.

"Oh, hell, it ain't no sense in talkin' to ya. You're just a dumb drunk bum who ain't got no better sense. See ya' around, jerk!"

Simile

The car sliced through the falling snow,
Straight for its destination.
With luck they might make it
On this night of nights.
A huddled mass rested against the seat,
Trying to smile through the pain.
The tear-streaked face was illumined
By the expectation of the greatest of all miracles.
Guided by a beacon light,
The driver kept steadfast to his course.
The car slowed—
Stopped.
Three white-clad figures glided forward
Offering their presents of aid.
The endless moments of waiting—waiting—waiting,
Father Time increasing the expectation.

Silent night floated through the halls.
Another white-clad figure stepped forward
With a countenance of serenity and simplicity,
saying,
"Merry Christmas, Mr. Jayson. It's a baby boy!"

Christmas—and a child is born.

—Tommy Jones

Sketch Pad

by Bill Duke

I WAS bored. For fifteen minutes I had been watching people come and go while I kept telling myself that I was enjoying my coffee. Each person merged into the mass, forgotten as soon as another came on the scene. The usual people in the usual short order shop, the usual jabbering over coffee, the usual tables and waitresses, the usual everything.

I was trying to figure out how you would pronounce the pohS eerthcaeP which was on the window, when a dark blue shape passed by, moving hurriedly. Scarcely a second later the door opened and the same shape appeared. The door closed quickly but noiselessly. The figure moved with extreme deliberation. A few booths ahead of me, it slid into the seat, still facing me.

The man stared at me momentarily then glanced all around the room, surveying each face intently. Judging from the questioning faintness of a frown on his face he had evidently not found the person for whom he was looking.

The doors leading to the kitchen swung open and a waitress emerged with a tray balanced precariously on her upturned hand. He saw her. There was a slight nod of the head accompanied by a smile which was maliciously humorous. This was evidently the person for whom he had been looking. She passed right by his booth without giving any sign of recognition.

A few minutes later she stopped at his table, pencil poised over her order pad. He ordered coffee, and his eyes followed her closely until the swinging doors swallowed her again. He settled back, thoughtful.

This seemed to be no ordinary customer. I tried to size him up as I had been doing with the others while I was drinking the coffee. Inconspicuous? At first sight, yes. Then why had he so completely arrested my attention? I watched him closely, concentrating on each detail.

No detail was brought out except by some action. The few definite things I had noticed had all come out as a result of some action.

Everything about him merged, so that he seemed to be more of an impression than a person. The dark blue suit which he was wearing merged into his features. There was nothing remarkable about them. They hardly left even an impression. His hair was neither neat nor unruly—it seemed to have been dropped on his forehead, straightened a little, and left there.

The waitress brought him his coffee and an unusual gleam came into his eyes as he said the customary "thank you." As she passed by my booth I ordered another cup of coffee to have an excuse for staying longer. I watched how he drank his coffee. He wasted no movement. In this, as in everything else I had seen him do, every motion was deliberate. He did not make the usual arc from the table to his lips, but brought the cup straight up. My coffee came and I toyed with the cream and sugar.

His age still puzzled me—I could not even make a guess. His face nullified all attempts. For some odd reason his expression changed very little. Except for momentary exceptions, it had been the same since he entered. It was almost omniscient—as if the past and the future met there to determine the present.

Whenever the waitress was in sight, he followed her every movement. Could this be just another one of those flirtations? It was hard to imagine that it was. He wasn't the type person who would be a party to it. He was interested in more important things. There was evidently much, much more to this man than would ever meet the eye.

The phone behind my booth rang. It rang twice more before a bored voice said:

"Peachtree Shop. . . . Just a minute. Hey, Mae. Phone!"

Mae was the one he had been watching. She wiped her hands on her apron and approached the phone. She made no effort to soften her voice.

"Hello Yep. At five? Fifteen till now. O.K., Joe, seen you then. Bye."

Her voice had carried to him. There was a puzzled look on his face and his observation of the girl was more intent. He frowned, puzzled. Could he be trying to tie something in to the impression he had formed of Mae? He deliberated for about a minute. Then his frown changed into the same almost malicious smile.

He half turned, staring reflectively at the heavy late afternoon traffic. He turned back. Could his head have nodded affirmation of whatever he had decided? The problem was evidently solved, for there was a curiously knowing expression on his face now.

The clock hand moved closer and closer to five. At three minutes till Mae was buttoning up her coat. She left. As the door snapped shut behind her, the same maliciously fashioned smile played across his face. He rose to go.

Maybe he would think me overly bold but I had to find out something.

"Pardon me, sir, but could I ask your name?"

"Destiny, sir." And he was gone.

Atropos

By ALAIN PREVOST

Princeton NASSAU LIT

Out of breath after his long run, Bernard collapsed on a stone, his back against a tree, his eyes closed. He pulled out of his pocket a piece of bread and an onion which he ate slowly as he looked down at the valley. Below, straight under him, he could see the hamlet; on the opposite slope he could make out his father's house hidden by some beech trees. To Bernard, this house he loved meant summer vacations, freedom to do what he wanted when he wanted. City bred, Bernard preferred the country to his home town, and the mountains to the country. There, bare-footed, his shirt rolled around his waist, he would leave for all day hikes on the hills. Once or twice every summer, he would be absent for two days, on a trip to the pastures where he knew a couple of shepherds; to them he would bring newspapers and tobacco, and they would give him mutton for dinner and a blanket for the night. It pleased Bernard to think that he resembled a portrait of Henry IV as a child that he had seen in a history book; there, Henry IV was represented, bare-footed like him, like him running through the hills; only, those hills were the Pyrenees, and Bernard's hills were the Alps. Except for the food which was scarce and bad, Bernard refused to think of the war, then at its climax.

That evening, when Bernard arrived home, just in time for dinner, he was puzzled to see in the front room a lovely lady with soft blond hair sitting in the armchair by the fire. She was alone when Bernard entered, and she turned to him greeting him by his name. She had a sad expression on her face, and seemed relieved when Bernard's mother and sister appeared. Bernard's mother looked miserable, and Jeanne, his older sister, had been crying.

"Bernard?"

"Yes, mother!"

"Come here. I have something to tell you."

Bernard went over to his mother, who was sitting by the table. He stood before her, one hand on her knee, and waited.

"I don't know how to begin, Bernard. Your—your father has been wounded."

"Bad?"

"Yes, very badly."

"Where is he now?"

"At Sassenage. But ——"

"Sassenage is only thirty miles from here. If I go through the pastures I can get there tomorrow night. I would have to start now. The Germans? They won't mind me. I am too young for them, still."

"It is no use to go there, Bernard."

"Why? Daddy will be glad to see me. I can help him. He'll be fine, soon; you know daddy, he'll be O.K."

Bernard could not, and did not think for a moment that death had anything to do with his father. He believed in his father's luck as strongly as he believed in his own luck. The room was silent, and Bernard felt the atmosphere of constraint. He looked up at his mother's face. His mother said:

"It is no use to try, Bernard. Your father has been killed, he is dead."

Bernard did not think of his father but of the fact: death. In that case the problem was a different one: one he could not settle by going over to Sassenage, or anywhere, one he would have to settle by himself and in his own mind. When again Bernard looked at his mother, at his sister, and at the blond lady, he felt embarrassed. They were all looking at him, waiting for him to cry, or at least do something dramatic or noticeable: but he just stood there. His mother turned to the blond lady and whispered:

"He is too young; he does not understand."

There was something bitter in her voice as she said that. Bernard wondered for a second whether she had been wanting to hurt him. After all, maybe she was right: he did not understand . . . yet. Suddenly scared of them, he backed away and out of the room, and as soon as he was out of their sight, he began to run. He ran down the road about a hundred yards and sat in the grass, by a beech tree.

He looked at the sky first. The sky was pink, and almost red in places. It meant that dinner would be ready in half an hour, if dinner, tonight, was going to be ready at the usual time. But today was different; today his father had died. Today? Bernard was shocked to find out that he did not know when, or how, his father had been shot. He thought of his grandmother's death. It had been different, then. His father had received a telegram two hours after her death. Then father had brought his daughter and his son in the sitting room, and there, with a grave voice he had said: "My mother, your grandmother, has died this morning, at ten o'clock. She had a heart attack, and it all happened very quickly." Bernard had cried for hours and hours, first in the sitting room, then in his own room. He could not remember for what exact reason he had cried, since he hardly knew his grandmother. In a way, he wished that he could cry now as he had at that time. That was four years ago, and maybe he understood then. Apparently he was now too old and too young to understand: twelve is a bad age, Bernard decided.

Bernard was disturbed from his thoughts by the coming of a boy, the son of a farmer who lived near by. His name was Fernand, and he was used to bring milk up to the house every evening at supper time. Older than Bernard, he did not speak to him much. Tonight he said, "How are you?" as he did usually.

"I am not well."

"Why? What's the matter with you?"

"My father has been killed."

Bernard felt himself blushing. He could not understand why he had said that, or how he had said it. He feared that it was pride, pride of his right to sadness, pride of his being something special: an orphan. The word orphan struck his mind, he had not thought of it before: the word orphan was a queer word that one read in books and had to be impressed by. From now on, it was to be suitable and logical to call him an orphan.

Once again Fernand interrupted Bernard's thoughts:

"I bet the Germans killed your father!"

"Yes."

"I bet they shot him down!"

"Why?"

"I bet your father was one of those dirty bastards in the underground." Bernard jumped on Fernand. They rolled on the ground together. Bernard tried to bite Fernand's hand, but the other was too strong. He rolled Bernard under him, sat on his chest and slapped his face: once, twice, three times he slapped Bernard's face. Bernard was mad with rage. He thought of all the tortures he could inflict on his enemy: he would kick him, spit in his face, kill him! Once more Fernand slapped Bernard's face, then holding him still, looking straight into his eyes Fernand repeated slowly:

"I bet your father was one of those dirty bastards in the underground." Then he got up and started on his way back to the farm. Bernard raised himself half way, then stooping, he ran noiselessly after Fernand. He ran faster and faster till he jumped on him from behind, circling Fernand's arms and legs with his own arms and legs. Under the shock Fernand gave way. Slowly at first, and then all at once, he fell. His head struck a rock.

Bernard got up and looked at his hands: they had been badly hurt, protecting Fernand's chest in the fall. Fernand was still on the ground and only groaned when Bernard kicked his shoulder.

The Germans occupied the area for one month after the death of Bernard's father. Bernard's life went on in the same carefree fashion as it did before. He did not think of his father's death all the time, only, in the middle of a play he would remember that he was now an "orphan." This would be his transport, not because of self-pity, but because of what he thought to be self-respect. More and more did he like to be alone. Often he would lie down in the grass or on a rock, his eyes open staring at nothing, and he would try to persuade himself of his unhappiness. He would imagine factastic stories through which someone found out that he was an orphan and pitied

The City and the Snowstorm

Weary buses laden with passengers and parcels
Lumber about the city on their rounds;
Scurrying pedestrians trudge along glazen sidewalks
Trying in vain to complete their shopping before stores close
Overcast skies suppress the last rays of a winter sun,
Replaced in part by warm yellowish glows from street lamps.
North winds whistle, rounding the corners of skyscrapers,
Playfully scattering new fallen flakes of snow.
Spines tingle as the flurry increases, forcing men and vehicles
From the once busy thoroughfares;
Faster and with increasing fury the drifts mount
Like great mounds of cotton plucked from a distant field.
Business activity ceases as domestic chores begin;
Shop curtains are drawn as fires on many a hearth are kindled.
Midnight comes and yet falls the snow!
The sounds of the city, rumbles of trolleys and blasts of horns,
Are hushed by a great white blanket.
Steadily the crystals stream, all through the night,
And then The Dawn.
Children gleefully shout as the radio blares:
"No school because of the snowstorm;"
Off they hustle, clad in warm suits,
To build a snowman or fight battles from ice castles.
Lacking the joy of the children, the city lies paralyzed,
Its streets closed, trees broken, void of any activity.
Beautiful for the artist, inspiring for the poet,
The countryside models a coat of pure white;
But the city dwellers find little beauty in confinement,
And city engineers find little inspiration in drudgery:
For now must begin—the digging out.

—Ted Morton

him, or sometimes it would be a group of persons that would pity him. Once he almost managed to make himself cry. Another time, on visiting a farmer in the neighborhood, he was asked by the farmer's wife how his father was.

"My father died."

"Oh! I am sorry, I did not know. You'll still be buying your cheese here, though."

Soon Bernard learned that, for most people a father's death was represented by off-hand formulas such as "I'm sorry," or "that war is misery," or a whisper behind his back, "his father was just killed." Bernard began to realize that his first reaction toward himself, when he had begun to "be" an "orphan," had been the same as these people, therefore he did not blame them.

At home there were a few changes. Several times a day his mother would start a sentence with:

"Now that your father is gone . . . ," and this would upset Bernard, who found it indecent.

On the evening of his birthday, which was on the 12th of August, Bernard was called by his mother. He went up to her room and found her standing in front of the chimney.

"Did you call me, mother?"

"Here is my present for your birthday. And, also . . . I knew that your father . . . Here are your two presents! Oh, my poor boy! My poor, dear little boy!"

She hardly had finished her sentence than she had begun to cry. She ran to her bed and fell on it. It was the first time that Bernard had ever seen his mother crying. He went over to her bed and stood in front of her, embarrassed. The only thing that he could find to say was:

"You're awfully pretty, mother."

"Get out. Get out now."

She made the gesture of kissing him and pushed him out. Bernard blushed with shame and fear. A fear he did not understand, a fear for the living. He found his sister downstairs.

"Mother is a widow, now."

"Shut up, you idiot. Why do you always have to say such stupid things, Bernard?"

"It is true, isn't it? Do you think that we should love mother twice?"

"What do you mean?"

"Daddy is dead now. Maybe we don't have to love him any more. Maybe we should love mother twice, instead."

"Bernard, do you know what death is, exactly?"

Some Breeze

Some breeze has blown the spray
Far up onto the concrete walks
Which rim the lake and park,
And rainbow spears have glistened
grass nearby.

Some breeze has spattered drops on
tweed and mink
And sent yesterday's News scraping
south
To lodge at foot of some bronze hero
From war perhaps, or even peace.

Born of some elemental law
It traveled then—how far?
And spent itself as man has done
On war perhaps—or even peace!

—C.B.B.

"Do *you?* You don't. I'll tell you how I see death: it's a blond lady; also, when one dies, a lot of things die."

A few days later Bernard saw a corpse. He had heard it was lying by a spring he knew, about three miles from home and he decided to go and see what it was like. On his way he felt intensely proud: he was going to see his first dead man. Not so many boys his age had seen dead men, and he would be able to boast about it at school. Already he was preparing his story, the way he would say it, and to whom.

The day was hot, and Bernard smelled the corpse before he saw it. It was a sickening sweet smell that was the ordinary smell of a rotting animal. The sight itself was too much for Bernard, who fell on his knees and vomited. When he felt better he climbed on a tree, from where he could see and not smell. He looked at the fellow. First the birds had been working on it, and the bone appeared on the top of its head; then its chest was puffed up like a balloon. The whole thing looked as if it were melted with the grass it was lying on.

The orbs especially attracted Bernard's attention. He remembered how as a child, he used to play a game of his own: think of nothing. A fear would then sneak up into him: the fear not to be able to ever think again. Down in these orbs he saw the same fear, the same abyss.

Bernard went over to the spring, dipped his handkerchief into it and put it on his nose to protect himself from the smell; he then went over to examine the fellow at closer range. He had been a Lieutenant, and the only other distinctive object appearing was his bracelet. There was only a first name written on it: Charles. In spite of his disgust, Bernard took his shirt off and threw it on the fellow's face; then he began to gather stones and throw them on the body until it was completely covered. when he was through, there was practically no trace left of the tragedy, if it wasn't for the humidity on the ground around the stone pile.

Bernard was first in the family to go and see his father's grave; his mother and sister were to join him later. The blond lady was going to lodge him for the night, and take him to the cemetery. When they arrived in the morning, Bernard was brought in front of six graves, lined up, freshly dug, and with no crosses, names, or stones on them.

"Do you know which is Daddy's, Ma'am?"

(Continued on page 27)

BOOK REVIEWS

Helena, by Evelyn Waugh (Little, Brown & Co., 247 pp.). Evelyn Waugh has once more brought from the past, in which he seems permanently ensconced, a charming little novel which centers around a third-century saint of whom history records next to nothing—splendid material for the contemporary writer of historical novels. Helena's chief claim to immortality rests on her having been the mother of Constantine, and having been the motivating figure in the Jerusalem excavations which led to the discovery of the cross on which Jesus was crucified. Waugh's only violation of tradition is to assign Helena's parentage to King Coel, or Cole, the legendary British regent whose ancestry links ultimately with the heroes of Troy.

Constantius, a young Roman soldier with imperial aspirations, visits the court of Coel and becomes enamoured of Helena. Although somewhat hesitant, the monarch of the pipe, bowl, and fiddlers three agrees to the marriage and the pair set off for the Danube, Constantius' new post.

Helena never fits into the artificial life of higher provincial society. She devotes her activities to training her young son, Constantine. When Constantius divorces her (and divorces in third-century Rome were comparable to those of post-revolutionary Russia) and makes a marriage of expedience, Helena turns her interests to exploiting a number of farm lands which her former husband had given her.

Following Constantine's ascension and the Edict of Milan, Helena visits Rome. Her pristine upbringing rebels at the intrigue and duplicity of the court. Seeking comfort, she turns to the Pope, who suggests that she visit the Holy Land for the purpose of founding churches at places of religious significance. While engaged in this mission she is struck with the idea to find the True Cross. Temporarily abondoning the building program, she orders a series of excavations which terminate in the finding of the Cross in an old cistern near Golgotha.

In an open letter to his American readers ("Life," April 8, 1946), following his rise to literary prominence after the publication of *Brideshead Revisited*, Waugh wrote: ". . . in my future books there will be two things to make them unpopular: a preoccupation with style and the attempt to represent man more fully, which, to me, means only one thing: man in his relation to God. . . ."

Waugh has not erred from this intention. His preoccupation with style has produced some marvelous passages of prose. Of course, his delineation of character is rather detached. His characters do not always seem to be vibrant individuals with the resulting appeal to the intellect, not the emotions. But the language is mature and fluent, the work of a practiced artist, not of a jobless newspaper man or aspirant housewife turned writer.

Although his book does not dwell on Helena's religious development, it contains an excellent brief description of the religious quackery which prevailed during the time of Constantine. It reveals a facet of Roman religious life which is not found in *Quo Vadis*, *The Last Days of Pompeii*, or *The Robe*. Waugh's Helena is an intelligent, practical - minded adult who has turned to Christianity for its own sake, but who is not blind to the theological pitfalls and hypocricies to which it is already prey.

In the open letter to his American readers Waugh also stated that after the age of forty, writers tend to become "hacks, prophets, or esthetes." Perhaps he is allying himself with the second group. *Helena* is the story of a civilization rotten with intrigue and religious multiplicity which suffered under a constant fear of attack by Asiatic hordes. It may be that Waugh is foreseeing the same destiny for contemporary western civilization.

How does *Helena* compare with some of the author's earlier works? *Brideshead Revisited* is a better novel, possibly because of its autobiographical coloration. *The Loved One* is vitriolic satire, but its superficial levity may shorten its literary life span. *Scott - King's Modern Europe* must have been written to stave off the bill collectors and is hardly worthy of inclusion here.

In summation, *Helena* is an interesting, well-written story of one man's idea of the life and times of an almost unknown saint. It should be particularly refreshing to the reader of current historical novels because of its brevity and absence of a preoccupation with sex.

—Robert Hall

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BOOK REVIEWS

WHY is there chaos in the form of riots, lynchings, murder, distrust, wars and rumors of wars, cold or hot, in the world today? Overstreet (*The Mature mind*, by H. A. Overstreet, W. W. Norton, New York, 1949) explains that it is because mature insights are lost on immature minds. There are sufficient truths about human behavior and relationships to eradicate the above chaos, but the human race has failed to put these truths into action.

The mature men, speaking from some lofty peak of experience and achievement, have shouted to us immature beings these truths. But, similar to the great lord *Rumor*, by the time these filtered down to the immature, they were so distorted as to render all understanding impossible. Even if some immature minds comprehended the significance of these truths and actually attempted to put them into practice, their very nature would prevent their success. The pressure of being maladjusted and as immature as the whole of Society is, the uncomfortable feeling of being adjusted, and the comforting feeling of being accepted by immature Society because he is immature, all these compel the immature to readjust himself to the mores of his contemporary immature Society.

Examples of the mature throughout history can be enumerated upon one's digits: Christ, Socrates, John the Baptist, Roger Williams, Joan of Arc, while history abounds with the immature: Peter denying Christ, Galileo recanting, our modern type which put the word *Quisling* into our vocabulary, and innumerable others.

Overstreet defines maturity as: to mature psychologically as well as physically, along the line of what is unique in the individual and what he healthily shares with his fellows and *to continue maturing throughout life*.

The criteria of maturity are creative and growing linkages with life:

A human is born ignorant and thus must acquire knowledge and continue to build knowledge.

A human is born irresponsible and must learn to accept the human role as well as develop a sense of function (a work to accept and be proud of as his own). There must also be constancy and purpose in his life. The danger lies in dependence upon others and perpetuation of this by submissive acceptance on the part of the individual. Or the opposite reaction occurs which is aggressive resistance. Witness our overflowing penal institutions.

A human is born inarticulate, birth being, by the way, the most private time of life. Immaturity is perpetuated in this aspect because an individual usually talks as his parents do. The reception accorded the first communicative efforts, whether adverse or constructive, are of immense importance. Also speech defects usually indicate character defects or arrested psychological growth or immaturity.

A human is born a creature of diffuse sexuality, having its inception at birth and expressed during childhood. Everyone can review his past experiences and note how he has outgrown obvious stages of sexual immaturity. But sex is one expression of character and thus a criterion of maturity.

A human is born self-centered or egocentric, has no power to relate him self to other selves, no clearly defined self, but must grow from egocentricity to sociocentricity or from self-centered to society-centered. Empathy — the imaginative projection of one's consciousness into an object or person outside oneself—must be encouraged and attained by all. The arrested development of imagination —formulating new wholes out of familiar parts—or perpetuated immaturity, is a chain and an inheritance from parents who are emotionally and socially immature to children who, thoroughly indoctrinated, pass it on to their children. Society urges limited growth beyond egocentricity but also is partial to empathic provincialism or ethnocentricism—the favoring of the *in* group, or clannishness. It also hands us a contradictory set of values in that we are for people as human beings and opposed to them as competitors.

A human is born to a world of isolated particulars and cannot see the overallness of anything.

We do fall heir to all these, but incorporated into our structure are several immaturities and maturities closely related to each other.

The goodness-badness theory characterized by the word punishment and which is authoritarian in nature, is based on the idea that men do good because good is in them and evil because evil is in them. The knowledge-ignorance theory, characterized by the liberal mind, bases its idea on learning; if a man knows what is good, he will do the good thing. To replace these two old theories, Overstreet has set forth his idea of the cause of human misbehavior as *immature ways of solving problems that should be solved in ways that are mature*. Thus we must help people as well as ourselves to grow up or mature. Because these former theories made it easy to remain immature, because we have, in the past, received a heritage of contradictions, and because mature philosophies were given mere lip service, Overstreet set forth the following new test of insti-

tutions and cultures: They must be judged by the extent to which they embody, encourage or discourage the maturity of their members.

Overstreet offers the following criticisms:

Economics: Business has turned from making to selling to cramming things down people's throats.

Politics: Has fostered xenophobia or fear of the stranger, thus spreading distrust, and ethnocentricity or love for one's own group, clannishness, disunity for the human race as a whole.

What we Read: Newspapers have a vested interest in catastrophe. The unusual is exploited, the sensational printed to sell more and more copies.

What we Hear: The radio entertains, arouses emotions, and does not tax the mind. The hopping from one thing to another is encouragement of the immature's short attention span.

What we See: The movies have a vested interest in escapism. They satisfy by fantasy, the pattern of psychological immaturity.

Advertising: Manufactures desires too much and for the wrong reasons. It also destroys creativeness by emphasizing ownership as opposed to the creative ability.

These are not so dangerous in that they will cater to maturity or immaturity as society (or money) desires, and also can use immature materials maturely.

The following are dangerous:

The Home: This is the chief creator of immaturity or maturity. The chief criticism being that children lack companionship of adults of both sexes as well as of other children. Children need both parents to guide them and need to grow and develop with other children. A child must grow from ignorance to knowledge, verbal isolation to communication, toward sexual maturity and out of particular seeing into whole-seeing. The development of children toward these goals is the duty of every home.

Education: It must pass on the culture of the race and help the young grow to an adult role. Schools have failed because school boards do not like change, school staffs or faculties come from immature homes, schools, and colleges, and the students are taught to think within well-defined limits.

Religion: Must adopt as the central aim of life the maturing of man. There must be wholeness of life—You shall have life and have it more abundantly. The greatest common denominator—love—must be put into practice because it unites man, helps one outgrow childishness of mind and spirit, enables one to become happily and responsibly mature.

We ourselves must create and sustain high expectations of individual life. Adult life must be made more

meaningful. Adults must see themselves with the eyes of maturity and, as each situation offers an opportunity for mature or immature responses, must learn to select and make the mature responses. Education must also be appraised and made to serve the cause of maturing. Adults must also make themselves so at home in the great human tradition as never to lapse into a somnolent and idle old age.

We must associate with groups and individuals who promote maturity, as well as plan for the growth of depth, breadth, and continuity of mind. The idealization of youth must give way to glorification of an adult life lived maturely, vividly, and happily, and to the utmost degree.

Creating, obligation, research, sociability, and play should be indispensable aspects of our learning and *should be put into practice*. The enjoyment of maturity must, can, shall be put into practice!

—William Neal

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Star Light

(From page 4)

"Just a star to wish on, not only at Christmas but all the time. One I can hope on and pray to. It will lead me to them—some day.

A small cluster of houses led into a larger one as they entered a small town. Chris leaned forward.

"I'll get out at this town, Jim. Thanks."

Jim stopped and Chris left the car. He picked up the worn old suitcase and walked tiredly down the street.

They left the city in silence. Neither could remove the thoughts which were choking the words back. The car changed the space ahead to that indistinguishable darkness behind them. Suddenly Hap sat bolt upright.

"Jim! Jim! Look—up there!"

Far, far above them, in the East, a brilliant light had appeared, a star, crystalline, warm and brighter than any of its neighbors.

Bombs, Blood . . .

(From page 6)

ner. The ammunition bearers will move up in order. Corporal Anson, you know what to do about"—and here the men thought they could detect the faint hint of a sob—"Warren."

A few moments later the mess jeep arrived. Although it was the first hot meal that had come to them in four days, the men ate but little, some nothing, others but mechanically toying with the food and eating from habit alone.

Harding started to help the Lieutenant clean his face, neck and uniform, but quit in a surge of vomiting nausea and swore he could never eat food again.

The Lieutenant, however, after he had washed away the blood and brushed away most of the bits of Warren's flesh that still clung to his uniform, ate a meal that would have satisfied two normal men. Three days went by before the officer had a chance to change his blood-soaked clothing, but never once did he seem aware of the stench that constantly reminded the others of what had happened.

"How," asked Harding, "could *anything* make such a man blow his top?"

* * * * *

Weston opened his eyes. He stared up at the ceiling, oblivious of the fact that he lay in a clean hospital bed and unaware that he had been receiving concussion shock treatment for three days.

"Damn that Sheridan," he thought. Both men had been broke and the paymaster, already in the area, would have turned over their month's pay to them within the hour.

"Damn that Sheridan. Just like him to get out of paying me the $50 he had bet on Washington against the Bears."

Reward

(From page 9)

Three weeks later Carl Muncie was released from the hospital ready to resume his practice. He went to his office that morning expecting to find a great deal of work to catch up on. But there was less than ever. The wart on Mrs. Evans' sons' finger had been removed by Dr. Davenport. "We just couldn't wait," Mrs. Evans had said. "Billy was so anxious to have it off."

Billy had only recently been coaxed into allowing the wart to be removed.

The baby of Mrs. Westfall, who had been consulting Dr. Muncie, was delivered by Dr. Franck, who was even newer to the town than Carl. Other cases that he had expected to handle had been turned over to other doctors.

He began to realize what had hap-

pened. Because gossip had spread the rumor that he had been drunk when he had wrecked his car (and therefore indirectly responsible for the death of Mrs. Bailey and her baby), the people had begun to ostracize him, both socially and in his profession. In short, the practice and reputation that he had so carefully and perseveringly built up were now almost demolished. His dream of partnership with Dave was also impossible. Gossip had temporarily wrecked not only his career but the beginning of Dave's as well.

Carl Muncie walked over to his personal file and drew out a letter that he had looked over several times before. He read it again, then raised his eyes to the wall and stood there, thinking.

That night when he went home, he had a long talk with Janet. Before he went to bed that night he had made his decision.

The next morning he went to his office a little earlier than usual. The first letter he dictated was addressed to the United States Naval Recruiting Service.

Uncle Julius

(From page 12)

dey had reached a—, uh, whatevah hit is dey reaches. Dey said dey had and I was guilty. De jedge den lookd like he was a-gonna cry and axed me to stan' up; den he says I gotta be 'lecticuted. He thought I oughta cry too, but God had already tole me he had somethin' for me to do, and dat's how come I couldn' cry, and how come I was jest settin' dere smilin' while everybody was a-talkin'. Den de jedge sez: 'Julius, you done a mighty wicked thing, don't you want to 'spress your feelin's bout it as example for de other people wid bad tempahs?' I thought bout sayin' somethin' bout what I'd done and how bad it was, but I looked aroun' at de little white faces, and de voice says: 'Jest wait, yo job'll come latuh,' and I said, 'No, sir.' All de little people went out a-mumblin'."

"Dey took me to a little buildin' wid a little wall around it and a whole lotta little people in it, gin me a cell, an' a preacher come aroun' and tole me to get ready to meet God. Well, I was ready anyhow, but I knowd I had somethin' to do first. I kept a-axin' de Lord what could I do and finally one night de voice said to me: 'Julius, I got a whole lotta my people aroun' here where dey can't git out and do like dey wants to. Dey worries and frets bout de little people and little things, an' don't nevah think 'bout me. I wants you to tell 'em dey're still mine, and dem guards can't do much to 'em, and dere's a whole lot in dese cages to make 'em happy if'n dey'll keep de little things from worryin' 'em. You tell 'em, Julius, and show 'em too.'

"Well, de lawyahs was a-shuffln' papers from one to de othah, and first thing I knowd dey sent me out here to Bunn. Been here goin' on to twenty yeah. I sees it turnin' cold den hot, de leaves turn all diffunt colors, den green. Hit don't make me worry. I knows on de outside everything ain't green and perty-colored. People is a-worryin' bout taxes, an' insurance, an' bills, an' big cars, an' movin' pitcher shows, an' lan', an' money in de bank; an' a-gittin' little wid dere worryin'! Dey brings 'em in here wid a hard look on dere face, an' a-cussin' an' a-mutterin', an' a-talkin' big. And de Lord straightens 'em out. He tell me what to do and I does it. Ah ain't no runt an' Ah'm a-gittin' on in yeahs and dey don't mess wid me."

"Fust thing I tells 'em: 'Shut yo' mouth, boy, you ain't goin' no where and you ain't gonna do nothin'.' Den Ah lets 'em cool down awhile, den I splains to 'em bout de little people and de Big Man. Atter dey gits straightened out I don't talk rough to 'em no moah—don't haff to. I lets 'em tell me dere troubles, and

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I talks to 'em bout de Bible—I done read it three-four times, an' bout what a man can do in a place like dis if'n he'll listen to de voice. I git outa here next week, but de Lord spoke to Uncle Henry and he'll help out de new boys—been doin' it anyhow."

I was talking to a lawyer friend of mine about the camp at his home in Louisburg one day, and he said: "Yes, there's next to no trouble at the Bunn camp. I suppose it's been nearly twenty years since they've had a case requiring corporal punishment. Old Cap'n Baker is a mighty good superintendent."

Captain Baker was a fine man. He is dead now. He would take the camp quartet out Sunday nights to sing, which he didn't have to do. I liked the old gentleman. He was stern, and the prisoners all tipped their hats and said sir to him, but you could tell that it was just the right sir, not frightened, not subservient or apple-polishing, but the respect due to a good man. But that's another story. Uncle Julius is the man whose story I wanted to tell. It's one that will stay with me.

Espirtis

(From page 14)

do to us?" Keith remarked, as time passed and ceremonies began to call on those outside the circle.

"Even the little kids are in there, and why do you suppose that tall, slender woman keeps giving Elio that angry look? I wish we were back at the mission house!" said Jolee, as she, too, became concerned about Elio.

"But this is religion as they know it," I said in my mind, in an effort to hold respect for these folk I had already come to love and wanted to help.

"Phil, you be responsible for the translation of that next chant, and I'll catch the translation of the remarks I hear behind me." Keith was making an honest effort to understand what was being said as well as done. The Spanish, being used in such an emotional pitch, was very difficult to understand, but we did manage to catch the key words and phrases to a particular part.

It was one o'clock and the purpose of the activities in the circle at this hour were to rid one of the natives of bad spirits, which were thought to be responsible for his loss of mind. All efforts apparently failed and the embarrassed chieftain informed me that the victim had no blood. Also our presence was in part responsible, he said. Unbelievers.

At two o'clock it all began to happen. "But Rufus, O Christ, look, it's Elio! They have gotten him into the circle and he is participating. That man looks as though he is going to pull his arm off and Elio keeps trying to look over here to us. I know Elio doesn't believe it but yet he must do it," I remarked to my comrades as each of us bowed to our God that we hoped would help Elio to free himself from such and also help him to educate his people. Elio looked embarrassed as he walked out of the circle and hesitated about glancing at me, but I gave him a wink to assure him that we understood.

At three o'clock we were tired, distressed and were wondering if there were anything we would be able to do in eight weeks. We had a heavy day ahead of us. The girls had to go into the homes of these people and teach them to read and write. Perhaps a knowledge of the Bible would be the answer. Keith, Rufus and I had the difficult job of moving the maya plant that was about to take our road. We walked across the dirt floor, out the door, and left behind us the god-hungry people. I can visualize them perfectly to this moment.

We were moving across the hills on our way back to the mission house down in Moyari when we stopped

suddenly at the sound of one calling us to wait for him. Yes, it was Elio.

Elio had been a victim of circumstance, not only that Saturday night but his entire life. As we walked together back to our house, Elio let us know that in us he had found something better, more real and more practical. He believed in the Protestant faith, in the Methodist Church. Elio had experienced the birth of Christ in his heart. It was Christmas for Elio—his first Christmas. Elio was not now and was never to be an *espirtis*.

Atropos

(From page 20)

"No, I do not know. The grave digger knows, but he is not here right now. Do you want to pray with me?"

They prayed silently. Bernard prayed over each grave to make certain not to miss his father.

On their way out they stopped to look at the landscape. Far down some fog covered the valley, and on the other side there were mountains; behind them were some cliffs, and more mountains. As they went out Bernard whispered:

"It is a nice place here. I hope they won't bring him to town and rebury him in the fog."

At dinner they talked little, but, as they were getting ready to go into the sitting room, she put her hand on his shoulder and apologized:

"Bernard, I do hope that you won't hold it against me, bringing the sad news to you, up there. I could not avoid doing it, and, also, I knew your mother would take it better if a friend brought the news. I have known your mother for a long time. Besides, I also have someone up there."

"Who is he?"

"You would not know him, his first name is Charles, but they call him Bertrand."

"Charles?" Bernard felt a great emptiness in his stomach. Once more the "fear" dried his mouth.

"You did not see him, did you? Have you seen him, tell me? Have you?"

"Oh, no; I did not see him. What was he?"

"A Lieutenant. He never wanted to be anything better than that, you know. Charles has always been afraid of responsibilities"

After all, maybe it was not her Charles that he had seen up there. There was still a chance. Bernard hung on to it. He was shown pictures of Charles, but the pictures could not tell him much, and the fear

was still there. Every second he wanted to shout.

"That's your Charles. That's my Charles, and I put him under a stone pile. A stone pile! A stone pile!"

"Sorry, Ma'am. I've got to go to bed now. Don't get up. I'll find my room. Mother told me to go to bed early. Thank you."

He ran off before she had time to kiss him goodnight.

He cried, awake in his bed, and then, asleep, he cried again. In the morning he felt tired, but he could not remember what dreams he had dreamt. It was the last time Bernard ever cried, but it did him good.

That morning he left with his family. From then on his father became something to be missed: and the more he missed him, the more he loved that father who stayed up in the mountains while he was going back to town.

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The Journal
1951

The Journal
Volume 72, No. 3
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EDITORIAL

What is life all about, anyway? Certainly you have wondered that often. What is college all about? You have your own ideas about that, too; you have heard what other people think about it. We have an answer for both questions—that is, the same answer to both questions. It is not new. It is over two thousand years old.

The idea occurred to us while listening to President Greene's statement of the purposes of Wofford College as a liberal arts institution. Rather than merely to impart knowledge, the primary purpose is to develop in each student by the time he graduates three things: intellectual curiosity, critical acumen, and creative imagination. By our interpretations of these things, which coincide with Dr. Greene's, we believe, each can be condensed to definitions concerning one factor—truth.

Intellectual curiosity may be defined as the desire to discover truth, about what one reads or sees or hears of. Critical acumen is the ability to distinguish what is really true in matters where the truth is concealed or disguised. Creative imagination relates to the attempts at creating that which is true or beautiful—and beauty is truth, Keats said. It has also been said that great art and literature must express or emphasize a universal truth.

Thus, we can say that a student who has successfully completed his college career wants to find out what is true, is able to discern the truth, and understands the truth well enough to express it through a creative medium.

In ancient Greece, a philosopher named Plato maintained that the attainment of truth should be one's pursuit in life. This would seem to differ from our Declaration of Independence, which, by including the pursuit of happiness with life and liberty as the most important of man's rights, implies that happiness is man's chief goal and is probably the correct one.

Yet is this different from what Plato says? The philosopher also asserts that truth is virtue. And the idea that the attainment of virtue brings happiness is a part of both Platonism and Christianity, with whose principles the writers of the Declaration of Independence certainly agree.

Although this logic is likely not foolproof, one should agree that Plato and Christianity and "our national forefathers" would consent to the statement that man's most important pursuit in life is that of truth or virtue or happiness, which equal each other when man attains them, according to Plato. Thus, assuming him to be right, we may conclude that seeking after truth is really "what life is all about." Or to be more precise, man's primary function in life is or should be to seek truth.

Similiarly, according to our earlier explanation, the student's primary function in college is or should be to seek truth.

This is a heartening conclusion. It shows that a liberal arts college *is* preparing men for life, because men are practicing in college what they will do later: namely (and this is, of course, a very inclusive phrase), seeking the truth.

This conclusion may not be acceptable to some readers. The orgument may seem more like sophistry than logical reasoning. And it is partially based on Plato's philosophy. Yet we believe there is some truth in it — and, after all, truth is what we are seeking in life.

———————

Again it becomes necessary to issue a call to all students who have literary aspirations of any kind. Every student is eligible to, is asked to, is urged to submit any of his efforts at writing for consideration by editors of The Journal. Contributions by "undiscovered talent" will be needed more than ever for the final two issues, scheduled to be published in April and May. Five of the most faithful and prolific contributors left school for one reason or another after the first semester. This leaves a void that will be difficult to fill.

Short stories, poetry, essays, plays, sketches, book reviews — even some freshmen themes—all are acceptable and welcome, provided they show originality, conform to the rules of good taste, and display some writing ability. These standards are quite flexible, were even classified as hopes rather than standards in the first issue.

Exchange articles from other literary magazines that appear in The Journal are usually of good quality and quite interesting. But their purpose is mainly not to provide variety but to fill left-over space. This we frankly admit. We hope it will not be necessary to use such material any more. We believe Wofford students can and will indulge in enough writing to insure a good Journal. The deadline for the next issue is March 15. We hope *you* will have a contribution by that time.

Ghosts of the Battlefield

by William J. Schereck

A COLLECTION OF WORLD WAR II POEMS

AUTHOR'S NOTE: Upon my return from overseas duty during the last war, I became increasingly concerned over the lack of serious regard by the soldiers in training toward many of the elementary disciplines of warfare. I knew of a number of soldiers who had lost their lives and also caused the deaths of others by sheer inexcusable carelessness and disregard for these fundamentals. When the opportunity came to me to address a training battalion in a final orientation lecture I stressed the point, closing the lecture with the following poem, rendered dramatically for greater emphasis. It was effective, and, for the moment at least, the men were impressed. Whether or not it produced a lasting impression I shall, of course, never know.

I offer it here and now to the Wofford men entering the armed services and particularly to those men in R.O.T.C., who will eventually become officers. Theirs will be the greater blame and responsibility, for an officer who does not insist upon all disciplines fails in his duty. May God be easy on his conscience. So that men destined for combat shall take their training seriously and thereby increase their chances to return, I give—

THE GHOSTS OF THE BATTLEFIELD

We are the Ghosts of the Battlefield,
We are the wasted dead of the war.
Once we were flesh and blood soldiers,
But we won't see our homes any more.
Thru the mind and the pen of the poet,
For the moment, we are given our tongues.
These gaping holes in our heads? No helmets.
And masks would have saved our lungs.
It's easy to see how it happened—
All we need to do is look back.
For during the days of our training
We were inclined to be a bit slack.
We didn't dig our foxholes,
And we were a bit noisy at night.
Of course, we couldn't get blackout areas—
We just had to have a bright light.
We get around now without torches,
And we move about as we please.
But we can't return to our loved ones.
So, Soldier, get down on your knees,
Ask God to make you more careful,
Lest your lips forever be sealed.
For we don't want you to join us—
The Ghosts of the Battlefield!

IT ISN'T SO BAD

It isn't so bad
Up there at the front.
The rattling guns and bursting shells
Do stop for a time.
Sometimes the mud does dry,
And when rain doesn't fall
There's only the mud and the grime.
Most times things get better
Than they had been just before.
Yes, and there are even times
When you do forget
You're actually fighting a war.
What if in your foxhole
Water is inches deep?
At least you're resting
And needn't crawl and creep
Thru the mud and the rain
To face the Hun.
For a few minutes, or hours, perhaps,
Your job is done.
You can roll up in blankets,
You might find a few more.
What if they are soaking—
You have been wet before.
And wet ones are warmer
Than none at all.
And maybe tomorrow
A friend won't fall
To lie there dead,
Or rise
To struggle back to the rear
With a face distorted
By pain and fear.
Oh, yes,
The Infantry has its moments too.
And things are sometimes not so bad.
Legwork and fighting in close and hard
Bring out the best in a lad.
So, to Hell with the rest,
YOU know you're the best
Of all the men in the war.
Air Corp, Artillery, branches galore,
All know when the fighting is done
It was you on the hill
In the mud at the kill
Up where the battles are won.

SOUTHERN FRIED

"You tella me it's Tedeshchi,"
The excited Eye-tie said,
"But I can notta believe it
He causa so many dead.

Your artillery wasa moocha more
Whena the German he was here,
And it dida not killa so many;
So you kidda me, I fear!"

"Why, Paisson, you offend me,"
Said the sergeant with a frown.
And he kept right on cooking
Until all the chickens were brown.

WAS I THERE?

Was I there?
I must have been;
How else could I recall
The sounds of men in wild despair,
As wounded and smashed, they fall.

Was I there?
I must have been;
For even yet I hear
The bursting shells and rattling guns
That filled brave men with fear.

Was I there?
I must have been;
There are moments I still can feel
The impact of flesh and bone
Weighing down my steel.

Was I there?
I must have been;
But at times I have a doubt—
Had I been there, how can it be
That alive and whole I'm out?

The Lyrics of Death

A machine gun has a special rhythm
And writes a rhapsody of its own.
Its ensanguined victims are legion,
And its grim mission well known.

When you hear their ominous rattling
Someone's drawing a last breath, may be,
For the rhythm of the machine gun
Is chanting the Lyrics of Death.

EVENTIDE

It's the time of day
When a man's thoughts roam
To those he loves
Who are waiting back home.

It's the time of day
When the sun starts to drop
And a man's prayers plead
For the war to stop.

It's the time of day
When a man feels blue,
For you cannot hear him say,
Darling, I love you.

LET US TALK

Let us talk of pretty girls
And not of dying men;
Let us talk of the many things
We want to do again.
Let us talk of the life ahead,
Not of what has gone by;
Let us talk of gay bright lights
Where brave men do not die.
No, let us not talk of the war,
There are things more cheerful yet—
Let us not be reminded
Of things we would rather forget.

Is There Glamour?

Is there glamour in war—
Is there glamour in death?,
In the shattered men
Drawing a last breath?

Is there glamour in war—
Is there glamour in sweat,
In bodies that are cold
And clothing that's wet?

Is there glamour in war—
Is there glamour in mud,
In a shell that explodes
Or one that's a dud?

Is there glamour in war?
Perhaps there could be.
But I'm one that has fought
In the combat Infantry.

THE COMPROMISE

"It's a helluva war,"
The Colonel remarked.
His glance included us all.

He paused
And poured another drink.
What words now would fall?

Imagine our surprise
When he countered with,
"But it's better than none at all."

RATIONS

C Rations,
K Rations,
D Rations do;
U Rations,
Short Rations,
No Rations, too;
Hot Rations,
Cold Rations—
It's all the same.
'Twas Shakespeare
Who said,
"By any other name . . ."

LODESTAR

What is our stake in this war, boys?
What are we doing over here?
What is there for us to win, boys?
What is there to cheer?

Why do we sleep in the mud, boys?
Why do we fight 'til we drop?
Why do we keep a-going, boys?
Why don't we up and just stop?

Why are the days so long, boys?
Why is each night like a year?
It's our eternal thoughts of home
That bring out a sob and a tear.

We're fighting for a free world, boys,
That was the answer from the start.
And there isn't one among you
Who didn't have the answer in his heart.

A MILLION YEARS AWAY

I dream of my home,
My wife and my child—
A million years away.
For they are the strength
With which I fight
Each endless night and day
The enemy will drop
And my friends will, too.
But not me—no, not I!

Now each man hopes
The very same thing
Until his veins run dry.
For that is the strength
With which he fights
Each endless night and day
As he dreams of his home
And his wife and child
A million years away.

BENEDICTION

The lights were out
As I lay down to sleep
On my cot in the hospital ward.
I was just ill,
But many about me had been injured
By the gun and the sword.
"Our Father who art in Heaven,"
I began to pray to the Lord,
"As we forgive those who trespass against us."
And then I thought of the French,
The Italians and the Germans,
Who under the very same roof did lay,
And I found my faith redoubled
And was thankful for this day.

THE INNER MAN

Many things the poets write
And philosophers tell us how,
But the greatest thing
In a soldier's life
Is the bugler blowing "CHOW."

G. I. JUBILEE

I've just had another birthday,
But I don't feel anything new,
For "Somewhere in Italy"
There's not very much to do
No candle-lit cake on the table,
Only the usual army grub.
Just a helmet for my birthday bath,
Not even a galvanized tub.
It wasn't very cheerful—
There's no reason I should lie.
What was my thirtieth birthday?
Just another day gone by.

THE INFANTRY

What is the Infantry?
What is the War?
What are shells and death?
What is blood and gore?
What are months-old whiskers?
What is toil and sweat?
What is eternal mud?
What are blankets wet?
What are mortar teams?
What are mountains high?
What are machine gun crews?
Where do brave men die?
Who is it holds the ground
Where the enemy was before?
What is the Infantry?
Just the backbone of the War.

Purple Heart Detail

It looks like glamour and glory
In every newspaper banner—
All heroes in the making,
In the good old American manner.
But up front it loses the lustre,
And the thing we try to hide
Is the fear they'll get our number
As we take them in our stride.
When the shells start a-bursting
Down into our foxholes we dodge.
There's not much else can be done
During a Nazi artillery barrage.
And we just dig down a bit deeper
Listening to the burst and the wail,
For we're the grimy doughboys—
The perpetual Purple Heart Detail.

THE MISSION

The talk had covered many things—
The war, and common dangers shared,
And the topic now before us was,
"Why have I been spared?"
"Why did I live while others died?"
Is a question we will often ask
When we recall the bursting shell
That ended our bloody task.
The wounded colonel from Texas
Voiced a phrase that should explain
Why each of us averted death
And suffered only pain—
"It seems that I have a Mission,
Some Big Job that I must do."

As I pondered on his words,
The shape of that mission grew.
We know the things that cause a war—
Lust, greed, poverty and hate,
And all our lessons of the past
Have proved our actions late.
Now! Now, before the fighting ends
Is the time for us to dig in.
Let us not be "Armchair Generals,"
There is a Peace we must help to win.
Let us take part in the planning
And force a good world to ensue.
Let us make that Our Mission,
The "Big Job" that we must do.

A Children's Story

by Walton N. Bass

Did you ever have a dream that you just wouldn't tell anybody, because you knew they'd laugh at you? I have dreams sometimes that I like to tell for folks to laugh at, because they're just funny anyhow. Usually, though, Ma thinks I'm clownin' and makin' them up as I go along, but sometimes I have dreams that I just get so much fun out of that I just don't tell because I'm afraid that other people won't see it like I did, and then it would be ruined. That's the way with this one. I'll tell it to you because you don't laugh at the wrong things.

I had this one the other night after supper. It was night before last when we had hamburger and french-fried potatoes. I had been out lookin' for rabbits in that old field back of Joe's house all the evenin', and I sure did put away a supper. Then we all got up from the table. Ma said, "Well, they won't wash themselves," and then got the dishes washed, and then Billy and Mary. I got a gigglin' spell on me, and Pa said, "Now what?" I said, "Dishes or babies?"

Well, then I turned on the radio, then turned it off again, read the funnies, and got to thinkin' about somethin' to do before hittin' the sack. Pa settled himself in that leather rocker with the paper, and I knew it wouldn't be a night for askin' questions. Ma got a sweater of mine and started darnin' it and fussin' about how many holes I could get in it. Not really fussin', you know, just to have somethin' to say. She saw me fidgetin' around, so she said, "Jim, your Sunday School teacher says that you all don't read the Bible enough. Why don't you read some tonight while you aren't doing anything else?" Pa saw I was fidgetin', so he looked over his paper and started in about how a 'leven year old boy could spend so much time lookin' for somethin' to do and leave so much not done: rabbits not fed; dog ought to be washed and brushed twice as often, lyin' there on the rug now with cockleburs still on him; cat's not brushed either; and pigeons going out in the country eatin' up the farmers' grain 'cause I didn't put enough out. Well, I didn't say anything, 'cause it was Pa that wanted the pigeons and rabbits, then he got tired of them and started talkin' about how many pets I had and how I liked animals. He does that sometimes to head me off from askin' questions. Then I know if we talk about anything it'll be about what I ain't done.

Well, I said to myself, "Maybe the character is right for once. If everybody reads the Bible but Jim, then Jim had better get on the ball." So I got my Bible out and just opened it and started. I got into one of the funniest stories I ever read. It was about a man who started to beat his donkey. It says "ass" in the Bible, but I rather call them donkeys. It seems like callin' them somethin' they don't deserve. You know how I am about animals. Well, I read on and on and I don't know when or how, but the first thing I knew that little old dog of mine got up off the rug in front of the heater and came over to me. First he stopped on the way and bit at a flea, and said, "Pardon me." I didn't know what to say, so I just said, "Oh, Okeh, Mutt, but why start bein' so particular now?" He kind of chuckled 'way back in his mouth, a noise I can't explain, and said: "Jim, you never knew enough to talk to me before—and by the way, if you talk to me speak in terms to which I am accustomed. Among my friends I am known as Felixcide, because of the unmitigated terror I inspire among that—that—that breed of—well, I just will not use such language." I didn't know what to say, because I like Mutt, but I like Tom, too; and I thought they liked each other. And I knew old Mutt talked in his own way, but I always thought of him as being plain like the old man who sells Ma eggs and gossips half the mornin' about his hens. So I said, "Well, what's happened between you and Tom?" Old Mutt just said, "Umh! if you can't think about anything else but that thing, just go right ahead and talk to him, but leave me out. Then when you want to know something worthwhile wake me up." Then old Mutt walked back to his rug and lay down.

I didn't know how to talk to a cat. Naturally, if he would start first, like Mutt, I'd know how, but he just lay there starin' at nothin'. I said, "Tom, do you like Mutt?" Tom jumped up and said in a sickenin', whinin' voice, "Oooh! the beast, the uncouth fumbling creature, I loathe him! Do you understand? Loathe him! Hath not a cat paws, whiskers, eyes, teeth, intellect? Oh, for a pound of his fair flesh." Well, that sounded like Shakespeare to me (I heard Sis readin' it the other day to memorize that part), so I said, "Okeh, okeh, we don't have to talk about him, but why all this Shakespeare stuff?" Old Tom said, after lickin' his paws for a good long time, "Really, Son, the pleasure in being a cat is that you just absorb. I just listen and absord what I like so I can have something to think about when you think I'm asleep. I'll give you a tip. The happy cat is the one whose master has literary taste. You see, then you can play "Iliad and Odyssy" when you are chasing rats, in-

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Some Solar Learning

by Jack Seiler

When Sir Francis Bacon said, "Variety is the spice of life," he created one of humanity's colossal truths. I for one think that variety is not only a spice of life, but that it is also a necessity of it. The human species would collapse into a puddle of blithering idiots were it not for the existence and creation of new and different things.

That's why we have fads—to add a little zest to our life and to break an existence that could be a droning, monotonous routine. Every era, every generation has its own particular and peculiar fads which give each a certain amount of distinction from the rest. This country has had everything from eating goldfish to sitting atop an uncomfortable flagpole, and I have indulged in or at least been a victim to nearly every one of them that have originated during my life.

However, there is one such novelty which overran the United States a few years ago and has since so completely disappeared that I doubt it shall ever return. I speak of the flying saucer fad; the time when nobody was anybody unless they had had the occasion to witness the sight of one of these strange solar discs. And for the simple reason that these objects were such a national source of discussion, I have often wondered why no has ever asked the question, "Why did this fad vanish so rapidly?" Because people got bored with them? No, the modern American doesn't get bored so quickly with such a fascinating device as a flying saucer. Because the existence of such a thing seems too uncanny? No, the modern American doesn't think that anything is too uncanny to possess existence. Because of the simple reason that the saucers themselves dissapeared? Strangely enough, that is the truthful answer to my question. The tales of the flying saucers were not fads nor fables, but were things of reality—very much so, and it is only because they themselves disappeared, never to return again, that the American people have so completely forgotten them. Furthermore, there was a very distinct reason for the departure of these saucers—one so astounding that the imaginations of the greatest living men will find hard to comprehend.

It is quite unimportant how I know all of this. It is only important that I do know it, and I think it absolutely necessary that the world should know the incredible truth about the flying saucers. It will be found difficult to understand—to believe—yet there has never been more truth than that which I relate in my story—a truth so basic and invaluable that the human race would do well to consider its contents.

For several years I have made a study of the flying saucers and for all that time I have as yet been unable to surmise the exact origin of the flying saucers. However, from the construction of them and from the materials used in them I have been able to determine that they came from some location where the temperature is much colder than that of any found on the earth's surface. Possibly one of the many asteroids or planetoids located beyond us; maybe even Uranus or Pluto, although I doubt as much, because of the infinite distance which lies between the earth and those planets. Nevertheless, I am positive beyond any doubt that these miraculous devices originate from some place further from the sun than the earth and an extreme stretch of one's mind might even let the consideration of another universe be feasible, though highly improbable.

The mechanical ability of these machines so greatly surpassed anything that the earth's inhabitants produced that I doubt whether I can relate it in such a manner as to be believable. They were propelled by a number of jets which were located completely around the edge of the discs. This circle of jets enabled the disc to go in any horizontal direction simply by starting the jets at the opposite side of the direction desired. For vertical directions there were jets positioned in the bottom and top of the machine. The fuel used was of a protonic nature; that is, getting its power not from the entire atom, but rather only from the protons of the atom. How it was done is beyond my reasoning abilities, but the energy of this fuel was sufficient to prove to me that our own atomic power is next to nothing. This fuel was capable of driving these discs at a direct speed ranging from zero to one thousand miles per second, and at any time of movement regardless of the rate of speed, the disc could be brought to a complete standstill at an instant or likewise, in the same amount of time could completely change its direction. And because of a complete knowledge and understanding of the laws of motion the objects and life inside the discs were completely unaffected by such incredible and instantaneous changes in movement. It is all inconceivable, yet so realistically true.

And what of life inside these discs? Were they human? Were they animals? Were they vegetable or mineral? I can assure you that they were of human properties, yet of such an unerring intelligence that no human being could ever hope to cope with the minds of these inter-stellar peoples. Why, before these beings

even came close to the earth they knew all of this world's languages and customs by means of an unlimited number of electronic and radaric devices, all of which were of such complicated mechanical and electrical structure that the actual possession of any one of them by a human being would have been of no benefit to our species at all. The intelligence of this solar race was so unbelievably superior to ours that they could by mere reasoning determine our thoughts before we had actually formed the thoughts ourselves. Think of the wonderful things that these people could have done for humanity had they come into direct contact with our race. They could have advanced our civilization a thousand years in possibly a year's time. One little thing could have been accomplished in no time—that of giving to us a universal fuel which would have put to shame our so-far "dreams" of controlled atomic power. Think of the astounding scientific knowledge that such a magnificent culture must possess. It literally staggers the imagination. So many of these things could have been actually given to us in a possible year's time. Why wasn't it? Why didn't this wonderful race from another world offer us the benefit of their incomparable knowledge? Why? Why? Oh, we human fools, if only we had the feeble mentality to determine the answer to that small question! The answer is simple and so basic as to put all humanity to shame, for the reason that wonderful solar race never offered their knowledge for our benefit is our own tragic fault, stemming from the very base animal instinctiveness that rots the soul of the human species.

As I stated before, this solar civilization studied our world for a little more than a year before coming into a distance in which we might view the vehicles in which they traveled. They came closer to get a glimpse of our cities, towns, villages, country sides, landscapes, vegetable growth, mineral resources, mechancial and electrical knowledge, habits, and cultural progress. Of course they already knew of most of these things, but yet, even with people of such high intellect as was theirs, there is nothing like a peek at the real thing and that is what they intended to get by coming closer to this earth. So in they came to receive the most startling shock of their civilized existence.

But before I go into the explanation of the shock that baffled this amazing life, let me relay something of the character and culture of these people. I said before that they were a magnificent race and that they were. They had something that the human race might have had many, many years ago, but has lost in the pursuit of selfish gains. Even though this solar race was of such an advanced intelligence, and even though their scientific knowledge was sufficient to render them independent of any and all other forces; even though this civilization of incomparable peoples was above all conceivable thoughts of reality, they had not lost sight of the unity and dependableness of the universe. They knew that there was a definite routine to their universe—that there was something regular and dependable about it that they could count on and they knew that all of these things were not just a possible coincidence. They knew that their universe was too many thousands of years old and that coincidences don't continue for such lengths of time. These people knew that someone greater than any being they had ever known was in existence somewhere and that this being was an active one. They knew that this being had an interest in them and that he cared for their welfare. This race of highly intelligent people with all their astounding knowledge of science and life, with all their independence and power, these people knew that God existed and that He controlled the definite order of their wonderful universe. These people knew He was, and they loved and respected Him for what He was and what He had done for them. And because of their love for Him these people had never, ever known the base human traits of hate, dislike, pride, selfishness, envy, jealousy, and greed. These people knew that He loved them and that He would protect them if protection was needed and that He would guide them in their search for civilized advancement and for the real things of life, such as love, peace, security, and relaxed happiness.

For all these reasons, the people from the outer space were dumfounded when they came across a small portion of the thirty-sixth parallel which ran over the earth's surface. They had come to the United States first because they had surmised that this country was the most advanced along the scientific train of thought and therefore they reasoned by logic of their own civilization that we would be the most cultured. It was for this reason that they were completely baffled about the sight which stirred their visions when they viewed that portion of land known to us as Korea. They, with all their beautiful mentality and intellectual ability,

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Music Lesson

by Bill Duke

As usual, I approached the lonely looking brown house wondering what Mrs. Perry would have to say at my music lesson. I hadn't practiced, so there would probably be a reference to that, and a little encouragement. The encouragement was the standard method of getting students to practice. It worked, sometimes.

Five dirty-looking steps, made of concrete, led to a grey porch floor, with the lines of the planks pointing toward the steps. I prepared myself for the odor which always came when I opened the door. It was hard to describe. It wasn't exactly musty. Nor was it either pleasant or unpleasant. It was the odor which is always in houses which are so big that most of the rooms are used only occasionally.

Once inside, I pushed one of the sliding doors to one side and entered the music room. Mrs. Perry was sitting on the piano bench with Bob, aged seven, who was impatiently struggling through one of those banal first-grade pieces. For the first time I was rather pleased that I was working on a Beethoven Sonata.

As I crossed to the sofa, Mrs. Perry nodded recognition and I nodded back. I looked at my watch. Five more minutes. I opened my Beethoven and pretended to be studying the music. Mrs. Perry and Bob finished the piece with some difficulty.

"That's all, Bob. You had a nice lesson today. We'll have another one next Tuesday."

"Yes'm. Bye, Mrs. Perry. Hi, Bill!"

He was already through the door and was whistling as he left. He was free, until next Tuesday.

"Well, Bill, what have you done for today?"

"The Moonlight Sonata, Mrs. Perry. It's improving."

"Good. Let's hear it."

I placed the music on the rack and Mrs. Perry sat on the sofa. When the more advanced students played, she sat away from the piano. She was our audience, the only one some of us would ever have. I folded the book back and it made a crackling noise. I did a little adjusting and, finally settled, began playing.

"Just a minute, Bill. Do you know any of it from memory?"

"Not quite yet."

I hoped that I hadn't blushed.

"That's all right. Let's hear it with the notes then."

I started. It sounded fairly good, and for a change I was enjoying it. I was half-way through the first page when she interrupted me.

"Bill! That's not a symphony, it's the first movement of a sonata. Tone it down a little."

I tried toning it down. It wasn't nearly so easy that way, and I didn't like playing it so slow and soft.

"Bill, put some feeling into it. Any one can play the notes: it's what you say with them that counts."

"Yes'm. You want me to start over or start where I left off?"

"Start at the beginning again. You can get into the feeling of it better that way."

I started again. Soft and slow and trying to say something with the notes. At last I was beginning to see what she meant. I couldn't grasp it all, but it was beginning to make sense.

This time, I got through the first page and into the second.

"Bill, what key are you playing in?"

I stopped suddenly.

"Uh—C sharp minor."

"You'd forgotten about the key, hadn't you?"

I was surprised. I certainly didn't understand this.

"You see, when you try to say something, you forget about mechanics. Go ahead."

Now, it was easier to play. I was saying something, not doing a mechanical exercise. I finished and after a long pause, she rose and crossed to the piano and stood behind me. Her voice had changed.

"Bill, I think you are beginning to understand what music really is. You're saying something and yet—No, don't turn around. Look at the music. What is it that you are trying to say?"

I didn't know. I was trying hard to say something, and yet I didn't know what it was.

"I don't know, Mrs. Perry."

"Remember that Beethoven may not have known either. Sometimes I think that perhaps he didn't. Maybe he left it to us to find his message. And in expressing yourself, you must play images too. You must show death, sadness, mental conflict. And you must show the beauty of tragedies. Play it again, Bill, and keep playing it, and one day . . . sometime. . . . Sometime you will find what it is you've been trying to say for so long. And then . . . then, Bill, you'll be a musician. It may be a long search, but when you find it you'll find another world. And then you'll see why the great composers wrote as they did. Now, Bill, play the sonata one more time, and let me see the images that you can create.

She crossed to the sofa again.

I felt tense, excited, eager to know what was to come, to know what I would hear and what it would mean.

Each note seemed to be a soul speaking, sadly or sometimes gaily. For the first time, I knew what was

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Who's what in Theology and Why by Robert C. Faulkner

ORTHODOXY — heresy; modernism—fundamentalism; liberalism—conservatism—where can we draw the line between these extremes? Only too often have I heard the terms used; and yet, I have seen no clear cut distinction between them, nor can I type the individual by labeling him as an outright heretic or a perfectly orthodox person. Therefore, is it not possible to think that they are all the same?

One is labeled a fundamentalist because he believes the words of Christ, "I am the door," to mean exactly what they say. This person actually believes that Christ is a door in a physical sense, and holds that one must enter in through this door in order to see God. This man is a fundamentalist because he holds to a literal interpretation of the Holy Scriptures.

The modern thinker would say that Christ said, "I am the door," but that there is no historical significance to the phrase; therefore he would label the fundamentalist a heretic for not being orthodox from his point of view. On the other hand, the fundamentalist would label the modernist a heretic for not accepting the literal translation of the words of Christ as spoken to inspired Scripture writers; and in not being orthodox the modernist becomes a heretic in the sight of the fundamentalist.

Now who is orthodox? That which is orthodox is that which is correct or sound doctrine. The fundamentalist is orthodox because of his dogmatism. He holds that the Scriptures are infallible. The modernist is orthodox because he also is dogmatic in that his doctrines say that the Scriptures are fallible and cannot be accepted as entirely correct. Anything that is incorrect is not orthodox. Therefore he is orthodox in holding that the Scriptures are fallible.

Neither the modernist nor the fundamentalist likes to be called an heretic. Therefore, both, in looking for some way out, become modest in labeling themselves. The modernist will give in slightly by saying that the words of Christ, "I am the door," could be some kind of parable, and one, by stretching a few points here and there might unintelligently read a meaning into these words. In giving in just this far, the modernist is no longer a modernist, but becomes a liberal because he has become less dogmatic in his thinking.

Now the fundamentalist will say that Christ did not mean door in the sense of a knobbed passage into another room. This man too has become liberal in his thinking; however, he is not labeled a liberal, but takes for himself the modest title of conservative.

Neither the fundamentalist nor the modernist has gone too far out of his theological bounds, yet neither holds to the basic idea that he first held. The modernist, in not drifting too far from his dogmatism, has become conservative. The fundamentalist, as we previously saw, also liberalized his thinking and became a conservative.

Assuming this to be correct, one might say that the liberal is a broad-minded modernist, and that the conservative is a broad - minded fundamentalist. We have seen that both the fundamentalist and modernist, because of their liberalism, have become conservative. Therefore, if both are the same, why does one call the other a heretic for not being orthodox when both are the same?

TO RHYMER ROBIN, ALIAS BURNS

Rhymer Robin, you strove to tame
The eternal glow of fervor in your heart,
But in the end the greatness of your fame
Does rest upon that portion of your art
Which was inspired by passion, love, and zeal.
Your love was for truth, your passion was for lasses,
But your zeal was with the glorious leal—
Lads who defended their country's borders and
passes—
Bruce and Wallace, Scotland's Saviours, and all
The other patriots who have helped preserve
Dear Scotland's nationalism. Thus may we call
You, for your fervor, what you well deserve:

Great seeker of fortune, joy, and pleasure,
Who found but little, yet who left a treasure.

—CLINTON PITTMAN

To the Victor

by Tommy Kemmerlin

It was a typical Charleston house. One of those architectural monstrosities which had once been the pride of the Charleston merchants who ruled as viceroys when rice and indigo were kings. From outsiders it usually brought forth "when people had more sense than money." but to Charlestonians it symbolized the past, a past that had been Charleston's alone, a past that was ante-bellum balls in the third-floor ballroom, young blades getting up at sunrise to cross the river to the duelling ground, dashing officers in Confederate uniforms. All this was gone, and yet not gone, for the people who lived in this type of house tended to live in the past, and why not? It was certainly nicer than thinking of the fertilizer factory odors or the smoke of the trains which backed up to the wharves on East Bay Street.

The house was Rontre Hall (all Charleston merchants had suffixed the names of their houses with the formal "House" or "Hall" to make them seem a little like the country gentry of England, whom they imitated). For over two hundred years it had been the home of the Rontres, an old Huguenot family.

Now in the storm the house showed its age worse than ever; the creaking of the old timbers could be heard even above the wind which tormented the palmettos along the Battery.

What a hell of a day to pick to die, thought Elizabeth as she turned into the driveway. Two hours after the hurricane alert and Celeste decides to die! Well, at least she was going to die. Elizabeth had waited a long time for this day, the day when she would be the new mistress of Rontre Hall. She pronounced it over and over as she went up the wet, squeaky steps—Elizabeth, mistress of Rontre Hall!

She knew it was terrible to think such things, but she couldn't help it; she had always hated her grandmother and resented the atttention paid to her by Charleston society, to whom she was still Celeste, "the Creole belle," mistress of Rontre Hall. Elizabeth smiled, the smile of victory which she had smiled so seldom.

The wind caught the door and slammed it; Elizabeth hadn't realized that she was in the house. She walked down the hall to the stairs, but not without glancing at the portrait of Celeste which hung over the marble mantle in the parlor. Even Elizabeth had to admit that she had been a striking young woman when Grandpapa brought her from New Orleans in 1890. No wonder she had become the toast of society, queen of the balls!

A priest was standing at the top of the stairs and as she reached the landing he warned, "You had better hurry, she's been calling for you at least a half-hour and she doesn't have long."

Elizabeth muttered something about the storm delaying her and slipped mouse-like into the room, and cat-like to the bed.

"Ma petite, is it you?"

Elizabeth had known she'd be called by that silly childhood name and she hated it, but she smiled and replied, "Yes, Ma-ma."

"I can't talk long, I want to see the priest again.

"Go up to the attic; at the top of the stairs is an old trunk. The key is in the vase on the floor beside it. In the trunk is a little chest of letters from your grandfather to me. I never could destroy them, but now you must do it.

"The house was, of course, left to you. That's all, since I'm sure anything else would bore you."

Elizabeth was amazed at her grandmother's clarity of mind, but she nevertheless ignored the last remark, knowing it was useless to become sentimental at the end when they both knew how she felt. A tinge of regret came over her as she left the room and motioned the priest in, but she quickly threw it off in favor of thoughts of her new glory.

The rising wind did little to aid the air of melancholy that prevailed in the almost deserted house. As Elizabeth approached the door that opened to the attic stairs, the scampering of wharf-rats made her shiver, but she bravely opened it and went up the rotten stairs. She found the key and quickly opened the rusty lock. She found the letters and then quite coldly untied the ribbon around them and began to read.

"Why, the old fool wrote poetry!" she said half aloud.

Who would have thought that the old pot-bellied gentleman who always wanted to go wild-boar hunting could have written poetry? She skimmed through the letters laughing at the strained couplets until she came to one noticeably lacking in things poetic. As she got deeper in the letter, she stopped scanning and began to read:

"The Catholic problem is easily solved; you can remain a Catholic without any trouble, since they are very broad-minded in Charleston. and the other thing, why let it be a problem? Nobody can tell it by looking at you. If I could look half as good as you do, I'd wish my grandfather had been a Negro too. We'll make you out a great Creole family."

She gasped to take in its contents, thinking of Emily Ashford's remark at a tea recently:

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Three Sonnets

I thought once tears were waters from the heart
To nourish flow'rs of love which blossomed there,
Or maybe they were only rains, in part,
Which Sorrow loosed from dreary clouds of care.
Or could they be these threat'ning storms of love
Wherein emotions seek to find release
By wh'ch we often vainly try remove
Precluding bars which will forbid us peace.
My tears were frequent and with each of them
The cares which my heart caged escaped and fell;
The light which there was left had grown too dim
To shine on waters in my Sorrow's well.

Now as I find you closer through the years,
Love's sun makes sparkling rainbows of my tears.

When man, confused, stands facing many paths,
And ponders, wond'ring which he is to take,
Or which will bring consoling aftermaths,
Or which would sorrow follow in its wake,
'Tis then that Heaven pities this her child,
And gathers angels graced with skill in art,
And sends them, with their arts by dreamers styled,
To guide man on the journey he must start.
I stood thus, once, and thought: Which road is mine?
For which of many loves, am I to seek?
And which will lead at last to Heaven's shrine,
And which will only climb Misfortune's peak?

I pondered over all which met my view;
God sent me Music, and I've loved but you.

Why do I love you? If my heart should speak,
Explaining how to love it feel a slave,
And why love's chains have come to make it weak,
Then would you hear a heart which none can save.

I love you—for to me you are the song
The sea has sung and which the earth has kept.
I love you—for in loving you I long
To wake the talents which so long have slept.

I love you—for to me you are the dreams
Which I so long did cherish all alone.
I love you—for to me you are the scenes
Which are all greatness I have ever known.

I love you—and if these things were not true,
I still would love you just for being you.

—Bill Duke

Satan's Merry-Go-Round

by Tommy Jones

The cold bit into my flesh as if to rip it from my face. It was hopeless to try to get warm. I could hear the Sergeant now, "Get your mind off this damn business if you can. Think about home or something." Yeah, think about home. I wonder what he thought we had been thinking about ever since we got here. And this frozen bit of hell was a far cry from home. Home is all that Bill and I talk about. We considered ourselves very lucky because we had grown up together in the same town and had some wonderful things that we could talk over and remember. The others had nothing. I know now that if it had not been for him I would be a raving maniac.

Bill and I were like brothers. Each of us was the only child in his family. We grew up in a small town where everybody knew about everybody else, or liked to think that he did. His house was right around the corner from mine. We got along from the beginning, that is, after we cleared up a misunderstanding that ended in a draw.

Through grammar school it was model airplanes, ships, and trains that took up most of our time. Junior high our thoughts headed towards girls. Needless to say that our tastes ran in the same direction a good deal of the time, but the score was usually even at the end of the year.

We graduated and decided to go to the same college. We were both majoring in business administration and had made plans to go into some business together when we graduated. Then it happened. The letters asked us to have a little examination because our "uncle" wanted us to join him on a little expedition. I'll never forget Bill's words on this occasion. "It sort of looks like we will have to postpone our plans while we fight a war." We were inducted together and ended up in the same company. We went through basic training together, and while we were there we heard it referred to as a number of other things. We coined a few phrases of our own in connection with this place.

It didn't take long for our "uncle" to recognize our unusual qualities, so he took us out of basic and sent us on a little sea voyage. This is where we ended up. At first it was not so bad and we were advancing rapidly. Now things do not look so good. We have had visitors from another country to send reinforcements to the enemy. I understand, however, that we are not retreating, just withdrawing, tactfully.

The snow is so thick that you can't see your hand in front of your face. It's a good thing, I suppose. Covers up the blood and bodies from the last attack. We are supposed to get off this blasted island soon.

What, Bill? Yes, I know that it is about time. Well, here goes nothing! I can't understand where they all come from. Screams! blood! yells! flashing bayonets! stumbling! teeth grinning! screams! blood! and then—it's all over. I wonder where Bill is. Better look for him.

"And did you find him?"

Yes. He was lying in the snow with a bayonet in his back. I couldn't believe it at first and then I noticed that the bayonet was one of ours. One of our own men had killed him! Tears of anger burned in my eyes. I'll get even if it's the last thing I do. I picked up my rifle and then I noticed that mine had no bayonet. I tried frantically to find it. This was stupid. I had lost mine in the battle. Bill's face looked so pale enshrouded by the soft snow. He was so brave, so pale, so quiet, so peaceful, so pale . . .

"You had better take him back now."

At the command the assistant got up and leading the limp figure, turned and proceeded down the corridor. As they pushed through the swinging doors at the end with the Psycopathic Ward sign over it, the corridor became heavy with silence broken only by "so pale . . . so quiet . . . so pale . . ."

SABBAT

My steps slugged through the
Slippery slush as the sleet slashed
At my tortured skin.
The storm slashed sinister shadows
In the sky, seemingly to slice the
Sleeping earth.
Shrubs were showing the strain of shameless
Torment. Still they stood in staunch
Rebellion. Stable . . . Steadfast.
Up the step, slipping the silver sliver
Into the slot, turning. The sledge slid
Sideways. The door opened . . . slammed.
Silence . . . Serenity . . . Security . . . Sleep.

—Tommy Jones

The Crimson Jersey

by Charles Blakely

SEEING Williams had ruined it all. "The biggest game of my career, too," thought Martin. The kid had been standing outside the entrance to the dressing room as they came in from pre-game warm-up. As innocent and unknowing as a lamb, but he had ruined the whole day for Martin.

Martin had come to State four years ago with no press notices and no scholarship from admiring alumni. He had worked hard for his chance to play ball here at State and his whole life was centered around the game. Ever since he, the quarterback, and the rest of the team had gotten to the University for the game, they had been keyed up. Here was a chance to avenge a five-year losing streak to these guys. Walking into the dressing room silently, they had slowly dressed amid the smell of liniment, sweaty pads, and the sound of tearing tape. As Martin backed up to a teammate to get his shining crimson jersey pulled over his shoulder pads he glanced at the coach. "Nervous as a cat," he observed to himself. Almost as nervous as the day his son had played his first game at State. The kid had had a rough time, All Conference, all everything in high school, but since he was the coach's son the team had ridden him pretty unmercifully at college. A few mistakes, a game lost on a fumble and suddenly he was gone.

Trotting onto the field for warm-ups, Martin eyed the shell-colored bowl, now only half full, and noted a slight wind from the East. After a few minutes of limbering up, he began to feel warm and his muscles worked smoothly and loosely. He watched Scopetti, the kicker, place long, lazy, spiraling boots sixty yards downfield, and Carver, the passer, hitting his receiver as he seldom did this early in the afternoon. All in all, Martin was satisfied that everybody was ready.

Then it happened—running back to the dressing room through crowds of late comers, they filed into the tunnel and saw Williams, the coach's son. He was talking with his father, but it was easy to see that he would never play football again. The khaki uniform fitted well except where the right leg was pinned up to the knee, and the kid stood uneasily on his crutches.

The game was ruined for Martin, and all the other games too. No longer would he be able to exclude everything else from his mind and think solely of football. It wasn't just the kid, there were a lot of things which crowded into his mind now. The coach and how he must feel, the war and what it would do to all of them.

As the coach gave his last minute pep talk, the players sat on the edge of the benches grasping headgears with whitened knuckles, so intent as to be oblivious to even their fellow players. All but one man who slumped loosely in the corner, relaxed, far away from Memorial Stadium, its pink shell and its Homecoming game.

ELEGY

Beside the road there stood a lonely country church.
And Nature, long ago, with fingernails had
Once tried to scratch the paint from off the boards.
Decaying steps clung desperately to porch planks,
And broken windows welcomed birds.
The roof awaited raindrops,
To let them seep through holes.
The weeds grew rampant
Around the church—
Decaying,
Alone,
Numb.

Yet,
Dying
It lived on.
It once was white,
And clothed in virtue.
No prayers leaked out through holes—
It still was a cathedral,
To all who once had worshiped there.
Attentive ears could hear the whisper
Of aged voices long ago grown mute.
And in the varied rays the setting sun cast
The church was lighted by the halo of its past.

—BILL DUKE

Poetry:

CADENCE

March on, Mankind, doom lies ahead!
Heed not the calls of spirits dead,
Turn not aside to question why;
Attain your goal—once there to die

Reason calls, you heed her not,
Her plea is made in vain;
Knowledge pleads and sends her seers,
But they by you are slain.
Pride you vaunt and wealth and fame,
You die! and what is left? A name!

Scorn Reason, Knowledge—seek fame and wealth,
Your friends cannot but scorn your pelf.
Leave not great thing to sons unborn,
Esteem yourself, Mankind, march on!

—Bill Duke

I THINK ON WAR

I once even thought that war wasn't right;
Strange—tonight, I am ready to fight.
They're spilling tonight the blood of my brother,
Broken tonight, is the heart of my Mother.

I think an hour and then I sleep,
Then awake, I hear, AMERICANS RETREAT!
I study an hour, then I go for fun,
But then I think, war's just begun.

The earth of Korea is drinking blood,
The blood of man makes a crimson flood.
Trouble tonight is in this land,
I wonder tonight, if they need my hand?

And so I go to the crimson field,
With faith in God my spirit's shield.
Shoot to kill! Don't think I won't.
Freedom passes soon if I don't.

Though once I thought that war wasn't right,
Strange—tonight, I am ready to fight.
They're spilling tonight the blood of my brother,
Broken tonight, is the heart of my Mother.

—Phil Mace Jones

Pensive,

ENSLAVED

Oh, the maddening, maddening strain of it all!
How close can a man come to insanity and yet remain sane?
I think that I am now on the brink
And can look over into that dark, bottomless pit.

Does the brain explode and is everything lost in the explosion?
Or do the senses slowly seep out of the mind, leaving an abyss?
Which way would I rather go?
Which way am I going?

But there are still fragments which delay that day:
Big things and little things—duty, honor, love,
The pleasures of life, promises of the future.
Thus we still cling to our sanity.

But it will go, it will go.
Can you not feel a force, ever pressing inside your brain?
Pressing to get out, to free itself?
Ah, I do—and it will free itself.

It's coming, coming.
There! Did you not hear it?
Ah, Ha! It's free—free to go where it will.
And now I'm free—Yes, Free!

"Free? You fool, you coward!
You are not free. You have not lost your sanity.
You can never lose it with your mumbling, your dreaming and irrational rationalizing.
Awake from your stupor.
There is work to be done, problems to be faced.
You can never escape me,
Reality."

—Ed Berckman

Picturesque

WAVE

A salty wave I now recall
From some forgotten summer's play
As now I ponder winter's snow
And gaze on ice where streams did flow.

A wave that built, and curled, and swept
Till like some greenish thing it leapt
And smashed itself upon the shore,
To leave some broken shell, some sand, aroar.

—C. B. B.

DAY and NIGHT

These have I seen,
Or heard during the mean,
A beautiful day,
Children at play,
Shade from the trees,
The murmurous bees,

Songs of the birds,
The lowing of herds,
Work deing done,
The bright evening sun,
The silvery stream,
Honeysuckles gleam,

Luncheon at noon,
Flowers in bloom,
Fields of colorful jade,
Grain gets the blade,
A stroll down a trail,
A hunt for a quail,

Wandering o'er the plain,
Bullfighting in Spain,
A swim in a pool,
Activities at school,
Surveying the land,
A bath in the sun,

An afternoon nap,
A gaze through a gap,
Meadows covered with dew,
Bright skies of blue,
Take these for delight,
Or night when it's night

these have I viewed,
conveying this mood:
a wonderful night,
stars in their flight,
boys on the prowl,
the hoot of an owl,

chirps of the crickets,
strange sounds from the thickets,
people at rest,
the moon at its crest,
the shadowy sea.
lovers are free.

a midnight snack,
forests so black,
cities' fluorescent glare,
the cool night air,
deal a hand of spades,
play games at arcades.

engaged in romance,
night life in France,
lighting the lamp,
setting up camp,
a "late show" laugh,
study 'til "two and a half."

late hour dreams,
the lighthouse beams,
a lovely moonlit scene,
the calm so serene.
or these and be gay,
and day when it's day.

—C. B. Haynes

The Enchanted City

The sun has just begun to rise
Above the bay behind the boat.
Directly overhead there flies
A single silent bird. Afloat
The water I distinguish neither
Man nor vessel. A glance toward either
Side reveals wee wooded isles,
Thick with palms, extending miles;
To my back, the endless bay;
Before my face, the sticky spray

Then slowly through the morning haze
A mystic city meets my gaze.
It seems to perch in witty
Silence on a hill in Heaven—
An enchanting, esoteric city,
Shrouded in beauty, to mystery given.

Thus fascinated, nearer I sail,
And then, unhurried, the mists do part,
And slowly but surely they unveil
Before mine eyes a work of art.
But as the fog from sight does go,
The landscape's charm before my scan
Departs. The mists disperse, and, lo!
'Tis but a burgh of mortal man.

—Clinton Pittman

The Wedding

by Tommy Williams

Harold Drake crouched restlessly in the foxhole which had been his home for the past three days. The rain had only recently ceased its incessant downpour. However, Harold's hole was comparatively dry. He had had an ample amount of free time with the sudden lull in fighting and had busied himself fixing a shed-like affair over his foxhole. The shed would have protected him altogether from the torrid sun which there would have been had the weather not been cloudy and rainy. However, even against Nature's more sly weapon, rain, the shed had performed amazingly well her function. Only occasionally had the rain seeped through the cover of branches and tarpaulin. And so, while many of Harold's less energetic comrades were sitting in water-soaked foxholes further down the line, Harold enjoyed the privileges of a more comfortable domain. A table-like affair had been constructed upon which lay a sheet of yellow typing paper. Harold tried scratching off a few lines of comfort to his mother back home in Mississippi. But Harold was restless tonight. He didn't feel like writing a letter that in all probability would never be mailed. He readjusted the helmet upon his head. Why couldn't they make those ungodly - feeling things more comfortable? Why in the name of Christ couldn't something provide protection and comfort at the same time? He picked up his M-1 from its leaning position against the wall of dirt. He removed the bayonet and then replaced it. He placed the rifle in firing position at the mouth of the hole. A lone rifle lay pointing suspiciously at a sly enemy that might be lurking anywhere in the inky darkness. All was quiet now except the thumping of Harold Drake's heart, whose regular tempo had been interrupted when a firefly had been spotted flying indifferently a few feet from his position. His body was tired from being cramped in his so-called snake-pit. His eyes were tired from looking for a damned enemy whom his Sunday-school teacher had told him to love, but whom war had taught him to hate. His mind was even too tired to keep on the alert for an enemy that might come when no man thinketh, and so he sat back in his cave-like construction indifferent to the enemy, indifferent to what might happen to himself, indifferent to the whole world. He leaned back trying to find more comfort in another position. It was chilly down. He pulled up a blanket over his body. He was too tired. And the mist which enveloped his foxhole, seemed also to envelop his very being. He was too tired . . . too tired to do anything . . . too tired to do anything, but to think and dream. . . .

The graduation from the little college back in Mississippi had been wonderful. He would never forget that day. How proud he had made his Mom and Pop when he graduated with honors. He could see the long line of graduates as they marched two abreast down the grass-covered aisles and on to the large unused cistern where the college had always held their graduation ceremony except on the several occasions when the weather drove them into the field house. But on the day on which Harold had graduated the sky was particularly clear, only auspicious clouds floated lazily in the heavens. What a feeling of accomplishment and pride Harold had worn on his countenance as he passed his parents sitting on the third row. He could see them now. Mom with her white outfit trimmed in green accessories, and Dad in his tan Palm Beach suit. Mom and Dad were happy that day. Harold knew it. He could see it written in their expressions. Harold was glad that he had pleased his folks. It hadn't been easy for his Dad to finance his education. Mom and Dad had sacrificed. But all that was over now. This was the first time that Harold truly realized it. He was going to miss playing on the basketball squad. He wondered if they were going to be able to put out a squad this year with most of the students in the armed forces. But most of all Harold was going to miss the frat and all his brothers. He wondered where they all were tonight. Most of them were in service. As far as he knew, they all were fine with the exception of Mike, who had been reported missing in action for several months now. Particularly was Harold going to miss the annual frat dance. He could never forget that last one. Everything had gone off wonderfully. The band had played just the type of tunes that suited Harold, a few snappy ones, a congo or two, but most of them had been just slow waltzes. The whole gang had seemed to want slow numbers. They didn't seem to care as much about the "hot" numbers as they formerly had. Even in their gaiety there was a mark of seriousness. Perhaps the war had its effect on dancing too. But everything had been beautiful and wonderful. The gods had been kind to Harold and Martha that evening. Martha had been the best dancer on the floor and to Harold also the most beautiful. She wore a new black net evening gown. Her blond hair fell softly over her bare shoulders. A rhinestone necklace hung gently around her neck. Her beauty far exceeded that of the three previous years at the dance.

Harold and Martha Wilson had

been a long-established couple. They had met in their freshman year at college, and had been going together ever since. Martha, however, had taken a business course, which she had finished in two years. She was, therefore, in steady employment by the time Harold was in his junior year. She had always returned for the dance, though. It was a tradition. Everyone took for granted that Harold and Martha would take the final step some day. Harold and Martha had taken it for granted too. Martha's hope chest was well filled. In the bottom of the chest where no one ever looked were a pair of pillow cases she had made herself. Painstakingly and secretly she had embroidered "Harold" and "Martha" on them in variegated colors. It might have looked bad had anyone known, since no engagement had been announced.

If the gods had smiled upon their evening at the dance, they must have smiled in mockery and restained their anger to vent upon the couple later that same evening. Something had happened. Harold never fully understood what it was. It seemed as if it had all started after the dance. Martha had said she was extra tired and wanted to go in early. Harold had been shocked and hurt at Martha's insistence on bringing the evening to an early close. They had always stayed out late after the dance. In fact, they usually consumed the entire night gadding about. All the gang usually went to some night spot to continue their gaiety and closed with a breakfast sometime shortly before sunrise. It was a long-established custom. Martha would not dare break it on this final dance of his college career. Harold had insisted to no avail, however. Martha had prevailed and the evening came to an early close. It was the first time that they had had a disagreement. Not many words were spoken during the drive back to the hotel where Martha was spending the night. He told her he would pick her up around ten - thirty the next morning, they would have breakfast and then would start on the trip back to Martha's home, some two hundred miles away. Without further adieu, Harold placed a cold kiss upon the lips of Martha, who responded even more coldly, and disappeared down the corridor.

The next morning, Harold arose about nine-forty-five and went into the bathroom to shave and shower. There were only a few boys roaming about the dormitory. Those who were planning to attend Sunday school had already departed and those planning to attend only the church service had not yet arisen. Most of the boys attended some form of worship service every Sunday. Only a few were completely indifferent. Their religious affiliation did not prevent the boys from making merry every now and then, however. Several empty bottles, containers of the unmentionable liquid, were lying around the hall—in the corner, on a window sill, or even in the helpless hands of some nameless statue whose life had been meaningless to the majority of the students.

After Harold had shaved the night's growth of beard from his childlike face, he stepped into the shower. He should have been happy. He had always been happy on the night after the big dance when he awoke and realized that his Martha was in town. He should have been performing his morning ritual with quick movements in anticipation of seeing her again. But Harold wasn't moving fast this morning. His defeat of the previous night hung heavily upon his feelings. Not even the joyful chimes of the bells of the city churches which resounded louder and louder as if in healthy competition with one another soothed his restless spirit. It was one of the few times in Harold Drake's life that a feeling of defeat had possessed him. He hated defeat, hated its length, hated its breadth, hated its depth. Harold wasn't an egotist but he had always craved respect both from himself and others. Martha had hurt him the previous night. She had interrupted and destroyed his plans.

He returned to his room and quietly but hastily put on his clothes. His fanaticism over keeping appointments would not permit him to insult Martha by being late. His roommate was still asleep, so he considerately permitted the shade to remain lowered. He had to fumble around the dresser to find his watch, collar-stay, and tie pin. He had even greater difficulty locating his fraternity pin, which he had indifferently thrown upon his desk when he had come in the night before. A feeling of remorse crept over Harold as he placed the pin in the palm of his hand, holding it regretfully for a moment. A

(Continued on page 24)

FREEDOM

God set me free
From destiny.
God grant me wings
To face the wind
And rise above
Unthinking earth.
God, let me fly
Or I shall die
With other men.
Can a bird forget to fly,
Or let down its wings to die,
And not grieve more for air than life?
Can a dog refuse to breathe,
Or a Christian not believe,
And still have life?
Gambolling down a crooked lane
With rugged coat and unkempt mane,
A horse is free.
Let me roam without a chart,
Nor give me any place to start,
Or I'm not free.

—Harold Hamrick

Monologue (Father to Sixteen-year-old Son) *by Walton N. Bass*

Come on in here, Jack, and—ah, sit down. Mother told me you might want to talk to me. Yeah, go on, sit down. Not so busy today, not much trade. Yeah, plenty of time. Well, now, there must be something wrong or she wouldn't have said anything like that. Funny notions—all right, so she has funny notions, but some aren't funny, and if she says that you aren't acting right, that's good enough for me. After all, I'm your Pa, and if I don't spend much time with you it still don't mean I'm just letting you run wild, no, sir! When you need your old Pa he's right here at his desk. Now, let's have it. Feeling all right? Now wait a minute, I *am not* trying to baby you—since when can't a man ask his own boy if he's feeling all right! Need money, huh! Now let me tell you one thing: If you're betting your allowance on football games I'll tan your hide if it's the last thing I do (probably would be, too). When I was your age, I used to get up before day every morning, get in stovewood, milk six cows, walk four miles to school, then make straight "A's." And then you sit there looking bored. Well, I'll hush, but I'll tell you one thing—they don't make boys now-a-days like we used to be. All right, so that's over, not money, then. Well, look here, boy, I've run out of questions; but, by George, I've not run out of time. We'll just sit here until you think of some questions—or answers. No boy of mine is going to moon around the house, not eating, and giving everybody short answers.

Ah! women, huh! Now that's more like it. Yes, sir! I think I might help you a little on that line. Yeah, boy! Seems just like yesterday I was your age, same things bothering me, too. Well, boy, don't you worry about anything like that — not while this boy is top-side. You know your old man don't brag, but I will say this—I know my women. You've got to know women if you're going to manage them. Now, don't you let your mother know I said this, but when she says, "Bill, let's go to the movies tonight," and I put up an argument, I really want to go, but see, if I agree just like that, she'll think she's boss. Yes, sir, boy, there isn't much to learning women. Just let them know who's boss. But, after all's said and done, don't forget that you are a gentleman. Your pa always was. Don't honk your horn outside, like you're expecting curb service; and let her in a door first; and speak quietly in public. You know all those things, and just as soon as you let them know you are a man they'll hang right to you. Now, tell your old pa who this girl is and what she did to you.

What! That slippery character of a girl, and you worrying about her. Son, she isn't worth worrying about. I never heard of such a thing. Girls had some gumption in my day. I'd have trouble remembering I'm a gentleman, too. You can't trust her father, either. You got to have a lawyer engaged every time you ask him the time of day. You ought to have known better than to mess around with such people. All the advice I've got for you is to date people worth your time. The idea, standing my boy up. . . . That little scoundrel slipped out while I was talking to him. Well, if he don't appreciate good advice, let him fight his own battles.

BOMBER PILOT

Power! Infinite power, quivering
With its potential destructiveness,
Yearning to break its doors and hurtle
Through the empty space.

Power! Careless, reckless power,
Anxious to cast itself down upon the
Earth where all its devastating force
May loose itself upon the unsuspecting.

Power! Endless, incalculable
Power, shaking the mind of the creature
That made it with the inconceivability
Of its strength.

Power! Foolish, thoughtless power,
Greedy for the blood of humanity—capable
Of twisting the chain of civilization into
A formless, meaningless horror!

Power! Terrorizing, uncontrollable
Power, forging the thoughts of mankind:
Man-made, yet ruling his very life. All
This Godless power—at the tip of my finger!

—J. A. Seiler

Land Posted

by Walton N. Bass

I DON'T know—there might be squirrels in them woods, and there might not be; but I don't reckon I'd be a-messin' around in 'em if I was you boys. Yeah, it's posted. You all come in sort of between de signs. Now, jest wait a minute, and don't get excited. It ain't my lan'. If it was, you boys could hunt ye a belly-full. Ain't you Joe Smith's boy, you the red-headed one, I mean? I know'd it. I used to tend a crop for 'im fifteen years ago. You was jest a-crawlin' then. How's ye pa? If ye think ye can stan' me a little while, think I'll walk over to them woods over yonder with ye. I know ye'll find some squirrels there. Now, dis piece of woods here belongs to old man Joe White. He's a good man in some ways, but he had a disappointment 'bout twenty years ago, an' he ain't been de same since. That's how come he don't have huntin' on his place.

Old Joe had a good crop that year, and he and his fam'ly was eatin' high on de hog. In de fall of de year—jest about dis time, dey came a bunch of boys jest like you all except they were lookin' fer par'ridges. One of 'em flushed a covey and another one shot, and when the smoke cleared away, there she lay. Jest how she got there they didn't know—but there she lay a-bleedin', kickin', and yellin'. It was pitiful. The boys, like boys will do, commenced yellin, and old man Joe came a-runnin'. When he saw 'er he jest stopped and yelled, "Oh! It's Lu!" I was out ramblin' den jest like I was when you all come up on me, and I heard 'em. I won't never forget it, neither. Come right from his heart. He run over and took 'er in his arms and kept sayin', "Poor Lu, poor Lu," and a-cryin'. I couldn't hardly keep from cryin' myself, but somebody had to keep 'is head, so I run over to Doc Smith's and told 'im to come as quick as he could. He came right with me, but it was too late. When he got there he saw that there wa'n't nothin' he could do, and he told old Joe. Old Joe jest sat a-lookin' at nothin'. He was over his cryin' then. And there she lay—and I'll tell ye boys she was as pretty as I ever saw, 'bout two years old, plump, healthy as ye could ask fer, pretty little slender legs, and all. Old Joe kept talkin' when he started 'bout how he had a nice place fer 'er to play in the yard, but she was always gettin' out and runnin' away. How he had looked after 'er when she was sick and all, and how he didn't want nary another one. De boys couldn't say nothin', jest left. Well, she was buried then and old Joe went to town—thought he might try to forget, but everywhere he went people was sayin' how sorry they was an' all that. So old Joe went on back home, but before he did he went by the court house and posted his lan'. He said he wa'n't tryin' to be mean and unreasonable, but he jest couldn't stan' to hear guns no more. He ain't mean, neither. You can go up to his house right now an' he'll do you any sort of a favor, but don't come around with guns.

Well, since den he's gone about his business, sorta kept to 'imself. A lotta times in de evenin' he'll go out and jest stan' at her grave, and nobody don't bother 'im. Yessir, old man Joe sure did love his 'possum dog!

DREAMS

Born from nothing, hence un-named and nameless;
Clouding things we must see clearly, helping
Us to veil them; making clear these paths we
Cannot travel while obliterating
Those we must. Thus leading us to ways more
Pleasant than the ones we know. And we are
Led and blindly follow—still deluded
Seeking more delusion. Having lived, you
Meet your death, from whence you rise again. You
Live forgotten and yet still remembered:
Dreams—un-named and nameless.

—BILL DUKE

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BOOK REVIEW

G. B. S., A Postscript, by Hasketh Pearson. Harper & Brothers, $2.75.

Hasketh Pearson has written an excellent finale to his study of one of Britain's great dramatists and one of the world's great personalities—George Bernard Shaw. The book contains a number of anecdotes and interviews which Shaw would not allow in Pearson's earlier work, *G. B. S., A Full Length Portrait.*

Much of Pearson's material consists of verbatim conversations recorded immediately after talking with Shaw. The aging dramatist nearly always hogged the conversation, yet Pearson had greater success in holding his own than Boswell.

Shaw's work with the Fabian Society is one of the most frequently discussed subjects in the book. How the young radical, and later the successful playwright, campaigned for the socialist movement is an interesting account. His eventual rejection of the Labor government is a rather pitiful sequel.

An amusing incident concerning Shaw's socialistic endeavors deals with a trip he made with Lord and Lady Astor to the Kremlin. On the occasion of their interview with Joseph Stalin, Lady Astor outshone Shaw. When Lady Astor asked Stalin when the Russians were stopping their Czarist practice of shooting their opponents, the atmosphere became almost electric, and Pearson says ". . . his [Stalin's] comrades choked and the interpreter's teeth chattered."

Pearson obtained most of his information from Lady Astor, and Shaw later refuted her statement. However, the author suggests that Shaw's memory was at fault, a condition which he discovered several times during the dramatist's later years.

Pearson, who considers Shaw England's greatest playwright since Shakespeare, makes frequent comparison of the pair. Shaw neither liked nor tried to understand Shakespeare, yet managed to engage in heated discussions with his biographer about the merits and weaknesses of the bard.

In addition to his duties as biographer, Pearson often doubles as critic. His evaluation of *Androcles and the Lion* is enough to make anyone read the play, if only to see why it is one of Britain's best comedies. In a later chapter Pearson sums up Shaw's dramatic qualities in a few paragraphs.

Perhaps Pearson's most revealing chapters are included in his discussion entitled "Aspects of Shaw." A facet of Shaw's personality which struck Pearson was his role as "totalitarian." In his arguments Shaw seemed not to attempt logic but to employ his own method, "Never argue, repeat your assertion."

In regard to Shaw's practice of refuting or altering previous statements, Pearson explains: "It was part of his policy of bringing facts up to date, as he once put it, which perfectly describes the tricky methods of totalitarians in all ages."

Pearson's interpretation of Shaw "The Man" offers an explanation to a problem perplexing Shaw's contemporaries. "They will not even believe that a wit and a humorist can also be a consistent philosopher; yet it is a fact that the creed which Shaw preached in his thirtieth year was repeated without variation by him in his ninetieth."

For a beginning reader of Shaw this book is a splendid introduction. To one already familiar with *G. B. S., A Full Length Portrait*, it probably offers a welcome answer to several questions raised in the earlier book and a continued revelation of that interesting personality who almost spanned a century.

—Robert Hall, Jr.

THE DANCE OF THE SEA

Smoothly dances this uneven lawn
To the breeze's gentle melody.
Passionately she moves toward earth's bar
Seeking to lure some vessel into her frolic.
Many frail ships her partner try to be,
Only to be crushed in her savage rage
As the gentle breezes change their melody.

—Robert C. Faulkner

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WHERE THE WOFFORD BOYS MEET
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A Children's Story

(From page 7)

stead of "cops and robbers," or "cowboys and Indians," or such rubbish. I once knew a poor creature whose owner read "Tartarin de Tarascon," Oh! A fate worse than death." I thought then I was off to a good start, so I started in talkin' about the books I had read, *Treasure Island* and all, but Tom said when I slowed down a little, "Really, young man, we have far less in common than you realize; if I must talk to humans call Sis for me." Then he went back to his starin'.

Then one of my rabbits came in and I wanted to hear what he could say, but he just came in and put his paws up to the heater. I tried three or four times to get him started talkin', and finally he croaked out: "I am really sorry, but I have a touch of laryngitis, and would rather talk another time when I am in better voice. I just came in to warm myself, anyway, thank you."

Then the next thing I knew Ma was askin' me, "Jim, what on earth are you smiling about?" I thought a minute, then I said, "Oh! thinkin' about them cold sheets, I reckon. Think I better put a little more straw in the rabbit hutch." Pa dropped his paper.

Some Solar Learning

(From page 9)

had for the first time in eons asked the question, "Why?" This was a new thing to them. A fairly civilized race of people actually committing destruction—killing each other in mass numbers and enjoying it—killing themselves off in infinite numbers to accomplish something that the minds of this great solar race could not comprehend. The brilliant people watched and shuddered at the horrible sight which befell them. For the first time in their life they had known fear—one of the basic human traits.

All of this was in direct contradiction to all these people had ever known. It was something new, it was a variety of something which had never occurred to them, because it was something that God did not want and God was the axis of their life. Thus, in complete daze, these marvelous people left forever the vicinity of the earth to return to their solar land. But perhaps the human race has spread their poison further than they know, for these mental geniuses carried with them one of the basic human traits, that of fear, and with fear comes hate, and with hate comes envy, then greed, selfishness and all the others that had never before been known to this wonderful race of people. Perhaps we humans have done a more dreadful thing than we know because we may have started the downfall of a great race of people.

Maybe their intelligence can lock out those human traits and maybe their great belief in God will conquer them. Let's hope so, because if it doesn't perhaps one day these people may return with hate and greed. If they do, mankind may have a little more variety in their life. Just a little more than they ever cared to have.

It is one of our greatest tragedies that we humans could not have known these distant people. But our own lack of faith in a magnificent God, our own selfish, greedy, hateful desires have sent them away. Let us at least hope that we haven't spread our ugliness to such a wonderful race of people, because if we have, then once again we have been the cause of something that might possibly one day be the source of unbelievable unhappiness.

"Variety is the spice of life," we quote, but it is human to carry things to extremes, even our fads, and varieties. Let's someday try our feeble minds at sensible deductions. Let's get a little solar learning.

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Music Lesson

(From page 10)

in Beethoven's soul that he felt he must express, but I was not yet to understand the language. And once, I found a phrase that I understood. Only a phrase, but the discovery was a key which was one day to unlock the secret of so many souls. It was a thrill that I had never known before.

I finished and waited for the echoes of the last notes to die away. She rose and spoke unevenly.

"That's all, Bill. I'll see you next Tuesday."

As I left, walking down the same dirty concrete steps, her words were echoing and re-echoing in my mind.

"Sometime you'll find what it is you've been trying to say. And when you find it, you'll find another world."

To the Victor

(From page 12)

"There is no such thing as a mulatto, if they have a millionth of nigger, they're niggers and not worth a damn. I wouldn't have a nigger maid."

Over the wind a distant church bell was tolling; downstairs Celeste was dead, and at last Elizabeth was the mistress of Rontre Hall. She smiled a sardonic smile this time—mistress, Negress, they were synonomous.

Grandfather still wrote bad poetry.

The Wedding

(From page 19)

tear would have fallen down his cheek at that moment had he been less proud. He put his hands up to his eyes, annihilating the small drops before they could begin their advance, at the same time trying to convince himself that there actually were no tears there at all. He had for a long time been looking forward to the time when he would greet Martha the morning after the senior dance. She would be wearing navy blue, because he had always liked her in that. But she would be unusually beautiful that morning because she would have his frat pin proudly and lovingly displayed above her breast. Harold convinced himself that he had never planned such an event and closed the clasp on the pin as he placed it upon his shirt.

Harold Drake and Martha Wilson were both stubborn. They might have fooled outsiders as they ate together that morning, but even as they joked and occasionally laughed together, they both knew that something unknown and unknowable was building up an insurmountable wall between them. As they drove home they were less talkative than usual. What they said was all superficial. They talked about the radio program, the countryside, the dance, the band, the gang—in fact, they talked about everything except themselves.

Harold did not stay long at Martha's home when they arrived there that evening. They had coffee together, and then Harold had said he had lots of work to catch up and had started back.

He drove back to the college in far less time than had been consumed coming. He always drove fast when he was thinking. He ran over the events of the week-end in his mind. He couldn't understand Martha's attitude . . . it was true that he didn't see her very often—twice a month at the most. Perhaps she was going with someone else now. Perhaps she was getting ready to break up. He knew that she had been going with other boys, as he had been with other girls. They didn't try to hide that from one another. . . . His pride was hurt. He was tasting defeat. He resented defeat. He refused to be the scapegoat in that deal. He would

be the first to act. He would beat her to the first move.

It did not take him long to write the letter when he reached the dormitory. He had it all planned. It was not a nasty letter. Martha was too nice a girl for that type of treatment. He told her how much he had enjoyed being with her. . . . He hoped they could still be friends. . . . He wished her the best of luck. . . . Your friend always. . . .

He never received an answer. He wasn't expecting one. He did not know what she was doing or even if she was still working and living in her old place. . . . He had completely forgotten about Martha Wilson.

It was not until after his graduation that he was informed concerning Martha's present activities. The information came enclosed in an insignificant looking envelope. It read, "Mr. and Mrs. John Wilson request the honor of your presence at the marriage of their daughter Martha to . . ."

At the first impulse, Harold had decided not to attend the wedding, but he later redecided. He had volunteered for the armed forces shortly after graduation. He was to leave in a few weeks. It would have been impractical for him to seek a job for those few weeks, so he just busied himself as much as he could around his home. He had been wanting to repaint his room and the den for a long time, so he was able to make his free time profitable. His mom and dad had not had a vacation for

GOD GOES TO CHURCH ON SUNDAY

God goes to church on Sunday—
At least, I think He does.
I think He gets up early
To hear the ringing bell;
To see the little children,
With Bibles in their hands,
With shining face,
And new-pressed clothes,
As they leave their play a while
To learn about His world;
To see the grownups, too—
Right glad, I think He is.
I think He hears the teachers,
And helps them out a bit
If questions are too deep.
I think He hears the preacher,
Maybe even nods
If the sermon is too long;
Looks in the collection plate
To see how people share;
And listens to the hymns
To hear His praises sung.
And after church
He watches us come out—
The soul inspired to greater things;
The wretch o'ertaken in his sins;
The hypocrite who found out how
To hide his sins;
The soul confused and groping;
All these, but most of all
The rank and file,
Who stop to talk to neighbors,
And shake a stranger's hand.
All these He sees and blesses.

* * *

And then on Monday
I think He rises to
The whistle of the mill:
He watches men and women
Go out to toil all day.
He stands beside them
When their limbs grow tired;
And hears them talk to others;
And when they breathe a prayer
He smiles to see
A piece of work well done,
And, too, when pay is given
That means comfort to loved ones,
And help to those in need.
Yes, God goes to church on Sunday,

* * *

And to the mill on Monday—
At least, I think He does.

—Walton N. Bass

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some time, so he finally persuaded them to take a week-end off. He stayed home and tried his luck "bacheloring" it.

He was lonesome that Saturday at home, and so he anticipated the adventure of the wedding. He borrowed his aunt's car shortly after mid-day and headed in the direction of Kington. The highway was entirely familiar to him. How often he had traveled it in order to spend a happy evening with Martha. The distance was somewhat less than a hundred miles. He drove slowly and tried to enjoy listening to a baseball game, some Guy Lombardo recordings, and the less appealing music by several hill-billy bands. The monotony of the ride was broken by several hitch-hikers whom he picked up along the way. One of them had been drinking and his insistent jabbering irked Harold. He was glad when he reached Kington.

It was about an hour before the wedding, so he used up the time with a sandwich and coke in a local restaurant. A cute waitress had served him. He had thought what a nice wife she would make for someone.

He reached the church in ample time to enjoy all of the wedding music. It was a large Presbyterian church with a seating capacity of some 800. The guests were already beginning to pour into the sanctuary. It was to be a large wedding. He knew Martha's parents well. They always did things in a big way. He found a seat immediately behind the section reserved for the family. He had never seen a more beautifully decorated church. Palms adorned the chancel. Several tiers of candles arose at different levels to the pulpit. Four baskets of gladioli near the middle of the chancel railing was the focal point. The wedding selections made the pulses of the listeners beat with affection for the couple who had not yet made their appearance. The low, quiet, whispers which arose from the rear of the church hinted that the wedding party was arriving. Harold did not turn around. Cold sweat appeared upon Harold's forehead and chill bumps covered his body as he heard the often used slection, "I Love You Truly," coming from the rear of the church. Tender, pleasing, loving smiles were written on the faces of all in sight. Harold had heard that sweet soprano voice before. He had heard Martha sing often.

Martha was radiantly attired. Her train followed yards behind her, moving gently over the white cloth only slightly soiled by her admiring guests. Martha's small feet moved noiselessly over the rose petals that the little flower girl had dropped. Martha's hair no longer fell upon her shoulders. She had cut it since he had last seen her at the dance.

THE LAWN

The lawn lies green and darkly now
And magnolias throw a shadowy arm;
The sticky firs whistle in the wind;
Though it is late, the breeze is warm.

No cowboys nor painted savages
Lurk now, for they are grown.
No Foreign Legion, no Lost Battalion
Parades on swards so newly mown.

At the center, across the walk
A dim round spot marks a stump
Where Saturday's fullbacks veered hard left
And experienced shortstops took a jump.

The lawn wasn't ours; it should have been—
No one else could use it so.
But now it's dark and lonely here
For the whoop of the Indian, the cry of his foe.

—C. B. B.

She looked singularly different. She was enchantingly beautiful . . . the most gorgeous creature he had ever seen. Harold had met the bridegroom somewhere before, but he hadn't remembered where. The wedding had proceeded. Harold had not known it, however. The only awareness that possessed him was the awareness of Martha. He just sat, and stared, and worshiped, and loved. She was his Martha. He had too much of her locked in his heart for her ever to belong to someone else. He sat dazed, confused, senseless. . . . She had always been his. She always would be. O God! he couldn't lose her. . . . God did not work that way. . . . God watched out for frail human beings. . . . God loves and protects. . . . God is good. . . . He had known that it wasn't true. Martha . . . his Martha . . . clear, resonant tones uttering, "I now pronounce you man and wife . . . a wedding . . . his Martha . . . O God! . . . O God! . . . O God! . . . Realistically the organist poured forth with the recessional. Martha had turned. She had started down the aisle. . . . His gaze caught hers. She was smiling lovingly. The crowd had started out of the church, Harold purposely pushing ahead of the rest. . . . His Martha being assisted into the car by another man. . . . Martha turning back toward the church. He was only a few feet away, leading the pushing throng of "well wishers." For a moment he had looked into her eyes again. She was smiling . . . tears were filling her eyes and streaming unrestrained down her cheeks. . . . "Step into the car, Martha. I love you, darling. I love you very much." Harold had turned and looked once again into the sanctuary. It was darker inside now. The ushers had begun extinguishing the small, yellowish, flames. The minister was fumbling around in his pulpit. . . . Harold had stopped. For a moment he glared coldly at the black-robed figure. . . . He hated that minister. He had lowered the final gate between him and Martha. He had taken away his Martha. The pious man had sanctioned adultery . . . Martha was his. . . . No one else deserved her. . . . Harold wanted to be a part of that minister. . . . He wanted to be his very soul. . . . Harold hated him . . . so he became his soul. . . . Harold wanted to see him suffer. . . . He wanted to torment, and torture, and damn. . . . Harold wanted to see him writhe, and scream, beg for forgiveness and mercy, and then die. . . . Harold wanted to see it well done . . . so he became his soul.

Screams and shouts, lightning and thunder, cries of those drinking the last dregs of life and cries of those seeking sweet release in blessed death filled the darkness. Harold,

the soul, became a habitant of hell itself. Curses and prayers, pleas for life and pleas for death all intermingled and ascended heavenward from the living hell. The devils were coming over the hill. They were coming by night, by the tens, by the hundreds, by the thousands . . . the bastards . . . the damn bastards . . . shells burst near the foxhole, over the foxhole, and one burst in the foxhole. The shed-like affair lunged tomb-like over his body. Harold Drake grabbed his eyes. . . . This couldn't be true . . . it wasn't real. . . . Harold Drake was still looking into the church . . . he was still the soul . . . the lights in the church were all out now. All was darkness . . . a blind minister staring hopelessly at a lost world. . . . Perhaps Harold Drake, the soul, was happy now . . . tormenting, torturing, damning . . . writhing, screaming, begging for forgiveness and mercy . . . dying . . . heaven and hell uniting in holy wedlock. . . .

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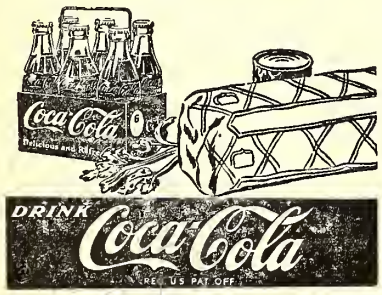

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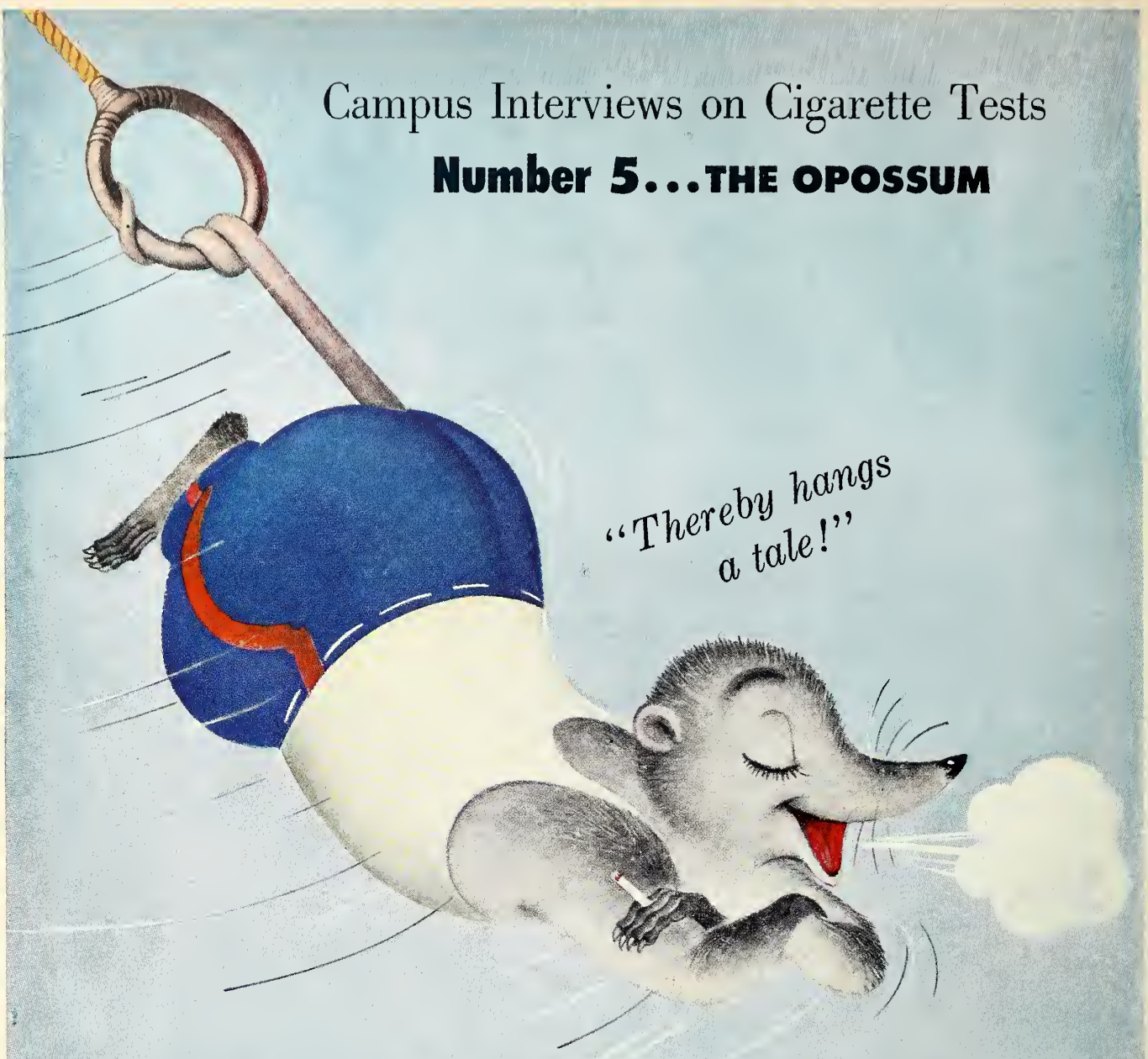

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The Journal

April - 1951

The Journal
Volume 72, No. 4
April, 1951

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EDITORIAL

Twenty-eight students have been elected to Phi Beta Kappa as members-in-course in the last three years. Of these only seven, or twenty-five percent, have resided in campus dormitories. Including only the last three semesters, the percentage of dormitory students drops to eighteen percent. Yet almost half of the student body has lived on the campus during this time.

Or, to put it another way, approximately one out of every forty day students makes Phi Beta Kappa. At the same time one out of every hundred boarding students attains that honor. Although this is only a representative indication, it should be proof of something. Our question is this: Is it merely by chance that an unusually small proportion of dormitory students earns this highest academic recognition? And our answer —we think not.

Certainly there are as many boarding students as day students who have the necessary intelligence, ambition and ability. Dormitory students have the proper facilities for studying; then why do they not achieve as successful results as day students?

We believe there are several factors responsible for this failure. First, perhaps, boarders take a greater interest and spend more time in campus activities. Second, being away from home, some have a sense of freedom and even adventure that makes them want to do things, go places, find excitement. The idea of remaining in one's room at night to study becomes distasteful. Third, the atmosphere in the dormitories is often not one conducive to study, for one reason or another.

Is there a solution to these problems, and if so, what is it? Let us examine the three factors listed above. Should students participate less in extracurricular activities? Most of these are meant to be beneficial, to help the participants gain experience and practice. Hardly anyone, even the administration, would want to curb such campus activities.

There is the second problem of the desire for adventure and excitement. Can a student tie himself down to his room each night for hours of study? This is the period of carefree youth, the time to *chercher la femme*, the time to accumulate all the experiences that will later become those cherished —probably—college memories.

The matter of noise in the dormitories is one college officials are constantly aware of. And yet nothing short of a Gestapo system could dispel the problem—or so it seems. Also such things as bull sessions often consume students' time when they could be studying. But are bull sessions wasted hours? Certainly some of them are helpful, and men can learn from them facts and feelings and philosophies that might otherwise remain unknown to them.

Looking at the whole question in this light, we might perhaps say that these "problems" are not problems at all. They are simply facts reflecting the difference between the lives of boarding and commuting students, although some of the latter group may and do enjoy many of the same experiences. We believe it all adds up to this:

There is something enriching and maturing and very valuable which a student may gain from living on the campus if he participates in it wholeheartedly and in the right manner. In gaining this, he sacrifices much of the time, effort, and particularly concentration which the business of acquiring an education demands. The more he gains on one side, the more he loses on the other.

Each student should decide (rather than have arranged by chance) to what degree he will use his time, effort, and concentration for academic pursuits and to what degree for other matters. Some have found their ideal balance and many have not. To many, far too many, the attractiveness of the non-academic activities has proved too tempting.

This brief analysis, we believe, explains the reason for the statistics mentioned at the beginning. The figures are not changed, but do they seem as alarming now? They are not if the primary purpose of college education is to prepare men for their life, one way or another. We will not speculate as to whether this is true or not.

* * * * *

Copies of all issues of the 1949-1950 Journal are available—gratis —to anyone, student or non-student, desiring them. Contact either the editor or business manager.

* * * * *

If you are interested in either puzzles or poetry or both, you may find Walton Bass's poem, "Earthly Trinity," on page 18 to your liking. The poem contains descriptions of this earthly trinity, but don't let the title mislead you. The three characters discussed in the poem are three living persons today. No more hints. Can you solve these puzzles?

A Love of the Land

by Harold P. Hamrick

It was the first hour of the evening. The moon, almost full, was just rising. A man and woman turned from the paved highway into the sultry breeze coming from the woods. It was the middle of August and the heat seemed to slow their pace. The branches hanging over the seldom-used roadway brushed their faces even when he used his hand as a shield. In the dimness of the twilight her pallid face and frail features partially hid themselves in the background of the bushes on the side of the road.

"Al, I'm so tired. I don't think I can make it.'

"Here, give me your hand."

He reached hastily but tenderly for her hand. After grasping it tightly, he smiled at her. It was a simple smile not often found between a husband and wife of today. It was reassuring.

"We 'll make it. Let's rest a minute."

As the two stood there, the heavy spunk-scented humidity clothed them in the atmosphere of a rain-drenched forest and rose up toward the one grey cloud in the sky. The moonlight broke through the trees just enough to give shape to the bushes underneath. Nothing moved but the impatient stream running close by. The freshly soaked leaves tried to muffle even its garrulous prattle.

"I think I can go on now."

They started slowly again and disappeared behind the bushes that locked hands again across the road when they passed.

Ahead was a clearing about the size of a large front lawn. In the middle was a sunken concrete structure with vine-covered steps that led down to a spring. Al went down first, for the steps were too narrow for both of them. He caught both her hands as she stood there resting. She sat down on the steps as he dipped a cup into the strong, pungent sulphur water. It was the strongest water in the country. He had always been proud of it for that. It was slow, though. Only a trickle ran into the small concrete reservoir. He waited a minute for it to fill again to the overflow. Then he handed the cup to Carol. She drank lustily. It was in a manner so alien to her frail appearance. Her long experience in coming there with Al had taught her to like it. She got up and gave Al the cup. He filled it and, while still gazing at the spring, slowly swallowed it, holding each swallow for a moment in his mouth. They both sat down on a wooden bench there by the side of the spring where he could watch the water trickling slowly down the drain. Both of them liked to watch it. They often sat there for hours. That is why he had put the bench there.

Tonight Carol was weaker than usual. She laid her head in his lap and he put his arm around her to support her. She relaxed so completely that she felt like cotton in his arms. He brushed his face through her dark brown hair. It was always so clean, and it had a fragrance all its own. As he sat there, the nearby creek, dashing its way over the big rocks, lulled him into a half-sleep.

He could see the big white hotel that used to stand on the hill above the spring. Then he could see it as it burned that day in March. It was just before Easter morning. It burned as it had stood: with a true Southern dignity. He had felt something leave him as he had stood there watching it. Then he had a feeling of greatness, not from having accomplished something, but from having understood for the first time in his life a basic tenet of the universe. The roughness of the building had burned leaving only its soul to live forever in his memory. The morning after, there was a thick blanket of snow covering the ashes.

Alan was the last of the Peterson family. He inherited the farm. He had lived so close to it that he considered it his closest friend. In times of trouble he would walk through the bottom lands and up through the corn fields and lespedeza patches. He would take a deep breath in the rosin-scented woods and look up at the partridges that soared up from the young pine trees. The towering oak that had stood for so long by the hotel was never completely out of his sight. The great scar that extended half its length was covered over by ivy. You could never have known that it had been hit twice by lightning. Without the tree as a marker he still could have found his way around, for he had an instinctive sense about the land. He knew every foot of it. It was all tied up in his thinking. It was part of his soul.

And then he remembered the day when Carol fainted. It was a nightmare when he found out. He knew then for the first time that he loved something even more than his land. He felt so guilty for not having known about her trouble before. Then, on the day of the auction when he had sold the land, he and Carol went to Florida. It was their last few months together. Never till then had he loved her so much. Only then did he appreciate her understanding of him, her loyalty to him. After a month they came back. It wasn't long now. They would spend the last few weeks around the spring indulging in mem-

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Intruder

by Charles Weaver

"If you ain't got nothing to do, I want you to follow me—got something I want to show you. See that fat fellow over there, right over there behind those bushes, down by that little pond. Ain't very bright out here, moon's just barely up, so—don't guess you can see too good. Come on a little closer so we can get a better look. See him pushing and shoving, sure is taking a lot of pains with what he's doing . . . looks like he's trying to roll something into the pond. Can you see all right now? See what it is? I thought you could see it if you looked hard enough. Funny fellow, that fat one. Two months ago he was just another fat guy that didn't do nothing to nobody, didn't care about nothing, and he was right good at minding his own business. It'll take a while to tell it, but maybe I can let you in on it before he gets through."

"Fat feller's name is Danger, Jonathan A. Danger. Lives on a farm over that hill yonder. Jonathan's paw owns the place and Jonathon works it for him. Ain't but two kids in the family—old Fat's got a sister. 'Bout two months ago she came home from the big city, seems like she had been gone a whale of a long time—'bout five years. I just happened to be over there the day she showed up."

"Hey, Maw," yelled Jonathan, "there's somebody a-comin' up in the yard."

"See who i'tis," hollered the old woman from inside the house.

Jonathan watched the long, sleek-looking car round the curve by the fence post in the corner of the pasture. The car fascinated him. He watched it as it grew closer . . . long, modern designed front, baby blue with chrome strips around the doors. He didn't know what kind it was but he sure did like the looks of it. There was a girl in it. She drew the car to a halt in the yard, smashing a milk pail as she did so. She got out.

The girl was striking. She was very beautiful, but there was something about her that shaded the freshness that is usually so outstanding in a beautiful girl. She had soft, wavy, blond hair . . . like waves, ocean waves rippling the smooth surface of the water on a summer evening.

Bright, even teeth and a straight, narrow nose set against rather high cheekbones. Blue eyes that perhaps had been dulled by a coat of worldly paint. She was rather tall for a girl, with shapely curves fitted enticingly into a soft blue print dress. She walked over to Jonathan lithesomely but with step hard enough to show how deep set were her habits.

"Maw," Jonathan bawled, "it's Abby."

And then, "Hello, Abby," he went right on speaking. "Boy! that's a purty car yuh got there." He went over to the car.

"Hello, stu—, get your dirty hands off my car," she yelled at Jonathan.

She walked over to Jonathan and shoved him backwards. Just then Maw walked out the door.

"Abby, you come home!" she screeched.

"You keep away from my car, you hear me, you keep away from my car."

"Abby, ain't you gonna speak to me?" Maw wailed.

"Sure," said Abby. "Hello, Maw."

"Come in the house, Abby, we ain't seen yuh in so long, I plumb fergot whut yuh look like. Where yuh been so . . ."

"Jonathan, git away from that car, if I have to tell you agin, I'll slap that fat head off those sloppy shoulders."

"Now, Abby," Maw said, "Jonathan don't mean no harm."

"Well, tell him to leave my car alone. I'm not going to have that fat idiot messin' around my car."

Jonathan's pig eyes glittered as he watched Abby and Maw disappear into the house. He waited until the door closed and then as if out of meanness, he rubbed his finger down the side of the car to the back fender. He turned quickly to see if Abby would come rushing out to yell at him some more. When the door didn't open, he went around to the other side of the car. He bent over and pulled the caught milk bucket out from under the tire of the car. As he straightened up, the bucket scraped the fender of the car, leaving a mark. It wasn't a very big mark but it could be seen. Jonathan looked expectantly toward the house. The door didn't open. He hurriedly threw the bucket over a woodpile standing by the house. Then, puffing from his exertion, he walked quickly away.

Luckily for Jonathan, two days went by before Abby noticed the slight scratch in her fender. She got up one morning with the intention of going into the nearest town, which was no more than a cluster of buildings. As she was walking to the car, a cat ran under the running-board near the front. Abby picked up a stick and started poking around under the car. It was then she noticed the scratch on the fender. She stared at it and then her jaw muscles contracted. She was mad; her lips drew into a thin line and, as she hefted the stick in her hand, she looked about wildly for Jonathan. Not seeing him but hearing a noise in the barn, she set out for the barn with the stick held grimly in her

hand. She stopped short of the barn door and looked in. Jonathan was standing with his back to her, stuffing hay into the horses' trough. Abby walked quietly up behind him and hit him a terrific lick across the back of the head. The stick broke and Jonathan, with a low moan, fell to the ground. He didn't move and after watching him for a few seconds, she tossed the stick away and walked out. She got into the car and drove off.

It was almost dark when she got back to the farm. The family was just sitting down to their evening meal when she drove into the yard. She got out of the car and went into the house, pausing long enough in the doorway to survey the family group with a somewhat disdainful smile. Then she went into a room just off the kitchen. Jonathan had not taken his pig eyes away from her until she disappeared into the room. She soon reappeared and, walking over to the table, moved her dishes over to the side of the table opposite Jonathan. She reached for what she wanted and began to eat. No one said a word. Jonathan just looked at her. Paw ate with his head down. Maw ate every now and then casting apprehensive glances at the group. After a few minutes Paw got up and left. Maw watched him leave and then she turned to Abby.

"Abby," she said, "Jonathan told me what you done. I don't see where you had no call tu ——"

Abby cut her short, not looking at Maw but at Jonathan.

"I told that pimp not to fool around my car. He got what he deserved and the next time I catch him within a block of it, I'll kill him."

She laid emphasis on these last words, looking straight into Jonathan's face. An angry red flush began to creep into Jonathan's face but he dropped his eyes.

Then he said, "You had no call to do thet, Abby."

Abby just looked at him with her lips compressed. She was obviously fighting for the right words to say.

"An' yuh better not do it again," he mumbled.

With that he got up and walked hurriedly out of the room. Abby half way rose in her seat as if to say something to him but sat back down as he went out the door.

"Abby," said Maw, "why don't you tell me what yuh been doin' these last months? Ain't heered a word frum yuh 'cept once in a while. Still workin' in a laundry? Must be pretty good job to pay fur a purty car like thet un."

"Yeah, it's a good job, Maw."

"Whut kind a work yuh doin'?"

"Why, uh . . . secretarial work, Maw, I'm a secretary. I take notes."

"Thet all yuh do?"

"Ain't that enough," Abby cried. "What do you want to know about my work for? I told you what it was and that ought to be enough. I didn't think you'd be interested in the particulars. I make good money at it."

Maw said, "I guess yuh do, Abby." And then she added with a casual turn of her head.

"Meet a lot of men folk in thet work, I guess."

"Why do you say that, Maw? You meet as many women as you do men. One ain't any more special than the other."

"Well, I thought maybe you'd found somebody tuh spark you."

Abby looked at her maw with a funny look on her face. Then she said with an air of importance.

"I have a few callers every now and then," said Abby.

"Well, Abby, we're sight glad yuh come tuh see us." said Maw rising. "Hope yuh'll stay a spell . . . I guess I'll clean up the supper dishes."

The next few weeks were uneventful ones for Abby. She went to town often and stayed a long time when she did go. She talked to Maw when she was at home. As for Jonathan, she left him completely alone, except every now and then (which was getting more often) when she hollered at him or bawled him out for some imaginary slight. Jonathan didn't seem to mind except that every day he was growing more and more sullen. He hardly spoke to anyone. He would get up early in the morning and go off to work, taking his dinner with him, and wouldn't show up again until night. Abby didn't care, she enjoyed it when Jonathan was gone.

One mid-morning about seven weeks after Abby had first come to the farm, she was in the kitchen helping Maw when a car pulled into the yard. It was a new car just like Abby's and there was a man in it. He was tall with dark, greasy-looking hair. He got out of the car and started for the door. Abby's face went pale as she saw him leave the car. She ran to the door and met him in the yard.

"Salerno," she breathed, hoarsely, "what do you want?"

"Hello, Abby," he said smoothly.

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TO GLORIA

On the Color of Her Hair

I gaze at you quite in despair,
My yellow-petaled flower,
For how to describe that golden hair
Is far beyond my power.

Like honey it is and just as sweet,
An appetizing blonde;
A shimm'ring glow as if of heat
Comes from those tresses fond.

I know my plight will end soon though,
My flutt'ring turtledove,
For the color of your hair is no
More constant than your love.

—Ed Berckman

Legend

by Bill Duke

Far away from the noises and the hustling that we call cities lies the scene of an ancient Indian tragedy. In the quiet lands of Northern Alabama there is a region of trees, graceful fields, and peaceful paths winding about the hills, which is called Samantha.

There, from within a sleeping forest, a river flows, murmuring quietly. As it leaves the graceful shadows of the sighing trees, it emerges into a level, grassy plain. The sunlight makes sparkling jewels of the ripple of the water as it flows over the rocks which are planted in its shallow bed. Farther on, on one side the field rises into a cliff, towering above the river, an eternal sentinel over the waters and the field below.

It was this field which was once the village of the Indian tribe, Samantha. There is an old superstition that if one sits upon that cliff in early summer, the murmur of the waters and the sighing of the trees will breathe into his heart the Legend of Samantha, a legend which has been entrusted to their safe-keeping.

One day in early summer I sat upon the cliff, watching the lacework spread over the water as the sunlight filtered through the trees and mingled with their shadows. A slight breeze rustled the trees and below the water murmured contentedly as it passed through the cooling shade of the cliff. I became aware of an almost inaudible sighing, which changed into a voice. Then I heard the trees and the river breathe into the air their legend, The Legend of Samantha. . . .

Years ago, there lived among these plains and forest a tribe which was called Samantha. The chieftain here had reared a maiden whom the tribe had called its daughter and gave to her its name, Samantha.

In the beauty of the simplicity which nature spread around her, Samantha was the rarest gem of all nature's treasures. When spring unlocked their eager throats, the birds sang of the beauty of the maiden. When she sat beside the river, the waters fashioned dreams for her while they sang their love song. The moon at night spread a silver carpet over the cliff, so Samantha could sit and watch the dying fires of the village. Far below the cliff, a small island, rimmed in moonlight, sent out moon-bejeweled ripples of contentment when Samantha looked upon it.

So, one night, Samantha sat and watched the weird shadows of the fires dance across the wigwams. The steady monotone of the tom-toms forced itself upon the quiet of the night. Around the fires, the braves circled and re-circled, their backs and chests glistening with sweat and the light of the fire.

Samantha saw Black Warrior among the braves. Tomorrow he would join them on the warpath. No more would they walk together among the trees.

Slowly Samantha began the descent down the slope. She crossed the fallen tree which served as a bridge across the river. When she had crossed the river, she moved to where Black Warrior awaited her and in his arms bid him farewell. He promised her that unless Death should bar him, he would return when three full moons had bloomed and faded.

The following night, as the moon rose above the village, Samantha stood atop the cliff. When the moon was directly above her, she knelt, removed the band from her hair, and prayed:

"O Moon, majestic and eternal ruler,
Goddess of the night and of all lovers,
Thou, whose face in veil of gleaming silver,
Looks upon the woodlands and thy people;
Guides them in their wars and in their wandering,
Black Warrior, my brave, now treads the warpath.
Let no arrows pierce his heart which cages mine
Lest love should flow out of the wound and perish.
I, to you, my hair unbind until three
Moons have blossomed and paled, that my
Beloved Black Warrior shall return unharmed
And greet me with his kisses.
Lovers' Goddess, this my vow I give you."

Still kneeling, face uplifted and bathed in moonlight, Samantha threw the band over the cliff. It landed upon the island where the moon could see the symbol of Samantha's vow whenever it spread its light upon the earth.

Three moons bloomed into silver perfection and faded. Black Warrior had not returned.

As the moon waned into its last faint crescent before returning to the realms of darkness, Samantha stood atop the cliff, gazing out into the distance, still awaiting Black Warrior's return. Far, far away she saw a brave creeping with difficulty across the plain. Was this her lover, for whom three full moons she had been waiting? Expectantly she stepped forward. The brave, seeing her, signaled. This was her loved one!

Stepping forward, so to see more clearly in the hazy moonlight, her foot caught on a rock. She stumbled

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Homecoming

by C. Russell Froede

SEVENTH STREET was busy as usual as George walked slowly home. Not even the din of the overhead trolley two blocks away, or the rumble of the motors, or the blowing horns of the big trailer trucks which slowly moved out Seventh Street, or the sound of shuffling feet seemed to make a dent in the thought coma which hung over him.

George's thoughts weren't of himself, but of his maw whom he hadn't seen for three months. Three months ago George walked out of his folks' tenement and he said then that he'd never return. Now he was on his way back to those three dirty old rooms. He didn't want to go, but things just hadn't worked out the way he'd wanted them to since he'd been away.

He was only a block from the house now and some of the people were beginning to speak to him. But he didn't acknowledge any of them. Even Margie, a girl George had gone with before he went away, spoke, but he just kept walking and thinking. Just another half block and George would be home.

He started up the steps at number 158. His folks had apartment 3-C in the back of the house. The view from the back window wasn't much to remember. Twenty yards across was the wall of another tenement. In summer it was always hot, sticky and smelly, and in winter it was always cold and lonesome. George remembered how, as a kid, he used to help his maw hang the laundry by pulling his laundry cord which was on pullies between the two tenements.

George walked slowly up the steps. They were dimly lighted and creaked under his weight. The plaster on the walls was cracked and it was all too familiar to him as far as he was concerned. He opened the door and walked into the tenement. His maw was in the kitchen and George could smell that it was potato soup that she was making. She came out and saw George.

"Georgie," she cried. "Oh, it's good to see you. Where have you been so long? You look so thin. Why haven't you been home sooner?"

"I've been busy, Maw. It's good to see you, too," answered George.

"What have you been doing, Georgie? Where have you been living? Come into the kitchen and I'll give you something to eat," urged his maw.

"Maw, where's Paw?" asked George.

"He should be home pretty soon now, Georgie. When he comes, please don't get into another argument with him," and with a sigh of relief Maw added, "It's good to have you home again. You're going to stay now, aren't you, Georgie?"

"I'll try not to argue with him, Maw," answered George.

"Your paw has a new job, Georgie. He's working at the railroad yard. He's been on now for three weeks," said Maw.

In the background George heard the sound of unsteady footsteps as they slowly climbed the stairs to the third floor. He opened the door and saw his paw staggering up the steps. George went and helped him up to the tenement. He set him down in a straight-backed chair, but his paw staggered to the softer sofa.

"How are ya, George?" asked his paw.

"I'm doing O.K.," George answered.

Maw then started talking to Paw.

"Paw, you know better'n to come home like that. I thought you was gonna straighten out with this new job."

"I ain't workin' in the yards no more," said Paw. "They laid me off this mornin'."

"Did ya get your money?" asked Maw.

"Yeah," said Paw.

"Give it to me," said Maw.

"I ain't got it no more," said Paw.

"What the hell'd you do with it?" yelled George at his paw.

"None of your damn business," his paw answered.

"How do you think you can keep Maw alive if you don't bring your money home?" asked George.

"That's enough, George." His maw was trying to keep away an argument between the two.

"You don't seem to be worried if we stay alive or not," yelled Paw at George. "You go away and don't care nothin' of us."

"Ah, shut up, Paw," said George.

"Please, both of you, don't argue," pleaded Maw.

"You think you can come home and tell me how to run things after being away so long. Whadda ya think you are—a god or somethin'?" said his paw.

"I said shut up, Paw," said George.

"Why don't you get the hell ou—" started Paw, but Maw broke in, "Please, Paw, keep quiet. Georgie, don't pay any attention to him."

Paw was on his feet now and Maw was in front of him and holding him. Paw grabbed Maw and threw her aside roughly. "You keep the hell out of this, Maw. It's about time I showed George that I was boss of this family."

Paw lunged at George and made a round-house swing at him which George easily ducked. George grabbed his paw by the front of his shirt and slapped him six or eight times

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The First Commandment

by William J. Schereck

As the forehead of Man grows broader, so do his creeds;
And he clothes them with thunders and beauty, he clothes them with music and fire;
Seeing not, as he bows by their altars, that he worships his own desire.[1]

Religious Emphasis Week.

What was Religious Emphasis Week? On *what* was the emphasis? It was not *Religion* Emphasis Week, but *Religious* Emphasis Week. Did we emphasize *Religion?* No, for that implies manner, means, form, ritual. If we did not emphasize Religion but *religion*, where was the focus of attention? Was it on God? Did we turn our minds and our thoughts away from all the things of the earth and emphasize *God?*

Think for a moment. Was any particular Religion propounded as *the* Religion? Were the aspects of God examined? To what did the references to God imply? Did we not in this week take God for granted? Did we for one moment say, "but what if there is no God, what then?" No! Each of us in the closed room of his heart *felt* his God. To each of us God was anthropomorphic, vital, alive; and there *was no need to emphasize God.*

Since we *did* have a Religious Emphasis Week and did not emphasize God or Religion, what did we emphasize?

What remains?

You and I!

You and I and our own individual separate *religions*. We emphasized and reexamined our own *individual* attitudes toward God and toward our Religion.

Fortunate are they who found their *religion*, their God, and their Religion fully compatible, fully harmonious, completely satisfying: unusual are they who have no questions to ask, no problems to solve, no adjustments to make. Truly they are either the favored of God or they have closed their minds and their eyes to the world in which they live; to the personal as well as the world events of today; to the questions and problems created by study, research, science, advancement, and cultural dispersion.

To those of us who left Religious Emphasis Week behind, not with self-satisfaction, but with the realization that there is a force existing in our society that renews our hopes, renews the faith in our hope that we as individuals are important in a cosmic, war-torn world, a problem yet remains.

God; a God concept, cosmic or anthropomorphic; *a* Religion or Religions; Man (you, I, those we love, those we hate), a creature in the image of God, a creature with a Soul, or an accident of nature, a bio-chemical progression, a creature with but a soul. The eternal enigma. The craving for the answer to the question must be satisfied. We *must know.*

And, although in our daily lives, as in Religious Emphasis Week, we strive to examine our personal motives, adjust and improve our conduct, the foundations of our hopes and desires are being continually attacked and disturbed.

Why *did* Christ die on the cross? Is *spiritual* salvation the only hope? Is there never to be peace on earth? Is the evil in the world the normal order of things? Is God responsible for us or are we responsible to God? Is the God of our Religions truly God? If so, why the differences in Religions even within the enfoldments of our own Christianity? Is my God your God? Is your God my God? Is my Religion the true pathway to an ultimate affinity with my God? Why then the yearnings, the questions, the problems? Why then do not all men believe as I believe?

Or is *my* Religion, the worshiping of the God of my Fathers, but part of the ascription of my environmental culture which I accept because it has been ascribed? And if in my studies in college I cry out as did one student in class, "What *can* I believe?"; if history shows that *my* Religion has not always been; if biology and chemistry show me to be an inevitable manifestation of animated chemical elements, acting and reacting, as psychology and sociology report, to respective stimuli and symbolic communication, does, then, religion have any *true* meaning? Is religion then but a creation of the more intelligent of our species, the better with which to control those of the species of lesser ability, power, or intelligent adaptation?

A certain popular author[2] tells of the forced labor in the lead mines of early England and of how the owner of the mine met the threat of rebellion of the slaves doomed to eternal damnation in the darkness of their pits. He invented a God of the mine and told the people that lead was an abomination to the God. And so, their slavery took on new meaning, they acquired a destiny, their existence gained a purpose, their lives

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[1]A. Eustace Haydon, *Biography of the Gods* (New York, 1941), fn Don Marquis, *Dreams and Dust* (New York, 1915), p. 105, p. 17.

[2]Edison Marshall, *The Infinite Woman.*

became useful. The revolt never developed, the output of the mine increased, and the pitiful creatures below who never saw the light of day, became noble creatures, high priests, each removing the abomination for a God who would be grateful in the time of the Great Beyond. A new God was created, a new fortune was made, a new happiness became!

But we are not so fortunate as those poor unfortunates in the story. Our lives are not so simple, for we are exposed to the light of day, a light in which we see and hear many things which raise questions in our minds, anguish in our hearts.

Is it possible in this complex world to create a religion that will satisfy the hearts of all men, that will break down the barriers between men, that will compel men to live in peace and harmony, not only as nations but as individuals? Can our sciences be reconciled to our churches? Our churches to our economic needs and aspirations? Our needs and aspirations to our hearts? Can we create a religion that will satisfy all men in the hectic rush of the day's occupation as well as in the still of the night? In the classroom as well as before the altar? One that will replace greed and hate with love and cooperation?

It is within our power and ability to do so.

Remember, in Religious Emphasis Week we acknowledged the existence of God and admitted the need for religion. We questioned only the attitudes of Man, of men and ourselves.

Of all the Religions of history, of all the Teachers of Man, just one admits of the supreme dignity of the individual without reservation; just one demands complete enforcement of the ideal universal brotherhood; just one abolishes a hierarchy of souls and denies entrepreneurism and ritual as a medium of salvation.

What then has happened to Christianity? Why have the age-old evils continued to exist?

Is there a man who in the confines of his own heart and mind can deny the spirit of this divine heritage which mankind fails to apply yet is afraid to let go?

How can we justifiably modify our beliefs? How can we truthfully avoid or refuse to examine our religious beliefs? If our *religion* be true it can stand any investigation, any comparison, and we need not ever cry out, "What can I believe?"

CLAIR DE LUNE

The moon was dressed in golden splendour,
Long trains of clouds behind her,
Veils of clouds, hiding and enhancing her beauty.
The moon traced its orbit through a midnight sky;
Stars blushed as she passed, acknowledging
Her superior beauty
And her train and veil of misty clouds.
The clouds, like wisps of memory,
Graced into non-existence.
The moon was left alone,
Her splendour resplendent
Against a background of black,
Veil and train had departed.
Pure sparkling gold
Against dead black.
Divining prophecy from Nature,
An ideal was prostituted.

—Bill Duke

If our *religion* be true, double moral standards become impossible, and each man, secure in his dignity as a true Son of God, will treat all his fellow men as if they, too, were true Sons of God, and his brothers.

We know of but one certainty. *Death.* What happens then? Can we afford to risk the possibility that there is no God and hence no purposeful hereafter? Do we ever *dare* to set our religion apart for a single waking moment? To view religion as being apart from our daily behavior is as false as trying to conceive of the need for food as separate from the growth, development and sustenance of our physical beings. We have affixed taboos to our religions. In our classrooms we too often view religion as an aspect of human behavior, a distinct, separate phase of our historical and cultural development. Yet how can these divorcements be valid when, however the means, whenever the time, whatever the place, individual man never ceases to seek his individual affinity with God? How can we view religion separately, when, from the time we begin to think, we struggle to find out who we are, what we are, where we came from, where we are going, the very nature of our existence—our affinity to God!

To me the development of religion as a separate, distinct entity of of thought, the ideals, principles and dogmas of which are applicable to our daily lives only under special and conditional circumstances, is the answer to our continued failure to erase forever the evils of mankind and of the world. Our Religions, each with its practical origin, having served their initial purposes, have lost in intrinsic worth as each has lost its adaptability and flexibility. We allow our religions to be forced into narrow, restricted channels; we deny the truth of multiple origins of culture and development; we crucify our gods on the crosses of narrowness and prejudice, and in so doing we are lost.

Jesus Christ spoke of God the Father. He used parables of nature and human conduct to point the way to understanding and thence to the Kingdom of God. To me the meaning is clear, yet if I find myself set apart from many of my fellow men, I shall still recognize but one doctrine, admit of but one way to find God. Only from within my heart, free from words, free from symbols, free from ritual and device, can I

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So This Is Hell, a parable

by Ed Berckman

This is a story of a transformation, my personal transformation. The story may seem rather strange and perhaps hard to believe, but it tells why I have changed from what I was to what I am now. And that is a great change.

I used to be what you might call a playboy. Our family had money, plenty of money, and I was free to spend just about as much as I wished. I had finished college, which had been four years of good times for me. I was supposedly working with my father now, but mostly I was still just having a good time, throwing away lots of money on girls, clothes, cars, partying.

My family was—well, in society; you know, the upper crust. I was in clubs, societies, went to a lot of dances, receptions, parties. In fact, is was after a party one night that my story begins. It had been a gay party and for some reason—I couldn't remember much about what had happened—I was walking home; in the rain; through an alley. And then —I'll never forget what happened.

It must have been three o'clock in the morning; I couldn't even see the hands on my watch in the darkness of the alley. As I stumbled forward through the rain, my thoughts bounced back over the party. That was a party, all right! Crack! Boom! Yes, and that was lightning, all right, too. It must be close.

The lightning had blinded me temporarily, and I wondered if I was going in the right direction. I turned and began walking perpendicular to my previous course, expecting to feel in front of me the wall of the alley. I walked twenty or more steps without hitting anything. I concluded that I must have turned away from the wall rather than towards it. I turned again and walked all of twenty-five steps. Still nothing. Where was I? I wished that it would lightning again so that I could see where I was.

There was a terrific flash. Then everything went black. When I opened my eyes again, I was lying on a rock. There were bright lights on all sides and they seemed to be coming from flames. Yes, there were, in fact, fires—burning all around me. But I could see no buildings and the rain seemed to have stopped. All around me was desolation, bleak mountains and deep craters, no sign of life anywhere. My mouth fell open at the sight, and I said to myself aloud, "Where in hell am I?"

"East Hell," said a deep voice behind me, "near Damnation Gulch."

I turned to find a tall figure emerging from behind a rock. It had horns on its head and seemed to give off a reddish glow. It spoke again.

"Who are you and where did you come from?"

"I'm Llewellyn P. Flutter, a descendant of the original Flutters who came over on the *Mayflower*. And, uh, who are you?"

"My name is Mike. I am a descendant from Heaven. We came over in fire and brimstone."

"Oh, I see. Well, so glad to meet you."

"The pleasure is all mine," said Mike, and a devilish look came into his dark, dark eyes. I shuddered.

"Mr. Mike, you said this is East Hell. Is this really Hell?"

"Hell? yes," he replied. "Oh, of course, this is just the border. The real part of Hell is on the other side of Damnation Gulch. All these flames and things are just traditional. They're just put here so newcomers will know where they are. And you know how people are about tradition."

"Certainly. Well, uh, what am I doing here? Where do I go and what do I do?"

Mike laughed, not a very comforting laugh. "My friend, just follow me."

He led the way through the craters and rocks along what seemed to be a path. I followed closely behind, surveying the landscape with interest.

All at once I noticed an unusual crater ahead. In it there were numerous small compartments, all separated from one another. Through the transparent ceilings I could see figures, human figures. And there was only one in each compartment.

I touched my guide on the shoulder. "What is that?" I asked, pointing to the crater, "and what are those people doing there?"

"We're getting into Hell proper, now. Those people in the compartments are all women."

I looked more closely and saw that he was right. And the women were pacing up and down, tearing their hair, beating on the walls. I could see they were suffering terribly.

"But, Mr. Mike, what's the matter with them?"

"Well, you see, they are all typical women. Into each of those soundproof compartments is broadcast periodically different bits of scandalous information to each woman about her friends and acquaintances. Being shut up in the room by herself, she naturally has no one to pass on this gossip to. As you can see, it's the worst possible Hell for them. The Master certainly is clever. This was his idea, of course."

I shuddered again. So this is Hell, I thought.

We walked on. After a while I saw in the distance the outline of a small village. As we drew nearer to it, I noticed a group of elaborate

buildings on one side of the town.

"What's that?" I asked my guide.

"Oh, that's the campus of Kennel College, a school for aristocratic-minded girls—only the evil ones, of course. They specialize in tea-pouring, have some of the best tea-pouring authorities in either world. Courses are also offered in pedigree-tracing, canasta, nose posture, and a special field called 'How to Influence Men and Discover the Extent of Their Wealth on the First Date.' "

"But what's the Hell of it?"

"Well, you see, this village is strictly a coal-mining community. There is no society except that of the school. There are no clubs for the girls to join, no audiences at their tea-pouring exhibitions. The coal miners are not impressed at all by what they do. But since they really came to school for the purpose of acquiring husbands, they date the miners anyway. And when they do, it's even more Hell for the miners."

"Oh," I said. As I thought about what I was seeing, I became more and more concerned about what was to happen to me. "How soon will we get to where I'm going."

"That's the place up ahead," replied Mike, "the big mansion."

Well, I thought to myself, that doesn't look so bad. It was a large two-story house, of the Colonial type. I could see bright lights inside, and as we approached it I heard sounds of laughing and talking inside.

We came to the door and Mike pulled a cord which was hanging at the side. I heard a little tinkle inside. "What's that?" I asked him.

"Hell's bells, man," he said.

The door opened, Mike pushed me in, and the door was slammed behind me. An expansive, bosomy woman in a nauseatingly low evening dress hooked me by the arm. Her mouth opened.

"Come right in, we're so delighted to have you, simply delighted . . . your name is Mr. Flutter, isn't it, Llewellyn Flutter . . . I'll just call you Lulu for short—isn't that darling!—Lulu," and she burst out in a tremendous soprano giggle. "I just a-dore that name, Lulu, you great big handsome little old MAN, you. Well, come on now, don't be bashful. You must meet all these people . . . here, Dr. Phoggie," and she turned to a tall, distinguished-looking man with pince nez glasses and a vacant stare, "will you introduce my sweet little Lulu to all the people. I really must run now, Lulu, angel, bye now."

Her mouth closed.

"Certainly," said Dr. Phoggie in a very cultured tone of voice. "What is the name?"

"Flutter, Llewellyn P. Flutter," I told him.

"I see. I'm Phoggie myself, Ph. D. in Cocktail Recipes from Yarvard."

He led me by the arm to a group of people standing in line. He cleared his throat and said to the first one, "Mr Lafemme, this is Mr. Gutter. Mr. Gutter, Mr. Lafemme."

"Flutter," I said to Dr. Phoggie, while shaking the hand extended.

"I'm so delighted to know you." said a faint, timid voice on the other end of the limp, dangling hand.

"To be sure," said Dr. Phoggie. We moved on.

"Miss Oddlibilt, Mr. Putter. Mr. Putter, Miss Oddlibilt."

The tall, angular woman fingered her diamond necklace with one hand, glared at me, and grunted acknowledgment as her cold, bony hand slithered off mine.

"Flutter," I repeated to Dr. Phoggie.

"Yes, of course," said he. We moved to the next person.

"Mr. Bland, Mr. Flitter. Mr. Flitter, Mr. Bland."

The impeccably dressed man's impassive face shifted to a "friendly" smile. "It's awfully nice to know you," he breathed through his glistening teeth. We moved on and Mr. Bland's face resumed its original cold expression.

"Flutter, not Flitter," I said to Dr. Phoggie.

"Mrs. Bland, Mr. Flatter. Mr. Flatter, Mrs. Bland."

"It's awfully nice to know you," she oozed, as her face assumed the same artificial smile of her husband.

"Flutter," I said to Dr. Phoggie. We moved on.

This continued until I had shaken at least thirty limp hands and murmured the same number of "So glad to meet you"s.

A servant then gave me a cup of tea and a small plate with two parsley sandwiches, cut in exquisite designs, one inch by two. Dr. Phoggie ushered me to a chair, next to where a middle-aged lady sat.

"Mrs. Shallow, this is Mr. Flutter. Mr. Flutter, Mrs. Shallow."

Her face strained into a smile. "It's awfully nice to know you."

"So glad to meet you," I said to her, and to Dr. Phoggie, "Thanks for getting the name right."

"To be sure," he replied. "I must hasten now, Mr. Nutter," and he walked away.

"I'm so glad you could come tonight, Mr. Flutter," said Mrs. Shallow.

"Yes, I'm glad to be here," I replied.

"I hope you're enjoying yourself," she said.

"Yes, I find everything quite—uh—delightful."

"Yes, isn't it?" she said. There was a brief pause.

"Isn't everyone so nice and jolly tonight, though?" she continued.

"Yes, they certainly are," I said. There was another short pause. I

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Dead Drunk

by Don Smythe

"Good night, Helen, darling. It was a delightful party, even if we did drink too much. I do hope that you won't regret acting the fool. Let's hope that Bob won't find out.

"I had a simply marvelous time and you were grand to put up with me. You know how Bob is, I hardly ever get to have any fun at a party like that when he's around, but—I love him just the same. Will you phone me about ten in the morning so I can get up in time to meet Bob. I know I will be dead."

Helen stepped out of the car and ambled up to the door of the empty house. Her husband had not been at the party because he was arranging a cabin for the week-end. Helen was a striking woman, even when she was drunk. She was envied by the women and worshiped by their husbands. As always, she had enlivened the party with her sparkling wit, sophisticated air and good looks. Tonight she had particularly enjoyed herself, since her husband was not there. Ostensibly, they did not get along, but they were really quite in love. Helen wrung some sort of pleasure out of flirting with other men. Bob was always left infuriated.

When Helen reached her bedroom, she lay down and tried to think. Thoughts danced through her head like gay ballerinas, never pausing long enough to penetrate the veil of intoxication. The phone rang, interrupting her peaceful state of bliss. She rose with a start and lifted the receiver to her diamond-adorned ear. She mumbled, "Who in God's name could be calling at this time of the morning? Hello?"

"Is this Mrs. Robert Reese?"

"Yes, and who the devil is this?"

"Mrs. Reese, I have some bad news for you. . . ."

"Listen, sonny boy, the only bad news you could have for me would be that my husband was coming home tonight."

"Mrs. Reese, your husband isn't coming home—ever!'

"Who is this? Are you joking? I don't understand."

"Your husband has been killed in an automobile accident."

"What? No! No-o-o-o."

Helen threw the phone on the hook and ran screaming into the yard. She was lost, dazed.

"Where should I go? Next door, they'll help me."

She staggered across the yard and climbed the steps to the door. Frantically she rang the bell and hammered the door with her tiny fists. The

house echoed with the reverberations of her sobs and pleadings, but no one heard. Outside the door, Helen lay a heap of sobs and whimpers. The night was clear and Helen looked at the sky but the stars only laughed and the moon frowned. The very windows of the deserted house mocked her.

In a moment of hysteria, she ran back to the house and began calling her drinking companions.

"Hello, is that you, Mary? Bob has been killed in a wreck and I want you to come over here. Please, Mary, I'm all alone and I am afraid. Please! Please! I'm scared."

"Helen, you're just drunk, go back to bed and everything will be all right in the morning. This is no time for your little jokes."

"Mary, I'm serious—Bob is dead, and I want you to come over here."

"Now you listen to me. Go back to bed and I'll come over in the morning and help you sober up. If you don't, this drinking is going to be the death of you and me too."

Sobbing, Helen gently placed the phone on the hook and lowered her aching head into hands made bloody from beating on the door of the empty house next door. She emitted long, slow sobs, punctuated with little hiccups. The sedative affect of the liquor was slowly beginning to wear off and she became conscious of a thudding pain that grew with ever-increasing rapidity and volume. Gradually she became conscious of a sharpening sense of fear and the awful feeling that now she was alone. Alone forever! In a desperate struggle, Helen leaped from her chair and dashed for the door. She tugged and pulled at it, leaving long smears of gooey blood on its beautifully polished handle and white facing. The drops of red blood slipped from the handle like the little drops of rich red wine that seep from the wine kegs of gourmets.

Seized by a mad panic, Helen rushed out into the yard; her face was hideously smeared with long bloody stains. She screamed a scream of fear and panic, but no one heard her. Suddenly she saw a light in the house across the street and became possessed, with no intention, to reach the house. She was so completely exhausted from the mental agony and physical pain that she hardly had strength enough to reach the street, where she fell in a pitiful lump. The light still shone in the house and she began crawling across the street toward it, when a car turned the corner and bore down on her like a bull dozer after a dog. The sound of screeching brakes was broken by agonized screams and the sound of crunching bones and tearing flesh.

SPEAKER AT THE CLUB

(With due respect to the Legendary Casey)

The outlook wasn't brilliant for the club that met that night,
The speech had gone two hours, and the end was not in sight,
And so when Stephens fell asleep and Williams did the same,
The silent whisper went unheard—"The speaker is to blame."

A straggling few gave up all hope in deep despair. The rest
Clung to the hope which springs eternal in the human breast;
They thought, "If he be merciful and mindful of his friends—
An earthquake would be welcome now—the speech must surely end."

But joke preceded proverb and philosophies of Flam,
And the former was as corny as the latter was a sham.
So upon that stricken multitude, grim melancholy sat—
The speech must surely have an end, there must be hope of that.

And then the gladdened multitude was wont to raise a yell
Which would wake up all the country, like a loud alarum bell.
For now their prayers were answered and hope surely was not dead—
"And in conclusion I should like to add . . .," the speaker said.

There was a pause in all the yawning which had almost filled the place.
There was hope in Johnson's bearing and a smile on Kelley's face.
And when responding to the change he called them all "my friends,"
There was not a soul that doubted that this surely was the end.

Two hundred eyes were on him, as he cleared his throat with force,
One hundred hearts were hopeful, for he might be growing hoarse.
But while the glass of water then was raised in Speaker's grip,
Defiance gleamed in Speaker's eye, and sneer curled Speaker's lip.

And now the twice repeated words again flew through the air,
And Speaker stood enjoying it in haughty grandeur there.
But by the sleeping clubsmen the words unheeded sped,
And more than one had known the thought, "Why doesn't he drop dead?"

From the benches filled with people there went up an awful groan,
And a look of awful boredom on all faces then was shown.
"Kill him! Kill the speaker!" shouted someone in the crowd.
And it's likely they'd have done it, if such things had been allowed.

The sneer is gone from Speaker's lip, his tongue is strong and able,
He pounds with cruel violence his fist upon the table.
And now the speaker holds his point and now he lets it go,
And now the air is shattered as the curses louder grow.

Oh! Somewhere in this favored realm, the people on this night
Are snuggled safe within their beds, and somewhere hearts are light.
And somewhere men are laughing and somewhere voices blend,
For the clubsmen all are happy, for the speech DID have an end.

—Bill Duke

The Fight

by C. Russell Froede

Charlie Baker was a short, heavy-set, middle-aged fellow who was one of the best in the business. What was his business? Charlie was a fight manager. When he was younger, he was one of the best featherweight fighters of his time, but he never could win that championship fight. Eventually old age, which comes young in the fight racket, overtook him and he retired to train fighters.

He was just mildly successful until about four years ago. He then got the contract of an up-and-coming middleweight named Eddie Thatcher. The sports writers and commentators liked to refer to Eddie as "Thrashing Thatcher." He got that name because he swung his fists from all directions when he was in the ring. He was more of a puncher than a boxer.

Those four years had been long, hard years for Eddie. He had been training hard for that eventual fight for the crown. His first fights under Charlie were with second-rate fighters. Charlie wanted Eddie to have the experience of knocking a man out. And Eddie had plenty in him to do it. In his first fifteen professional fights he won ten by K.O.

Charlie kept lining up fighters for Eddie and each one was a little better than the last. Eddie learned a lot through the years and he was now ready for the big fight. Out of thirty professional fights Eddie had lost only one and had won eighteen of them by K.O.

In fact, Eddie was going to fight tonight for that championship crown. He had been carefully training for it for two months. Both Charlie and Eddie had hit the big time.

In the dressing room before the fight Eddie was having his fists wrapped by one of the seconds, while Charlie was slowly pacing the floor. A knock came at the door and Charlie answered it. It was just some writers who wanted a statement from the challenger. Eddie told them he'd do his best.

With that statement Eddie started thinking back. After all the training and experience he had, was his best going to be good enough? Eddie thought of the fights he had had when he first started, right here in Madison Square Garden. He used to be just a preliminary fighter then. After a few knockouts he began fighting on the circuit so that his fame would travel wide. He moved to the Chicago Coliseum and to Detroit's Olympia Stadium. All the time he was gaining more prestige. He really hit his stride on the West Coast, where he won some impressive decisions over the Coast's best middleweights.

Charlie brought him back east then to New York. He lined up a few good fights, and Eddie came through with flying colors. With these thoughts Eddie convinced himself that he was good enough to beat the champ.

Charlie had other thoughts. He was thinking of the times he had gotten ready for championship fights years ago. Those thoughts left his mind rapidly though and he began thinking that he had worked a long time training fighters. As far as he was concerned, it was about time that he found a champion. Charlie knew that Eddie was the best fighter he had ever had and he took more time, therefore, in training him. He knew it was either now or never for him.

More reporters came to the door, and Charlie told them the same statement he'd told the others. The second was now working on Eddie's left hand. Eddie was holding his right up in front of him and punching at an imaginary target.

Charlie looked at him and thought to himself that it was going to be a tough fight for Eddie. He had a feeling of relief that it wasn't he who was walking into that ring tonight. Yet he was not all relieved, because all of his hopes of the future hinged on Eddie tonight.

There was a knock on the door and someone hollered in that Eddie had ten minutes. Eddie slipped off the table on which he had been sit-

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BEYOND

No golden streets, no sentiments
Can turn an angel's eye,
For they belong, till man repents,
To lands below the sky.

No thought invades an angel's mind;
No passion sweeps his soul,
For mind of man can hardly find
Existence as its goal.

There is no hope that man has known,
No dream he's given birth
Can last until his soul has grown
Up heavenward from earth.

Our God forbids that we should know
What's on the other side.
Not even earthly prayers can go
Beyond the great divide.

It's ours to hope and ours to care,
And ours to think on high,
Till earth has ceased its woes to bear
And we are fit to die.

—Harold P. Hamrick

Saturday Night

By Patricia Martin

Marquette *Journal*

When they were in the car, he pinched her shoulder. She wriggled. She liked that, he knew. Well, women were like that. Feed them, and they're okay. She had been quiet lately. Maybe a little more attention would go a long way.

She wanted him to come to her. Good to worry a guy a little. Made you a little more wanted. Love Him? Sure she did. He made her feel good.

He shifted into first. "Where to?"

"Oh, anywhere," The apparent indifference should make him realize the broad boredom with which she had come to view life. Ever since their engagement she had been feeling that way, settled and secure. He was hers. She didn't have to impress him now.

He was thinking how pretty she looked. Her brownish hair curled smoothly above the rhinestone earrings. A guy liked his gal to make a good appearance, didn't he?

Oh, sure, he liked her for herself. She was moody at times, but women were like that. You had to understand that you couldn't understand them. They were always dreaming up pink-cloud things and imagining themselves in a *Ladies' Home Journal* story. Well, their life *was* pretty drab, with housekeeping and changing babies' diapers.

"Show?" he asked.

"All right." She knew it was childish not to say more. She could ask him if he had bought the tackle he had been shopping for that afternoon. She sat there thinking of the things she could say about his job, and their friends, and what movie they should go to. She did want to see the picture at the Apollo.

It was a good night, he thought. Good to go out on a Saturday. Knocked off the week-day tension.

"Apollo's got a good show. Want to go there?" he asked.

"If you want."

God, what did you have to do to get a six-word answer?

They rode along in armed silence. Well, if she didn't want to talk, okay.

She was looking in the downtown windows. There was a dress in Marcey's, royal blue with a silver belt. She made a mental note to go down and look at it Monday. Might as well enjoy a few nice clothes now. She'd have to skimp soon enough.

He began to whistle. He felt pretty good.

The light changed suddenly, and the car stopped with a jerk. She fell forward, almost hitting her forehead on the windshield.

"Gee, sorry, honey," he said.

She smiled faintly. She wouldn't criticize him.

"Hey, there's that barbecue place I was telling you about," he enthused. "Want to go there after the show?"

"All right."

He drove into a garage. A long two-tone whistle came from him at the dollar-and-a-quarter parking sign. Well, Saturday was big time. It was good for you to splurge a little once in a while.

He went around to open the door, but she was climbing out. What the ——! Did she have to make him look like a ninny?

He squashed the anger. She was only trying to help. Watch it, boy.

He took her arm to help her across the street. There was something haughty in her look. But he supposed that was part of what he liked about her. She had a regal way. Sometimes he called her "Duchess."

She liked being helped across the street, but feigned an apathetic stare. Her shoes pinched a little. They were half a size too small.

He bought the show tickets. She went to the ladies' room. He bought two boxes of popcorn while he waited for her. That might help her get over it.

As she straightened her stocking seams, she was thinking that he was becoming a little worried. Well, good. It wasn't good for a guy to take a girl for granted. Let him squirm a little once in a while.

She dabbed some powder on her nose and ran the lipstick brush over the corners of her mouth where the lipstick had worn off. She ran the comb through her hair to fluff it out a little. All ready.

She walked out regally (though the shoes were pinching more). He watched her sylph-like movements. Yes, he loved her.

"Have some," he said, handing her a box of popcorn. She took it passively. When they had first started going out, she had acted very pleased over little things like that. But that was young.

"Like the show, honey?" he asked her afterwards.

"Um—" She *had* liked it. Well, it might be good to tease him with a little conversation. It might make him appreciate her usual talkativeness. She said something about the acting and the costumes and the plot. No amazing observations. She could probably think of something a lot better to say.

He brightened up at the comments. Maybe the mood was over.

They stopped at the barbecue place and ordered spare-ribs and frenchfries and beer.

Her conversation was *objective trivia.* Talk about the barbecue and the songs from the juke box. Not the you-and-me talk their conversations usually were. Be detached, she thought. He'll come to you.

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Beneath the Gleam

By Art Falconer, Jr. Fordham *Monthly*

It was tea time; or cocktail time, whichever you prefer. I had landed in the Hotel Victoria, half a block from Trafalgar Square.

"Oh! Pardon me."

"That's quite all right."

"That stool taken?"

"I don't believe so."

"Thanks."

I claimed the stool and sat down. The bar was crowded with the afternoon train holdovers. Like the Crossroads in New York, or a cocktail lounge in the United Nations—it had a cosmopolitan air.

In South America it had been rum, in the oil fields, beer—they went with the atmosphere. Here the heavy, cool mahogany finish made Scotch the drink that suited the surroundings.

"Wot'l it be, sir?"

"Scotch and water, please."

The bartender was too restrained. The thing I liked about the English was their pubs, but here in the big hotels they had copied the Americans. I missed the friendly manner of the pubs. I was a sailor—and maybe I was getting old.

I looked at the Indian on my left; at the fellow next to him, who was probably an American like myself; at the clusters of people gathering in the broad aisle along the bar.

Across the aisle, along the opposite wall, were four old-fashioned mahogany tables. They were big enough for you and your drink, and they were well spaced—a definite note of thoughtfulness on the part of the management.

Down the bar an old man weaved in and out among the people. His clothes were tight through the shoulders and clung without line—they reminded me of a sailor's shore clothes. As he drew closer, I noticed the streaks of grey that ran through the hair which straggled out along the fringe of his cap. People would pause in their conversation, listen a moment. Then they'd shake their heads, and move on. As the bartender set down my drink, the old man was there beside me.

"Tell you what, Captain—I'll tell you a story. If it's good enough, you can buy me a drink."

His voice was calm, almost out of place. Only a quivering lower lip showed any emotion. And his eyes — heavy facial creases framed the strangest eyes I'd ever seen.

The bartender shook a long, loose finger in the old fellow's face.

"All right, Laddie," he said—a bit too harshly, I thought. "On your way now, or I'll be having the bobbie take you to the lockup."

The old man shuffled his feet, lowered his eyes. A look of fear passed over his features and obvious disappointment shortened his stature. I turned to the long, loose finger.

"Give the man a drink. And have it sent to that end table over there.

"Thank you," the old fellow said, and those strange eyes of his glistened. "Thank you a great deal."

I turned back on my stool, and wondered what could make eyes look like that.

"I said I'd tell you a story. You bought me a drink, Captain — now you'll listen, won't you? It's part of the bargain, kinda."

His face flushed a bit. Apparently it mattered to the old fellow, and there was a good deal of time before my train was due to leave. I crossed over to the table and sat down. I motioned to the chair opposite. He sat for a second, staring.

"You're going to sea." It wasn't a question. His hand fondled the drink. Again he was staring. Maybe he was remembering the sea. There's nothing quite as big or clear in your memory as a sunny morning at sea —a sea framed in miles of water and topped with a fresh blue sky and huge white clouds. His hand cupped the drink and fast—too fast— it shot up and then down. For a moment he shook. Then he was remembering again.

"Did you ever hear of the Gramington diamonds, Captain? Cut by the masters, they were; and worth a pretty penny. About $150,000 in your money.

"Just about ten years ago, there was a ship called the Shepfield. Maybe you've heard of her. She was the queen of the South Atlantic — clean-lined and fast. Built for the tourist trade. Sailing out of Liverpool, down to the Cape and then across to South America. A beauty, she was, Captain, and only the best could afford to travel in her."

The old fellow's stubby, square hands moved nervously. He hesitated a moment—finding himself—his face became serious.

"There were two stewards on board," he continued, "two in particular, I mean. One was Taton Graham and the other was Jim Wilson. They were a strange pair and, Captain, maybe they shouldn't have been a pair.

"Taton was the well built one—very proper and practical, too. He was born in Wales and he had the softness of words that is known of the Welsh. His eyes, why, his eyes were a smile. And those he liked, he liked quietly, deeply. There was one thing everyone noticed about Taton, Captain. To him, right was right and there was no in-between.

"The other was a dreamer—a talker with enough of the gift to win everyone. He came from a place called Shepherd's Bush—it's a sub-

urb of London. Funny fellow for a steward. He liked the green of an English spring and the picket fences of the suburbs in their immaculate white. Can you fathom a seaman with tastes like that?

"Jim was the best friend Taton ever had, but he never knew what went on inside Taton. For six years they'd been together. Every trip, and every shore leave. Captain, when two men live together for six years, they learn how friends can slowly fit one mold with one idea.

"They wanted a piece of land—a home and a little sloop. And maybe they wanted an immaculate white fence. You see, both were orphans, Captain, and they had found a strange bond in each other.

"Well, sir, these two lads signed on the Shepfield's maiden voyage. She was crowded. Influential people and well-to-do tourists—like I said, only the best could afford to board her. Parties in every stateroom and a band on the pier. Why, when she sailed the Gableton tugs followed her far out to sea—blasting salutes. . . . It was a great send-off.

"Do you know that run, Captain? In the summer it's a beautiful trip. The shade of the water lightening from green to blue. And the heat of the afternoon sun—it covers you, makes you aware of the coolness of sea breeze. It's weather to know, Captain. Sometimes it was nasty—but it could never let you down. You understand."

The old man spoke faster. The words fell with a sureness and his face flushed with the excitement of a deep-rooted memory.

"This particular trip, the weather on the way down was fine. The Captain was trying for a record and let the lady have her head. She held twenty knots all the way down to the Cape—the old time was shaved by nine hours. There was a company celebration in the harbor. The crew's quarters were filled with a happy air. Like I said, the travelers were the kind that didn't miss a five-pound note—and them that was real nice, why, they left tenners.

"In two days the ship was ready to leave. There were only four passengers entered at the Cape. One of them was Lady Gramington. You probably remember her as the walking diamond mine. Never seen in public without a fortune in diamonds. A tall, thin woman with hands that reminded you of talons. Sharp and mean."

The way the old man said Lady Gramington, was the way a Captain would say fog in the harbor. His square chin tucked down close to his chest and his eyes twitched and grew brighter.

"This Lady Gramington—she was assigned to a stateroom on Taton's list. He made a good steward. The kind that did less than most stewards, but when people left they always felt obliged to give a little extra—he always did things just right. To him there was only one way to do a thing.

"Well, this Lady Gramington had him running night and day, and from the beginning, he could see the only tip he'd get was the honor of waiting on a lady.

"The ship wasn't out of the harbor two hours when the Captain came down to pay his respects. Taton was fixing the beds and he heard the whole conversation.

" 'It's a pleasure to have you on board, Lady Gramington,' he said. I'd like you to place your diamonds in the hands of the purser for safe keeping while on board.' He smiled like a captain should when he has to use kid gloves. But the lady turned sharply and her hands touched the necklace she wore.

" 'Captain, my reputation is one of diamonds. They are as much a part of me as my culture. I will keep them. Good day, Captain.'

"The Captain stopped smiling. 'I'm afraid I can't accept the responsibility for their safety.' The old boy wasn't the kind to be told off like that. He just turned on his heel and left.

"Later the purser had a word with the lady. He met with much the same success—and a much colder attitude. Not more than an hour after that Taton was called to the Captain's quarters. There wasn't a great deal said but it was right to the point. 'You're not,' the captain says to him, 'to forget we have some responsibility for the safety of those diamonds. Be careful about locking the door. . . .'

(*Continued on page* 24)

HIGH SCHOOL

(As seen through the eyes of a High-School Student)

Soon
A bell will ring.
People will run, and walk, and stagger
Forward.
This is school.
School
Is where people get educated,
I am told.
Have you been to school?
Are you educated?
In school
There are some people who know more than others.
These
Are called teachers.
They educate people called
Students.
At least,
They try to.
Sometimes the ones that know more than others
Are students.
Then teachers
Get an inferiority complex.
Too bad.

A bell rings again.
People run, walk, stagger to get
Educated.

—Ed Berckman

A Love of the Land

(*From page* 3)

ories and in dreams. The few acres around the spring was all they had left, but it and the memories were all theirs.

Carol had never weakened in spirit. She was still stronger than he in that respect. Her body was frail, but her innocent laughter cheered his soul into an inward strength that almost equaled hers. Their spirits had so fused in the last few weeks that it was no longer necessary for them to talk. A sort of spiritual ether conveyed their thoughts so that, at times, they would both laugh out at the same time, even when neither had spoken.

The heat sobered his thinking. He slowly came back to his place on the bench. The clouds had covered the moon until only its halo was shining through. When the clouds parted for a second, he looked down at Carol half in admiration, half in devotion. She was still. Her hair blew ever so lightly in a sudden breeze. It came for a moment from nowhere and disappeared just as quickly, leaving Al with a spasmodic sweat. She was cold. The night was hot.

He was overcome with a desire to cry out. He covered his face. Then suddenly he felt good inside. He felt warm in his soul. It was like the day the hotel burned. He looked up into the sky as a tear rolled off his cheek. The rift in the clouds had widened, and he saw the moon and the stars. He was part of them. He rose up and threw his head back. No more could life rob him. A soul is immortal.

Though sorrows and heartbreaks
may temper his song,
He walks with the heavenly band.
For all of the glories of heaven
belong
To him with a love of the land.

EARTHLY TRINITY

When you meet a man
With a frightened face,
Give him a good hand
And luck in the race;
He wears a bow tie,
Writes a sharp letter;
Daughter the apple of his eye,
With votes a go-getter.
But,
Be nice to him;
He's a friend of mine.

When you meet a wheel of wheels,
A comrade, a citizen, a little tin god,
He lies, murders, cheats, and steals;
Give him at least a cool nod.
You'll know him by big mustache
and brows,
Eyes twinkling benignly,
Hands that once held plows,
And lips smiling kindly.
He's a preacher gone astray—
Looked for God and found a little
tin one.
He's having his say
And not near done.
But,
Be nice to him—
It's the better way.

When you meet a fellow that's
little,
Bald, mousy, scared like a little lad,
Stiff—so stiff that he's brittle,
Smile at him, 'e's not 'arf bad.
He's paddling a leaky battleship
with one small oar;
That's quite a job you can see.
But from the shore
The Admiral himself chuckles with
glee
When he splashes himself,
Beats the air,
And gets nowhere.
Please be nice to him;
We may need that ship.

—WALTON N. BASS

INTRUDER

(*From page* 5)

"It's time to go back, you've worn out your welcome, and besides the business is going bad without you. Several of the customers have been wondering where you were."

"I ain't ready to go back," Abby said, trembling.

"Abby," he said, measuring his words, "I want you to come back."

"You leave," she said. "You leave now and I'll come back at the end of the week."

Salerno thought a moment. His brows contracted and then he looked at Abby very steadily. She appeared to shrink before his gaze.

"Aw-right," he said, "I'll give you until the end of the week. But if you ain't there by Saturday . . ."

"I'll be there . . . I'll be there," she said hurriedly.

Salerno turned and walked back to his car. As he started the motor, he leaned his head out the window and said to Abby, who had walked over to the car with him:

"Remember, Abby, by Saturday." With that he let the clutch out with a roar and tore out of the yard. Abby watched him go until he was out of sight. She had started for the house when she saw Jonathan. He was standing about ten feet behind the spot where the car had been. Abby stopped.

"Well?"

Jonathan didn't say a word. He stood there and looked at her with a very dull expression on his face.

"Well," Abby screamed, "how long have you been standing there? Answer me . . . did you hear what that man said to me?"

"I ain't been standing here so long," Jonathan said, backing off.

"What the devil do you mean by spying on me?" shouted Abby, rushing forward. "You fat, sloppy ape, I'll slap that head off those shoulders."

Jonathan warded off her first blow

but he didn't do so well with the second. It caught him full in the face and left an angry red mark on his jaw. The dull red flush crept again into Jonathan's face. He moved out of the way of the wildly-swinging girl. She stopped a moment to gasp for breath.

"Yuh hurt me, Abby," he said strangely. "I don't like thet."

"I don't give a damn what you don't like," she yelled, and moving quickly she slapped him again. Jonathan turned and moved quickly off toward the barn. Abby stood there breathing harshly and watched him go. Then she turned and went into the house with slow step.

Jonathan didn't come into the house again until that night after Abby had eaten her supper. He walked in the door just as Abby was coming out of her room preparatory to going out for the evening. He stood just a few feet inside the door watching her. She didn't look at him until she started to go out the door. Jonathan hadn't moved from her path until she got right up to him. Then staring at her, he slowly started to step aside. She shoved him hard and he stumbled, falling down. She walked swiftly out the door and slammed it.

The next day Abby didn't see Jonathan. He went to work before she got up and waited until she was gone that night before he came in. Her final day, Abby spent in packing her clothes and doing little else. She sat around most of the day smoking cigarettes and thumbing through old magazines she had brought with her. That night she announced that she was going after a pack of cigarettes and perhaps a magazine, and would be back shortly. She was gone most of the evening. When she finally did come home, it was almost one o'clock in the morning. She pulled the car into the yard and got out. She started for the house when she noticed a figure standing in the dimly lit yard a few feet from where she had stopped the car.

"What are you doing out here so late, farmer boy?" she asked.

The figure moved up to her and a massive arm went out, stifling any sound. The pig eyes glittered.

"I guess that about brings you up to date. You been watching what was going on ever since you got here, so you can see the end of the play. The fat feller's about done now. Yeah, he's finished. See, he's going back to the farm house. Why don't we just follow him back to the house and see if he does anything else. I gotta hunch . . ."

"There he comes up in the yard now. Pants is kinda wet, ain't they? I guess they ought to be—he's been down in the pond. Say, he's going over to the car. He's looking at it. Sure . . . now watch. See, he's rubbing his fingers along the fender.

LEGEND

(*From page* 6)

and fell over the cliff, her scream fading into the stillness of the night. The island broke her fall.

The people of the village who had heard the scream gathered at the water's edge. To them Black Warrior slowly crept. As he neared the river, he saw his love, lying lifeless on the island.

Though almost exhausted, he plunged into the waters and swam toward the island. There he found the band, the symbol of Samantha's vow. He gathered a few rocks and built a funeral mound, atop which he placed the band.

Then he took Samantha in his arms, and with his last few breaths he kissed the lifeless lips. And while the fading moonlight shone upon the lovers, the murmuring of the waters lulled two souls locked in kiss, into the wedlock of eternity.

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HOMECOMING

(*From page* 7)

with his hand.

Paw fell to the floor when George let him go. Then George turned and walked out the door.

First Commandment

(*From page* 9)

truly approach my God. Whatever the consequences, I must "wear my heart on my sleeve." I do not dare to keep my thoughts to myself, for their utterance may bring peace to another. Of the commandments I must obey the Second as well as the First.

I am compelled to reject the theories and embellishments of Time. To me God does exist and I am a part of God. There begins my thinking. From that admittance springs all my theories and explanations of human existence, the concept of evil, the counterpart of good. And I find that I have a Soul. And I find that some men are selfish and greedy and act as though they had no soul. And I come to the conclusion that these men either have no soul and fall within the equations of explanations that omit the factor of the human soul, or else have denied their souls. How else, admitting of God, can we explain mass murder,[3] jealousy, hatred, greed,[4] intolerance, and prejudice?

Men with souls must triumph over men without souls. Men with souls must justify and merit their affinity with God by gaining control over heretofore superior bio-chemical manifestations of nature and infuse souls into their beings or force them to awareness of the souls they deny.

And yet, with our strength in God, we must develop a verbal, symbolic conception of God. We must have developed a line of reasoning which allows us to explain our God; which answers the questions and doubts which may arise in explorations of nature and the world about us, in personal and world-wide experiences, in examinations of our Religions.

Christ found the hand of God in the growing things of nature, in the physical actions of man. God, then, is of nature and of man; man is of nature and of God; nature is of God and of man. God, therefore, is omnipotent and omnipresent. Nature is always about us, it is the medium in which we exist, and so we live in God and are of God. We who can never be everywhere or forever can only be of God and that only can ever be the limits of our aspirations.

God, then, cannot ever be a mere concept. God, nature, and our strivings for affinity is an ever-present Reality. God cannot ever be a mere socio-cultural development. True, divergent *concepts* of God are as many as the stars. God, however, cannot ever have been a resultant, originating in any particular isolated region of the earth's surface, Protector of but one race of men. God is universal and allowed divergent concepts so that man could the more easily adjust himself to his natural environments. But now the time of divergent concepts and opposed ideologies is past. Man can no longer continue to point out the differences among men. Man must now begin to seek and elaborate upon common hopes and aspirations; mutual adjustments and concessions. A common, mutually acceptable ideology wherein *all* races, *all* nations admit that each is aspiring for affinity to the *same* God; acceptance that there can nevermore be justification for disaster resulting from differences of means for the aspiration toward the mutual goal, is the only answer to world peace, and the end to useless, fruitless human suffering.

I cannot believe that God ever intended man to suffer, for if we believe in Christ, we must believe in God, the Father. Never have I deliberately caused my sons to suffer. How can I believe *my* Father would not be the same?

The God who gave man intellect produced the universe and man's potential to discover, to learn the secrets of nature, to record and remember the histories and examples of man in his environment. Man as a *physical* being follows the same patterns and laws as the rest of nature about him.

The pattern of life as well as of material things is motion, a motion of planned orderliness and direction. The examples of the violations are everywhere about us: The movements of the constellations and the movements of the atoms; wherein a star-piece, breaking from its orbit as a meteor, becomes consumed in fire, and the atom, violating its characteristic rules of combination and stability, is rejected. Likewise, when man makes of his religion a thing apart from his daily way of life, either or both become a mockery. Philosophy, the law of the land, social habits and customs, and belief in a God, cannot ever in truth be things apart.

We should dispense with the things in our religious beliefs that are not applicable to our temperaments and environments, and our economic patterns. To say that Christianity does not work in the business world is not only a rejection of true Christianity, but also of the good in all relig-

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[3] "The Control Yuan asserted the Chinese Reds, backed by Russia, plan eventual extermination of 150,000,000 Chinese in a deliberate program to cut China's population of more than 450,000,000 persons to more manageable proportions." *Spartanburg Herald*, March 12, 1951.

[4] "A state senator charged Sunday a member of a Georgia firm tried to buy 5,000 acres of land in an atomic energy commission plant area before the project was announced." *Ibid.*

ions, in unselfish legislations, in truly successful ways of life. Such an expression is an admission of an anti-social philosophy. Christianity, shorn of the inapplicable interpretations and impractical, antiquated, and inflexible theological mysticisms, that leech-like have clung to it, is applicable in *every* circumstance of man's existence without exception, if man is to truly admit of God.

But here is the fault. A sound Christian philosophy, an expressed good and practical way of life, is no magic wand. It is a time-consuming endeavor, and in our impatience we too often yield and allow tolerance and gradual adjustment to be thrown aside, reverting to our old patterns of a religion for Sunday and a separate set of values for the practical habits of each day.

We must find the common grounds between the various Religions and the divergent ideologies and economic patterns of the nations of the world. Having done so, we must make the adjustments and concessions necessary to a co-existence, mutual co-operation toward a common goal and mutually evaluated standards. Only then, when the broader differences are resolved, can individuals live free from fear and in peace with their own souls. Why strive if each day the postman can bring an invitation to death? If we are continually to be allowed to clothe our faults with *c'est le guerre.*

God, the supreme intellect, if you will, has placed mankind into the universe with a definite purpose and intention. The very orderliness and mathematical progression of matter precludes any admission of an accidental, direction - less existence for man. If we would but pause to accept such a suggestion as a truth, our purpose here on earth becomes clearer and more evident. As we deny the factual evidences of the eternal laws of motion, we allow confusion and all its attendant and subsequent evils to enter our minds and our lives. Orderliness and precision are the fundamentals retarding the physical disintegration of our physical world. Nature rejects and accepts, adjusts and distributes. God, in His admitted infinite wisdom, placed man upon a world of orderliness and regulated motion, and gave to man the power and ability to understand, and learn, and to apply the divine laws governing the motions of all material things.

The existence of evil as an aspect of God cannot truthfully exist, neither can a Satan concept be true. The evil among men is the failure on the part of mankind, striving for selfish ends, violating the Second Commandment, ignoring the fundamental laws of the First. The "evils" of nature are, have been, and will continue to be "evil" only so long as man continues in his failure to apply his knowledge of the laws of nature unreservedly, unselfishly, dedicated only to the Kingdom of God.

The tendency of nature is to overcome conflict and incompatibility. Should that not also be the like intent of man, since God has placed the examples everywhere about us? We know the causes of war—over-abundance versus under-abundance — and we who gain disguise our unwillingness to share with our hymns of hate. A saturated atom, one that accumulates a greater number of electrons than is its natural allotment, becomes crystallized and approaches oblivion through a diminishing motion approaching absolute zero. Or else it may become bombarded and shattered by the atoms it has itself robbed or denied.

This, then, is what I believe: To be attuned to God, man's philosophy, his religion, his science, and everyday way of life must all be inseparable and in essence one and the same; that the laws of nature are the laws of God and that human conduct and *a christianity* can be as simple in their complexity; that man can fulfill his greater destiny, co-existent in

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harmony through the sensible interpretation and application of the laws of nature to the laws of man.

If this not be true, we have but one alternate philosophy to which we must admit and submit: That it is our lot to be tested as a blade; to become hard and brittle and to snap under the strain, or to become keen-edged, flexible, unbreakable, and equal to the game.

This, then, would be man's destiny: That, here upon the proving-grounds of the earth, we stand the test, and, somewhere in the universe, or beyond its bounds, all who have withstood the test shall meet in an eternity of sad memories and regrets.

SO THIS IS HELL

(*From page* 11)

nibbled at my sandwich.

"Isn't the atmosphere nice tonight, though?" she said.

"Yes, it's really out-of-this-world, as we used to say," and I forced a little laugh.

She did the same. "Ha, ha You're so clever." There was a short pause. She smiled again, "Ha, ha."

We sat in strained silence more centuries of seconds.

"Isn't it nice—" Mrs. Shallow started, but she was interrupted by the sweeping arrival of the obese object that had met me at the door.

"There you are, Lulu, sweet," she cried. She grabbed my arm and started to lead me away. My cup overturned and the tea spilled on my trousers.

"You clumsy little old thing, you," she scolded. "Well, come on now over to this corner and tell me all about your little old self. I'll bet you've got oodles of," and she lowered her voice, "ris-kee stories to tell little old me."

I trailed after her, locked in her octupusean grip. All my polite squirming to get loose was of no avail.

She dragged me out to a terrace which overlooked a small pond, shimmering in the faint light. We were at the railing on the edge of the terrace.

"Now, you great big MAN, you," she sighed into my face, her breath stifling me. Her elephantine arms drew me closer to her, to that heaving bosom, that greasy face, those gleaming eyes. . . . In a hysterical surge of desperation I screamed, tore myself loose from her, hurdled the railing and dived into the pool. The water stunned me and I sank, down, down, down. . . .

When I came to my senses, I was lying face down, and I could feel the water penetrating through my clothes. I shivered and raised my head. It was almost completely dark.

Invective
Is reflective;
On some people
It is, alas, defective.
—Charles Weaver

I got up. I could stand on my feet. I looked around and discovered that I was in the alley. I had been lying there in the cold muck for — who knows how long. Then I remembered the—if that's what it was—the dream.

I still have recurrences of that nightmarish experience in my sleep sometimes. It terrifies me and I wake up in a cold sweat. Then I remember where I am and thank the Almighty that I am not the same person I was.

Sometimes I think about those people, and I can't tell whether I'm remembering the ones in Hell or the ones on earth. I feel sorry for them, for I know that wherever they are, they're really in Hell, poor victims of the demon, Society.

But now I have escaped from its clutches, detached myself completely from all those people. And I am happy here in this monastery in Tibet.

THE FIGHT

(*From page* 14)

ting. He stood on the floor in front of the mirror and shadow-boxed with himself a few seconds.

Charlie held Eddie's robe. As it slipped over Eddie's shoulders, Charlie read the name on the back. Eddie Thatcher, he said to himself. Then in the back of his mind he pictured the referee saying, "and the new middleweight champion of the world." Then they all left the room for the ring.

SATURDAY NIGHT

(*From page* 15)

He wanted to ask her if anything was wrong. Maybe he didn't understand. But better not to say anything about it, he supposed.

They finished the spare-ribs. While she went to repair her make-up, he lit a Lucky. He got nervous after a few drags. Damn—how could you understand women?

He left the tip and got up to wait for her at the door. What was she doing, anyway—having her face lifted? Hold off, boy. You'll soon have her home. She'll get over it. Don't say anything you'll be sorry for tomorrow.

As they walked to the garage he whistled. Somehow the certain click-clicking of her high heels annoyed him. Damn sure of herself, wasn't she? Well, he'd . . .

"Did you get the tackle this afternoon?" she queried. Be interested. Give him a little satisfaction.

"Found some at Harvey's," he answered. Well, she was only human. He had moods, too.

"Tired, honey?" he asked.

"Not especially. Why?"

"Well, you've been a little quiet."

He shouldn't have said it. He knew it as soon as it was out that he shouldn't have said it. Well, he just wanted to talk things out. If

there was something wrong, maybe he could help. He *should* help. Why can't you keep your yap shut?

She acted hurt. She had been waiting for that.

"I just don't feel very talkative."

"Oh. Well, just thought maybe I could help. Anything I've done.

"No."

Well, let her be.

He paid for the car. Buck and a quarter. Five bucks shot for the evening. Well, Saturday night. . . .

At a stop-light he reached over to kiss her. She turned her face so the kiss fell on the cheek. Well, he guessed he shouldn't force himself.

He began whistling. She looked blankly from the window. She felt tired. Bored.

Forget it, he told himself. Just one of those nights. Better not to talk at all when she was like this.

He pulled up in front of her house and shut off the ignition. Usually he reached over and pecked her on the cheek now. She would put her arms around his neck and say she loved him sometimes. He didn't think it would be that way tonight.

He did love her. He didn't want to lose her. He wanted to draw her to him. He wanted to feel her hair brush his cheek. He wanted to feel her arms around him. She had seemed so far away. God, the hell women could make in a man!

She knew she had him. His face had a helpless look in it. She smiled weakly with feigned sympathy.

"I think I'd better go in." Nothing men admired more than chastity in their women. She would show him she was not so weak as to relent to the moment. She looked down with what she knew was an innocent expression. He could see her well though it was dark; a film of moonlight filtered into the car and fell on her. She felt she must look Madonna-like.

"Sure." He slid out and banged the door. God, he was pent up. He wished with sudden vehemence that they were married.

He opened the car door for her. She alighted with slow grace. It was like being the heroine in a movie.

At the door she could see he was hesitant to embrace her. Well, he could, she thought. She put her hand on his arm, a gentle gesture, she thought.

"If I've been quiet . . ." she began.

He interrupted her with words of understanding. He *did* understand. She could see that he was helpless. Yes, he loved her.

He made a move to embrace her. She came to him. He held her closely. She was warm, soft.

He took her head in his hands and looked at her, the arching brows and wondering blue eyes. She was pretty.

"Hey, Duchess," he said. "I love you."

She looked at him with a wide, open stare. Then she kissed him full on the mouth. He held her tighter. She slipped her arms around his neck and fingered the short hairs at the nape of his neck. It was like voltage going through him.

She let him hold her just long enough. Let his imagination work a little. Let him think how precious I am to him.

Lord, how a guy needed a gal to go to!

She was smiling a little as he held her. She felt a little sorry for him. It was like having a puppy who couldn't help following you. She felt quite satisfied. The evening had worked out well. Oh, she hadn't had much fun, but you had to sacrifice that sometimes. Sacrifice. That was important.

She pushed him away gently. She wanted him to realize how noble she was, what womanly control she had.

He kissed her once more, full and hard on the mouth. Time for him to go, she thought. Poor guy.

They said good night. As she closed the door, she shrugged with a short laugh, as much relief for the end of the evening as indulgence in

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his blind devotion. Funny, this odd indifference she felt.

He started the car. As he drove away, he lit a Lucky. His hand was shaking a little. He was keyed up as all hell. God, what that woman did to him . . . well, he was a man, wasn't he? He took a long drag off the cigarette and blew the smoke out unevenly. He laughed to himself nervously to release the emotion and squashed the cigarette. . . . Gee, he was tired.

Beneath the Gleam

(*From page* 17)

The captain was tapping a pencil nervously and it punctuated his sentences with the staccato emphasis.

"Well, sir, that left a little over thirty thousand pounds' worth of diamonds lying in a small hand vault of a vanity mirror. And they were unprotected. Whenever you went below, the conversation was about the diamonds and what the likes of them —the crew, you follow me—could do with the money some people spend on decorations. Most of the crew agreed she needed the decorations—but thirty thousand pounds!

"Taton and Jim never talked about the diamonds with the other crew members. But when they were alone it was a different story. Jim always had questions.

" 'Taton,' he'd say, 'do they really look like they're worth thirty thousand pounds? Glory—there's a sparkle in those stones the like of which I've never seen before.'

"Jim was a dreamer—read books and smoked a pipe. The type that didn't look right waiting on other people. Taton admired Jim a lot."

The old fellow paused and shook his head.

"Taton," the old man repeated, "admired Jim a lot. Maybe he admired him too much. Sometimes that's the case, Captain, because you like a man, you believe in him more than you should."

He began to cough. I motioned the waiter.

"Another round—and hurry."

The old fellow protested, and when the drinks came he kept his eyes near the visor of my cap. There was something in those eyes I couldn't quite grasp. He began to talk again.

"Like I said, Captain, the weather on the trip down was fine. But then—when the ship had been out of Capetown two days the good weather left and the bad came on. By night the swells were as big as the ship. Most of the passengers stuck to their cabins. Only the veteran travelers moved about.

"Lady Gramington was one of the veterans. Always at the captain's table and always with her diamonds. She wore deep colors—the kind that form a perfect background. She was a scare-crow herself, but everything she had was beautiful. Especially those jewels—it'd take a better one than me to describe the likes of them. They were a temptation, and finally . . .

"The evening was a busy one for the stewards, with the dinner tables half empty and the first trippers they had to take to the sick bay. It wasn't any wonder they were asleep when it happened.

"Well, it was about three-thirty the next morning. The ocean was still heavy, and the Shepfield had tossed quite a bit during the night. The coal in the forward bunkers shifted and a fire started. Smoke seeped up to the deck above the bunkers, alarms ripped out the warning. Loudspeakers calmly told all passengers to go to their boat positions."

His words tumbled out on top of each other. Jerky, fast statements caught in his throat and then spewed out. His shoulders moved back and forth and his eyes opened completely for the first time in the tale. Horror was the emotion I felt. Slowly he mastered his feelings and began again in a tone deep and entangled in intensity.

"Fire! It does things to people. Humans aren't quite human when they're caught up by a fire. The stewards were still in bed. Half asleep, and then awake only as much as those blooming alarms can make you, they hurried about, calming their passengers and getting them headed toward the boat deck.

"The women cried—those that could. Most of the men were men. A few did simper. After the fire, Jim said he noticed the children most. Some sleepy-eyed and crying. Others calm, taking it all in. It was giving them something they'd never forget. A few laughed and skipped along by their parents. He noticed one of the little boys kept asking his wild-eyed mother, 'Can I swim, if the boat goes boom?'

"The woman shook in horror. Tears streamed down her cheeks and she bent over to kiss the boy. He laughed at the funny expression on his mother's face. Taton didn't have anything to say to that."

With each new development the old fellow changed positions. His voice echoed the sentiments he felt—now heavy and then soft. He told his story well.

"Taton hadn't said anything, because something had happened to him. After he had dressed, Taton had moved slowly up his corridor, talking to each of his passengers. They seemed different people from those he'd served last night. The veneer was gone. He kept talking to them. 'Fasten the life belt, sir. . . . I'd wear more than that if I were you, miss. . . .! No, Ma'am, the boats haven't been lowered yet. . . . Yes, I'll save you a place.' the questions were serious; sometimes sad.

"On deck, people clustered in groups. The crew herded them along. 'Check your boat stations!'

"It was five o'clock in the morning and there were strange sights on that boat deck, half way across the ocean. For the first time on the trip

Lady Gramington didn't wear her diamonds.

"They were lying on a vanity table —in a case a child could have opened. She stood nervously at her boat station. Taton had just brought three more people to join her group. Jim was standing at the next station. He joined Taton and together they started below for a last check of the staterooms.

" 'I notice,' Jim says, 'that your lady forgot her diamonds. She looks worried.' He grinned with mock severity. 'Better camp outside at that door.'

"Well, sir," his brow was creased and the crow feet around his eyes deepened, leaving only the high blue gleam showing. They parted at the bottom of the companionway, and Taton began to check his rooms. He thought of the diamonds in the cabin ahead—he thought slowly and surely, like he always did. The door of her cabin was ajar and as he entered he saw the jewel box. Thrown carelessly alongside of it on the table was a necklace. He crossed the floor and picked it up. Worth at least a thousand pounds—that necklace by itself —worth the land and the boat he and Jim wanted. Just this one in his hand. The rest were locked in the jewel case.

"A heavy, gruff voice pierced his thoughts. 'Steward! Steward! Where's that blooming steward?' Taton slipped the necklace into his pocket and ran down the companionway.

" 'Steward, what's all this commotion about? I say, can't a man have a blooming night's sleep without this infernal din?' An elderly gentleman stood in front of Taton. He was scratching his bald spot and shaking his grey toupee at Taton. 'There's a fire,' Taton tells him, 'in the coal bunkers. All passengers are requested on deck immediately.'

" 'Steward,' said the old man, 'I have retired for the evening and haven't the slightest idea of trotting up on that beastly deck for one fire or even two fires.' So he turned right there and waddled back into his stateroom.

"Taton stood for a moment—his face white. He'd return the necklace —it was just the temptation of the moment. Quickly he slipped into the room and started to take the necklace out of his pocket. The land and the boat appeared before his eyes. Just this one piece. Beads of sweat popped up on his forehead and Taton did what only a man of his character could.

"Just about then the all-clear signal sounded. On deck the people had started below. The companionway was full of people as he came out of the room. He threaded his way through the crowd and headed for the deck. People were laughing and joking in the false - alarm feeling. Most of the men were telling I-told-you-so stories.

"Jim wasn't in sight when Taton came topside. He checked the remaining passengers and went below. Jim was sitting there in their quarters, smoking his pipe. They talked for a while on the piece of bad luck the ship had had on her maiden voyage.

"They were about to leave for their morning's work when the captain came in. The purser and two of ship's company were with him.

" 'Men,' says the captain, 'Lady Gramington is in sick bay from shock. Her diamonds are missing. I hope they've been misplaced. If not—I warn the culprit he'll never get them off this ship.' His voice was heavy with strain and his face was drawn. First a fire and now a robbery.

" 'I hope it's none of ship's company,' he said, 'Maybe a jealous woman. Your help will be needed in the search. Report to the purser after mess. Good morning, men.'

"About one that afternoon the search was completed and nothing was found. The cabin of Jim and Taton had been gone over twice."

The old man stopped, lost in

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thought.

"Gone over twice, and they never found a thing."

His head shook and felt impatient.

"What happened then?" Now I was leaning over the table. He grinned.

"Well, sir, the topic of conversation among all the passengers was the diamond robbery and how the blighter was managing to stay clear of the investigation.

"At Montevideo those who were debarking were searched twice—once before docking and again on the pier. Finally, each was subjected to an X-ray machine.

"The trip back to England was fast, and the air was tense. The captain was grouchy, kept to his quarters most of the trip. Just outside the harbor a small craft drew alongside, and twenty Scotland Yard men came aboard.

"Every passenger was questioned and Taton was questioned four times. Never once did he get excited. They worked on Jim and he seemed to enjoy it—he liked to talk and that's what they wanted.

"After the questioning, a new search of the ship revealed the best piece of evidence yet. The empty jewel case was found in one of the passenger bag holds. There were no fingerprints.

"Finally the ship docked and the passengers went ashore. At the gate, at the end of the pier, the baggage of each person was taken and checked thoroughly and again each person faced an X-ray machine.

"The crew were checked once more on board, and then they went through the same routine as the passengers on the pier. Two men were assigned to check the seabags of Taton and Jim. The Scotland Yard men had their eye on them.

"Then the crew were asked to strip, and even their clothes were examined. Before they all left, a reward of ten thousand pounds was posted for information leading to the arrest of the culprit. The diamonds hadn't been found.

"Taton and Jim were released and they signed off the ship together. The London train brought them here from Liverpool and they came to the Victoria Hotel—just like you, Captain, only they were coming in and you're going out.

"Taton was amazed at the robbery. He'd put the necklace back in the room and left. There must have been someone else in the room after he had gone.

"Jim sat across the table, calmly smoking his pipe. The waiter brought them their drinks and left. Then they talked.

" 'Taton,' said Jim, 'you ought to smoke a pipe. Then you'd have a way of stealing the biggest bunch of diamonds in the world.'

"Taton stared. 'I don't understand you, Jim.'

"Jim took a canister of cut tobacco from his sea bag, turned it in his hands, and then offered it to Taton.

" 'Want it?' he asked. 'In there, my boy, is five boats and six or seven estates, and then some.'

"Taton was not quite sure of what he'd heard. He smiled. 'Don't pull my leg, Jim, that's a can of your cut tobacco and the seal isn't even broken.'

"Jim sat there enjoying his moment, and then leaned over the table.

"You're wrong, Laddie, dead wrong. The dreamer finally dreamed himself a fortune. After you left the Lady's cabin and the crowd was coming down to the staterooms—I picked up the diamonds. A little hot water steamed the glue off the seal and a bottle of mucilage put it back on.'

" 'You took an awful chance there, Jim. If anyone had opened the canister . . .' Taton shook his head, still unbelieving.

" 'Not so big a chance. When I had the lid off the canister, I shook the cut of tobacco out in one piece. Then I cut a layer off the bottom and put it back in the can. After that I cut a second layer off and tossed it out the porthole. The diamonds were made to order; they fitted perfectly. I packed the rest of the plug down on top of the jewels and shaved the stray ends clean. A work of art. Why, those fools had the diamonds in their hands all morning.'

"Jim sat back and picked up his glass. 'Here's to the perfect robbery and a good retirement for the two of us in Australia.' "

The old man sat down in his chair, spent but satisfied. His features were devoid of emotion—only his eyes held the same air. He took a deep breath and then started to talk again. This time his tone was light.

"Well, sir—they had another beer, and Taton excused himself a minute. In no time flat he returned. With him were two Scotland Yard men. They took Jim away, and in a month they had him doing ten years in the king's lockup. Taton got the reward, but he never went to sea again.

"That's the story, Captain. Now who did right. The friend that stole the diamonds to set them up in their own home?, or the other who got

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the reward for turning his friend in —but who also served justice?"

My pipe had gone out and I reached for a match. I was trying to frame an answer to the query thrown at me, and I wondered which of the two men in the story sat in front of me. It sounded like Taton but I couldn't be sure. I thought it best to straddle the fence.

"I frankly don't know who was in the best of lights, it's a pretty difficult choice. I really couldn't say."

The old fellow hunched forward on the table and stared at me with those eyes. They glistened with their odd light and his hands wrung tight jerky movements out of each other.

"Captain, Taton did right in turning Jim in. What's right is right and that's all there is to it. You see, Captain, I was always a dreamer—for ten years I dreamed, and even now I feel Taton was right. I've got a home now and Taton is paid. You see I shot him this afternoon. He was right, though."

For a moment I sat very still. Then I ordered another round of drinks. When they arrived I excused myself as easily as I could. The phone was near the men's room and I quickly dialed Scotland Yard.

A heavy male voice answered.

"Scotland Yard — emergency department—Sergeant Fern speaking."

"You say you're at the Victoria bar and you have a man there who says he killed a friend . . .? I'll wager he calls himself Jim. His real name is Taton—you see Jim died in prison almost eight years ago. No, Taton doesn't know Jim is dead. No, you're no bother at all—we get calls like this all the time. Thanks for calling and if you have an extra shilling give it to him. He'll buy a canister of tobacco and smoke it. When he's finished the can, he fills it with stones and sends it to us, saying they're diamonds."

I could hear the sergeant laughing as I put down the phone. A bit peeved for being made a fool of, I headed back to the table. When I started to sit down, the old fellow looked up at me with that strange light in his eyes. Surprise was written all over his face, and then he grinned glassily.

"Say, Captain, I'll tell you what—I'll tell you a story, and if it's good enough you can buy me a drink . . ."

SOLILOQUY

By what means may I reach those deafened ears
With words which, should you hear, would warm your
heart
And once again send Love's blood coursing through
Those veins which will not open? By what means
Can words restore those eyes which meeting mine
Reflected my love's image, tinted by
The paints which only Love may use? I will
Not stand here scarce a score of inches from
The one whom I would try to move with words
And who can give me no response. Instead
I move with softened step that I might wake
No grieving thoughts. My steps are slow, for we
Are slow to gaze on objects which will cause us sorrow.
I kneel beside you, praying that my thoughts
And words will somehow reach you. Even tears
Will not awake your thoughts and give them back
To him, who without thoughts from you has found
That nothing stills his flow of tears. And you
Are like a rose, which chilled by icy blasts
Of Winter, fears that spring winds, too, will bring
No warmth. I beg you that you let me gaze
Into your eyes and see once more our dreams
Reflected there. Can all these words, then, serve
To melt no tears from chilling ice where once
A living heart beat—yours, the heart which now
By death remains forever frozen?

—Bill Duke

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THE JOURNAL
MAY '51

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EDITORIAL

The MacArthur affair, controversial as it may be, brings to light a fact which, we believe, is a basic truth about mankind as a whole today. This fact is the tendency, or perhaps habit, of allowing one's emotions to govern his actions, reason and judgment, thus becoming slaves to and servants of emotions and passions.

Certainly many of the thousands of people who hysterically celebrated the return of General MacArthur as that of a conquering hero did not consider carefully the question of whether this welcoming was justified in light of the facts available and whether it was expedient in light of the national and internationl situation. Perhaps General MacArthur did deserve the welcome. But we are saying that most of the people who gave it to him either were not particularly convinced that he deserved it or, if they were, had been swayed by prejudiced opinions. They were merely using this celebration as an emotional outlet. And it is obviously very doubtful that this exhibition of mass emotion, this magnifying of a foreign policy dispute into a political issue that is splitting the country—it is obviously doubtful that such a thing is wise at a period of crisis such as we are in today.

But if it is unwise, why is it done? First, let us say that it is being done or is being instigated by politicians or persons who may benefit by the effect of the dispute on politics. And why are they doing it? Because it will mean for them, they hope, more power or more money or more prestige. Ultimately it will fill the void in their ego or their bulging pocketbooks or their bellies (probably bulging also). And what about these motives? Are they not motives of greed, self-glorification, satisfaction of physical and emotional desires? They do not stem from the mind. The mind may work but it works for the emotions.

We are not arguing the MacArthur affair except as an example of this fact, which is, we believe, the basic cause of most of the troubles in the world today. The policy of heart over head, emotions over reason, is unsound and unsafe, especially on a national basis. The regimes of Hitler and Mussolini, based on emotion, met with disaster. An organization such as the Ku Klux Klan, despised by most people, is evidently composed of persons who are not thinking intelligently but who are allowing a deeply rooted emotion to rule them.

If the majority of public leaders continue to base their actions on such principles (or lack of principles), the United States could well be on its way to destruction, of one sort or another.

However, it is not only the leaders but also the people, the men in the street, who are guilty of having this wrong basis on which to live. We are too often swayed by appeals which play on our emotions. We do not think enough and seldom reason out our problems.

Most people can make the right decisions and choices — right both practically and ethically—if they apply their minds to the questions and refuse to let their emotions influence their decisions.

What we need today is more people who will think before they act, and who will think before they speak. Then those actions and words will be much more likely to serve for good.

Decay of our minds means decline of wise action and decline of good in the world. Try giving your little gray cells some workouts during the next few days—months—years.

* * *

One of the faults of modern education, it seems to us, is the division of curricular interests, resulting in a lack of concentration on the student's

(*Continued on page* 26)

In Memoriam

The passing of Greek and Latin from the college curriculum marks the death of the classical tradition at Wofford. Ninety-seven years old, it had been weakening for the past several years from a contagious disease which some have diagnosed as mercenary necessitation.

No less a figure than Robert Frost has been quoted as saying that he liked small colleges and was especially attracted to Wofford because the classical tradition was being maintained there.

Perhaps Mr. Frost would now be forced to amend his opinion and admit that Wofford is now just another small college. Perhaps not.

At any rate, all who are interested in the progress of real education mourn this lamentable occurrence.

Little John

by Wade Herring

A FOLK LEGEND

THE story of Little John was told to me by an old Negro as we were fishing one day. I shall relate the story to you in my own words exactly as the old Negro told me.

There was a couple that lived near Charleston who made their living raising and selling chickens. A son was born that they named Little John. Little John was like other boys except that he was very large. John was the size of a ten-year-old boy when he was born. His largeness did not bother his parents, for they loved him very much.

John's father would kill ten chickens every night for John's supper. This went on for a year with John going with his father to kill the chickens. One day John asked his father if he could not kill the chickens. His father told him hell no, and told him to get the hell out of the way. This incident made John angry, and he killed his father. He killed his father by sucking the blood out of him.

John would tear off the arms and suck the blood out. He sucked the blood out of his father's legs and trunk. John then sucked the brains of his father down his throat and let out a yell that could be heard for miles and miles. John then killed all his father's chickens, and he sucked the blood out of twenty-five thousand chickens. By this time John's mother came running out of the house. She saw what her son had done, and this made her quite angry. She fainted and John left her, and he went to an island in the middle of the biggest marshes near Charleston.

John was living right peaceful on his island when he heard that his mother was talking about him. He did not like people to talk about him, and John set off to kill his mother. He arrived at his mother's home, but he found that the sheriff was guarding his home. John killed the sheriff and all his men. He did this by tearing them apart and sucking the blood out of them. John then got his mother and sucked all of her blood out at once. He then picked her up and threw her up in the sky. She has never come down.

John went back to his island, living in peace. He killed enough people and animals to get enough blood to keep in good health. He would go around the marshes right around Charleston to get his food.

John was twenty when he really started acting up again. He was lonesome, so he decided to get himself a horse. John went up to the great woods of the Northwest and stole a horse from Paul Bunyan. Paul and John got into a fight over the matter. Paul kicked at John but missed, and he kicked up what is now the Rocky Mountains. John swung at Paul, but he missed and fell. When John fell, he knocked up a bunch of dirt that we now call the Smoky Mountains. Europe, Africa, North America, and South America used to be one vast stretch of land, but in this fight they kicked them apart. That is why these lands are separated today. The fight was a tie, and both of them sat up and cried, and their tears filled what we now call the oceans. John and Paul made peace treaties. Paul gave John a great big white horse that was a hundred yards high. This was just the right size for John, because he had grown quite large off the blood that he had drunk in the past.

John lived in peace, riding his horse and killing enough people and animals to live. He just loved that blood!

John did not have a house in which to live. He went out West and got all the trees to build his home with. That is the reason there are no trees out West. John needed nails to put his house together. He got all the iron in South Carolina and made nails. He also made horse shoes for his horse. This is why you do not find any iron in South Carolina today, because John used it for nails and shoes for his horse.

He now had a nice house to live in, but his horse did not have a saddle or bridle. John wanted a silver and gold saddle and a bridle with sparkling diamonds. He got all the gold, silver, and diamonds for his bridle, and that is the reason there is no gold, silver, or diamonds in South Carolina. John got all these materials for his saddle and bridle.

Little John got a thirst for blood like he had never known. He started killing people by the thousands to drink their blood; John even went so far as to build two huge tanks in which he could store blood. He filled the tanks full of people's blood. The people got together and set out to kill Little John. He saw the people coming and John threw his tanks of blood at them, but the tanks landed in the upper part of South Carolina. That is the reason the soil is red in the upper part of the State, because the blood turned it red. The people kept coming and shot Little John dead. They built a large tomb and buried him there on his island.

It was years later before Little John was ever heard of again. Two Negroes were fishing near Little John's tomb when one bet the other ten dollars that he would not go to the tomb. The Negro went down into the tomb and all hell broke loose. The other Negro tore off like a bat out of hell to Charleston. He ran

(*Continued on page* 22)

Next of Kin

by Allen Briggs

It seems like a long time ago that I first met Charlie. He was standing on the quarter-deck when I went aboard as a dumb, green boot. In the Navy a boot ain't much more than a dog, sometimes even less, so I was mighty surprised when I heard Charlie say to the chief that I was the man he wanted as a striker in his gun crew. Now a striker ain't one of them people you read about in the papers that don't want to go to work. He's sort of a learner for a certain job, and after he gets to know the job pretty good, he gets a chance at a petty-officer's rate.

"What's your name, Mac?" Charlie was looking straight at me, and I thought I'd faint before I could answer. That's how rough he looked.

"Albert L. Byrd, seaman second-class, service number five-eight-two, five-nine, two-eight, sir." I almost saluted, then remembered I wasn't supposed to salute nobody but an officer, no matter how tough they looked.

"I didn't ask your whole damn service record. I just want your name," growled Charlie, as he wrote my name and rate on a slip of paper.

"When you get checked in, come back here. If I ain't on watch I'll be up in the gun locker."

"Yes, sir,'" I said.

"Listen, Mac, you don't say Sir to nothing in this man's Navy unless he's got gold braid. Now snap to."

I went to the ship's office and got a slip of paper. There was a long list on it of places for me to go. I was afraid if I didn't hurry Charlie would forget I was going to be his new striker and get him another one. I didn't want that to happen 'cause if I could work with Charlie I knew I'd feel safer when we got over to where the fighting was. I had the feeling, just looking at Charlie, that he could whip the whole dog-gone Jap Navy if he got a crack at 'em.

After all the checking was over, I went back to the quarter-deck and saw Charlie talking to some officer. I just stood around waiting for them to get through when I heard Charlie say:

"Yes, sir, he came aboard about an hour ago, and since he was the tallest, I figured he could replace Nick as loader. If he's one-third as good as Nick, we'll be lucky. Too bad Nick had to get it. He was a good man."

"That's the way it goes, Charlie. All of the good men get it, but guys like us live on and on. Have the new man report to me when he gets back."

As soon as the lieutenant left, I walked up to Charlie and told him I was through checking in and was ready to start work. Charlie nodded and told me to follow him. We went down and got a bunk and a locker so I could stow my gear.

"How long you been in the Navy, kid?" Charlie wanted to know.

"I been in almost four months."

Charlie started to walk away but I stopped him and, wanting to let him know I could do whatever I was supposed to do, said:

"Charlie, I'm sure going to try to learn how to be a loader. I'll try to be as good as Nick was."

Charlie just glared at me, then said:

"Look, kid, you'll never be as good as Nick. As for trying, I know damn well you will, 'cause I'll be riding your back every minute until I find out if you got guts. I ain't having another yellow-belly coming into my gun crew getting my best men killed. If you got any ideas about getting scared when the fight comes, just get the hell out of my crew now. If you even whimper during a fight, I'll kill you myself," Charlie glared at me a minute and walked off.

I was so darn scared I didn't know what to do. I sure couldn't figure him out and was about ready to give up when I felt a hand on my shoulder and heard a voice say:

"Don't let him scare you too bad, kid. He's a good guy when you get to know him. My name's Rody Price. I'm first loader on your gun crew. Come on, I'll introduce you to the rest of the crew."

We walked up to a little table where five men were sitting around playing cards.

"Boy's, this is our new loader. What's your name, kid?"

After I told him, he called out the names of the crew. I sure was proud to be part of 'em, 'cause they all looked tough, and I wanted to be just like 'em. To make sure, I went over their names again in my mind. Besides Rody, there was Jimmy Kisler, a tall man who was the pointer; Bill Smith, a skinny little guy who liked to brag a lot and was rotary man. On my right was Frank Johnson and Gene Kirby, both ammunition carriers. The gun trainer was a big man about thirty years old. His name was Jack Carver.

We sat around talking for awhile, and they told me that Charlie's best buddy was Nick. The reason Nick had got killed was because some boot had got scared and grabbed him as a Jap plane was diving in towards 'em. Neither one of 'em had a chance to hunt cover, so both of 'em got it. After that I couldn't blame Charlie too much, but I made up my mind I'd be as good a loader as Nick, just to show Charlie I wasn't yellow.

We was stationed aboard the *U.S.S. Fisk*, a little destroyer that had just come in from the Pacific after

fourteen months and was due to go back as soon as she was repaired and loaded. For the next few weeks, all I can remember is training with the gun crew. All the crew went out every night on liberty. Sometimes they would ask me along, but since I didn't drink, they didn't do it too often. Charlie watched me pretty close. It made me feel jumpy, but I guess I done pretty good, 'cause he only bawled me out one time or two.

When the ship left the States again I was pretty low, but I was wanting to see what action really was. None of the crew talked about any of the battles except to say they were rough. We sailed for about six weeks before Charlie came to me and asked how I felt. I thought this was, maybe, my chance to make friends with him, so I said:

"I feel great, but I kinda wish we'd have some action so I could find out how I'd do."

"You dumb kid. Why do they send kids like you out here?"

"Gosh, Charlie, I didn't mean . . ."

"Oh, shut up." He walked away.

About 0200 a clanging over the loud speaker of the ship woke me up in time to hear, "All hands man your battle stations."

This was it. Suddenly I felt cold and wanted to run and hide, but Charlie came running past and yelled:

"Get the lead out, sailor. Here's your chance to be a hero."

The next thing I remember was putting shells in the gun rack and hearing guns, planes, and men all making one big racket. The whole sky was lit up with tracer bullets and search lights. I just kept putting shells in without thinking, and then I saw Rody fall over the breech of the gun. Charlie jumped over to pull him off it, and I saw Rody's face was half shot away. I got sick and heaved right in the gun mount. Charlie jerked me straight and said:

"If you turn yellow now, I'll kill you myself."

"Damn you. I ain't yellow," I said, and then I thought how funny it was for me to say my first cuss word when I was so close to getting killed.

"Well, get back on your job," Charlie yelled, and then he took over Rody's job and his own.

Charlie was trouble-shooter for the crew, so he had to keep all the crew working right and load too.

We was still firing at daylight and was getting so tired we didn't much care if we got killed or not, at least I didn't. It wasn't a bit like I thought it would be. I figured the planes would come over for a half-hour or so and leave, but they kept coming for hours. One or two of the ships with us were burning, but I didn't know it till it was all over.

They was still coming at us at noon, and Gene was dead. Frank, the other ammunition carrier, had a bullet in his hip but had changed places with Jimmy. There just wasn't time to go to sick bay.

I heard Charlie yell for everybody to take cover, and then I saw a Jap suicide plane coming straight at us. We was almost out when Charlie got hit in the ankle and knee. He couldn't move. I ran back to grab him, and just as I rolled him out of the gun tub, the plane hit.

The battle was over when I woke up, and I was in sick bay. Charlie was in the bunk over me. I tried to roll over to talk to him, but I couldn't move.

"You O.K., Charlie?"

"Yeah, kid, I'm fine. You sure saved my skin. You got to get out of here pretty soon, 'cause you're the best loader we got."

Charlie knew that I was through as far as the Navy was concerned. I didn't know till they flew me back to the States to cut off both my legs. At first I wanted to die, and then I just began to feel sorry for myself. A couple of months after the operation was over, I got a letter from Charlie. It wasn't long, but was just like Charlie would talk. Here, I'll let you read it.

"Hi, Kid,

Sorry I haven't got around to writing sooner, but we have been pretty busy. I know you're getting a kick out of the chow and nurses at the sick bay in the States.

I guess I treated you pretty rough aboard ship. I know now I was wrong about the whole deal. I can be man enough to admit I'm wrong since you was man enough to save my life.

You and Nick was the two finest sailors I ever served with. I'll try to look you up when I get back to the States, and we'll pitch a big 'un. I better close now.

Thanks,
Charlie"

After I read the letter I began to feel a little better. I was looking forward to seeing Charlie till I got the notice from the War Department today. He didn't have no folks, so he listed me as next of kin.

"Who, me? Naw, I ain't crying. Hell, even sailors can catch a cold."

COULD BE

Oh, little flying fish,
Skimming o'er the ocean,
I wonder if you realize
You create quite a commotion?

A thousand miles from nowhere,
Out in the middle of the sea,
Skipping blithely o'er the waves
As casual as can be.

But then on the other hand,
One can imagine, too,
This big ship a'sailing by
Looks very queer to you.

—William J. Schereck

It's Great to Be Back

by Pete Brockwell

Yes, it was the same old street, same smell; the light was still out at the corner, knocked out by some kid with an air rifle—was it two years ago? No, it couldn't have been that long. The only way this street would change would be for the city to condemn it and tear down the whole rotten works.

Two hundred three, two hundred four, and there it was. The two years hadn't changed the number of steps from the car stop; it just took a little longer. Hell, it would be no better than the Army, six families under one roof, one teeming mass of humanity. You knew when old man Jenkins came home drunk, what Mrs. Simonski was having for dinner—always it was fish and rice. Her son worked over at the Point Loma fish cannery—fish! fish! all the damn time.

Three flights up, twelve steps each, first door to the right. Mom had painted a Roman numeral three on the door with nail polish. She said "it was because we were better than the rest." No other apartment was marked except ours.

Tie straight, hat over the right eye almost to the eyebrow . . . turn the knob . . . the light hits you in the face. They were in the kitchen. "Hey, Mom—I'm back." Dishes rattle. "Oh, Mom! Oh, Mom! it's me, Jim." (I wanted to shout, but it wouldn't come out.)

"Oh, Lord, thank the Lord, it's my Jim, Samuel." "It's Jim; he's home, Samuel!" With a warm grasp she clutched at my clothing and kissed my hand. Her arm still wet from washing dishes dropped tiny rivulets of water on my neck.

My old man entered the room. "You look kinda peaked, boy," he said, gesticulating with the *Evening Courier* in one hand and his pipe in the other. Hell, yes, I wanted to shout, you would be too if you had been flat on your back for six months in a hospital, with your left leg in a rice paddy on the outskirts of Seoul. It flashed back like a cheap C grade movie. The itching, if it would only go away, you could wiggle your toes —God knows, you'd reach down to scratch and nothing was there—nothing—all gone. "Yeah," I answered, "the holiday climate in Korea doesn't suit my disposition." What did I care; he was my stepfather.

"Jim," Mom said, "you sit down and rest while I get you a fine dinner. Why didn't you let me know when you were coming. I could have gotten a chicken from Fletcher's and we could have had a big welcome-home dinner. I got to put some meat on those bones of yours; you never did eat enough to keep a cat alive."

Yeah, let them know—let everybody see you hobble those two hundred and four steps. Walk, I said, I would rather crawl. . . . Whrrrr . . . Whmmmm—your heart jumps. I gotta, kid . . . it's gone. No Red tank—it's just the elevator running by.

The same furniture, over-stuffed with the springs coming out the bottom. When Mom had company, she spread her quilt over the edges to cover up the springs. The old man was smoking his pipe over the window where he could watch the street. I wanted to say something right.

"Dad," I said, "I'm glad I sent my money home to be saved, where we can get out of this place and move out somewhere."

Not looking up, he said calmly, "we ain't got it no more."

"What!" I shouted, my thoughts racing like billiard balls bouncing off the sides of my brain, looking for a hole and not finding one. "What! you haven't got it!" I shouted. I toyed with the thought, turned it over and over in my mind; it wouldn't register. . . . Somewhere in the tenement a radio was blaring "Stormy Weather" . . . don't know why. . . .

Mom entered the room, eyes blurry, tears rolling down to her lower lip, quivering and dropping on her blouse. "Yes, Jim, he's right. We've lost it. It was when your uncle came to spend a few days with us." (That cheap bum, I thought.) "He asked about you and I told him how good it was of you to send your money home for us to save, to get a better house with. He stayed a couple of days. Then one day he said he knew a way to double it. I didn't want to touch the money, but Samuel let him have it. He never came back. I've cried myself to sleep thinking about it. Ever since you got hurt, I couldn't think about your coming home and finding out the money was gone."

Pa shifted his pipe. Without turning his head, he said, "Sorry, boy, but this place is good enough for me and your ma. We wouldn't get along as well anywhere else; you won't be able to work, so I'll have to feed ya. You'll gradually eat up what we lost. Didn't know I was going to have to support you all my life when I married your ma; you would be just as well ——"

Before he said it, I hit him hard, swinging the crutch like a scythe. I wanted to stop what was hurting me. I could hear my mother scream, and then I lost my balance and fell.

I came to later surrounded on one side by bars. My head throbbed with every beat of my heart. The sound of a phone ringing echoed down the corridor. I heard a voice say, "Captain Cox, 39th Precinct Sta-

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The Advent...

Silent there, between the fickle winds,
That change the lazy warmth of later years,
Lay the image of days and weeks of that
Which seemed as endless night.
Yet cold and white the season came,
And I dreaded the shaded turn of circumstance,
That hurt my spring imposing tyrannic times.
Through many seasons have I lived,
Yet would I not hurry my thoughts
Of feverish passion, to turn, while thinly
She pursues her course through clouded suns,
And straighten well some natural grave.

As I would not approach the nightingale with light,
Ready to cry against the good King's reign,
Neither would I approach the day with dark,
But watch with eager glance the coming spring.
Nor even as echo lost in some soundless alley,
Would I wait on soft couch of grey-filled day,
But see her blush keenly with breath of sweetest clime,
And come gallantly, warming the air.
With me now is long verdant hills,
The vestige, I see, of my musing hours,
Nor am I old so I can never see,
She blows the same sweet breath for years.

But soon will I be 'til I can only look,
No more to look and write, then it flushes
Me how the passing hour was quickly gone,
Toward a setting sun.
For man is his own past, no more,
As he would start his day anew,
Not last in tiresome indolence, which he
Must leave, and himself, in immortality.

—Charles Weaver

Birth of a Misogynist

by Ed Berckman

It was the best dance the Country Club had ever had. There had never been a New Year's Eve like it. But Fred was not enjoying it as he should, as he could. He knew he shouldn't be doing it, but he kept thinking about Cecile.

It was silly, stupid, asinine, he told himself as he sat alone at a table, sipping his drink. Cecile was thousands of miles away. He would probably never see her again—but maybe, maybe . . . no. And yet he couldn't help remembering her. She'd been just like an angel.

They had been in France two months, two hard months with little rest, fighting, always fighting or expecting to fight. They had been ordered to occupy Nantes. And he had been billeted at Cecile's house.

If there ever was a gentle, tender, lovable, sweet, charming, cute, understanding, irresistible female, Cecile was it. She had been just what he needed. And she was so nice to him, always seeing that he was comfortable, talking with him for hours in that broken English that fitted her so well and about anything that he wanted to, looking into his eyes in a way that—well—just got him somehow, calling him "Fre-dee" in a way that—well—had the same effect. And how she could cook!

She was it, everything you could ask for. But he couldn't touch her, couldn't get near her. Because of Pierre—and not even married to him. "Pierre weel come back some day." "Pierre is fighting in Africa or somewhere; he weel come back some day —I know." "No, Fre-dee, remember Pierre." Remember him—how could he forget him!

How many times had he told her, "Pierre may never come back; he may have been killed years ago. Go back to America with me, Cecile. It is a wonderful place. We will have a wonderful life there, you and me together." But no, Pierre, always Pierre.

How many times had he cursed Pierre, called him every name in the book, said he ——

A tap on the shoulder aroused him from his thought coma. He turned to find Linda sitting beside him.

"Why so pale and wan, fond lover?" she cooed. "Come on, snap out of it. Enjoy yourself, there are only twenty minutes left in the year. Something wrong?"

"No, nothing. I was just—just thinking. Come on, let's dance this one."

Holding Linda warm and close in his arms, his mind went back to Cecile. Linda often wanted to do things that he didn't like. But with Cecile, his desire became her desire, his mood became her mood. There could never be a girl to compare with Cecile. At least he had seen no signs of any.

And that was what disturbed him. Not being able to get Cecile off his mind, he couldn't be content with any other girl. And he kept thinking, Pierre probably never came back; maybe he (Fred) would be transferred to France soon. Lots of young insurance representatives did get transferred to foreign service, especially those who had been abroad before. And he had applied for France. Maybe soon—but he couldn't count on that. She hadn't answered his letters; but then she had told him she wouldn't. Oh, damn Cecile anyway! What made women so cruel?

"What *are* you muttering about, Fred, honey?" Linda was saying. "Honestly, you're acting like a—like a kid tonight."

"I'm sorry, Linda. I'll be good from now on."

He didn't think of Cecile during the next dance. Linda felt so soft and nice.

The band started into "Auld Lang Syne." It was midnight. Linda looked up at him. "This is going to be our year, isn't it, darling?"

"Yeah. It sure is, honey." He kissed her—a long kiss. Then she whispered into his ear, "Gee, I love ya, Fre-dee."

Oooh. Fre-dee. Just like Cecile. It hit him right between the eyes. He felt sorry for Linda. Then he felt sorry for himself. Damn Cecile anyway. Damn all women.

DARKNESS

The Darkness creeps
On tiny feet
And lightly slips
Across the street.

And now she sneaks
Through naked trees
That softly flutter
In the breeze.

She floats with stealth
Across the town
To find a grave
And settle down.

The saints we laid
Where thou hast lain,
Thou hybrid ghost
Of grief and pain.

O train of imps
That blot all light,
Why crown the Dark
The Queen of night?

—Harold P. Hamrick

Fruits of the Swampland

by James Suggs

It's all over now and what a relief! I hope never to have another such experience.

It all began late one Saturday afternoon when Fred and I were coming home from a futile fishing trip on the Big Pee Dee river. We had paddled through almost every canal in the vicinity and still hadn't had a nibble all day. Just as we rounded a bend in the canal we heard something in the bushes coming toward the water.

"I'll bet that's a deer," Fred whispered. "Let's hide the boat around the bend and watch him cross." We backed the boat up and peered around the bushes. To our horror it was not a deer but something . . . something almost beyond description . . . something I hope never to see again. Its body was covered with coarse black hair matted with weeds and caked with mud. Long claws protruded from its hands and feet. Its eyes were glaring like two balls of fire. Its body was wrapped in something resembling grass and skin. Its teeth were black and hideous.

Fred and I stood horrified, unable to move a muscle. We wanted to run until we were miles away from this thing, but no matter how hard we tried, we could neither move nor speak. The creature gave a frightening grunt, flung itself on the bank and began slurping water. Fred dropped his paddle. It sounded like thunder. The creature sprang to its feet and turned its face toward us. My heart stopped beating. Then it leaped into the bushes and disappeared.

Fred looked at me and I looked at him. We were both shaking all over. The perspiration rolled from our bodies. Without saying a word we scrambled to our seats, grabbed our paddles and struck out for home as if the devil himself were behind us.

When we got to the dock, Fred and I jumped out of the boat and started for home, running as fast as we could. It was only when we reached home and got out of those haunted woods that we fully understood what we had seen. There was no doubting the fact that it was a man, and yet it looked inhuman as anything I had ever beheld. We described the creature's looks to our folks as well as we could. At first they thought we were kidding, but when they realized we were telling the truth, they became quite disturbed. Dad agreed to get up a party of men to look for the creature in the morning, and then we went to bed but were unable to sleep very much.

Dad waked us up early the following morning. We flung on our clothes and raced out to the hunting party. Though we were still a little afraid of the place, we refused to let anyone know. Some of the boys in the neighborhood laughed at us. However, Fred and I knew we had seen something and were determined to show them.

When we came back to the spot where we had last seen the creature, Dad found some tracks and examined them very carefully. There could be no denying the fact that the prints on the bank had been made by a barefooted man.

The footprints led off into the rice fields. Dad exclaimed that it couldn't have been a civilized man, for the reeds would have cut his feet to pieces. We followed the path of the man, partly by his tracks and partly by the broken reeds. The trail led over about four hundred yards of marsh and finally to higher ground. There we found what could most accurately be called a grass hut. Inside were a knife, which was quite rusted, a few bits of skin, and several pieces of half-spoiled meat.

How long had this man been living out in the marshes? Why had he chosen to lead such a life? Was he crazy or what? These were some of the questions running through our minds as we examined his home. One thing was evident. This man must be caught and questioned, so Dad sent us home to get a net. We found an old fishing net, doubled it so that it would be strong enough to hold, and brought it back. Then we climbed a nearby tree and held the net ready to drop on the creature when he came into his camp. The rest of the men hid in the nearby bushes. We waited till about dusk without anything happening. I was on the point of suggesting that we go home, when all of a sudden there was a slight movement in the underbrush. After that, silence. Then there came a growl from the bushes. An ape-like figure bounded into the clearing. There was a look of fear and anger on his face. He walked directly under the tree we were in and paused for a moment. Now was our chance. We dropped the net and made a direct hit. As the net covered the creature, he gave a terrible shriek. The figure violently clawed, bit, kicked at the net, making horrible sounds. He rolled over and over. Once he almost escaped. Several men quickly rushed out and managed to entangle him in the net so that he could hardly move. Then they wound some rope around him to insure his imprisonment. The creature seemed even more frightened at us than we were at him. Without further mishap we managed to get him to the county jailhouse, for that seemed to be the safest place

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The Wind: A Saga of the Far North

by William Schereck

Now and then, individual man, through one set of circumstances or another, finds himself alone in a battle with the elements without the products and sciences of mankind to aid him, limited in his capacity and ability to act by the very nature of his physical construction.

The various forces of nature use these limitaitons against him in as many different ways as there are different areas of the earth. In the stifling murky depths of the tropics nature has an ever-present rot ready to thrust into any chink or crack in his armor that might appear. In all lands where the surface covering is loose she uses the wind to throw masses of loose particles before him, choking him, blinding him, forcing him to lose his way so as to die of hunger and thirst. If he has provided himself with food and drink, she will destroy him with the heat or the cold. Lost on the desert the merciless sun will cause his temperature to rise and his blood to boil until it bursts through his weaker veins and internally drowns him. Lost in the frozen north he is given a chance to shield and to set up defenses to protect himself and his life's blood is not used against him.

Heat is a craven. It tortures and distorts, bloats, twists, and snaps body and mind, leaving neither dignity nor hope.

In nature's battle against man cold is the most majestic, the most emotionless. Because man can defeat it by simple motions, it stalks its victims, or lies in wait, until aided by an ally—perhaps the snow creating a deceptive surface, or the wind hurling loose a stunning branch, or in some more subtle way—it springs a trap.

To escape in other parts of the world man can neither move nor remain motionless. Unacclimated, he is helpless against the tremendous odds against him. Heat saps his strength, robs him of his vitality, uses his very internal motions against him, and tosses him aside to be feasted upon by the meaner insidious forces of rot and decay.

Not so the cold. It is a duel she offers, and when she wins she takes him into her bosom, preserving and holding him, permitting him the dignity of identity until forced to release him be the baser element of heat.

Let us watch such a duel, sudden, quick, like the onslaught of a Nordic warrior and his squire upon an unknown and unidentified enemy, adversary by the mere fact of intrusion.

The wind stopped. It stopped almost deliberately. As though satisfied for having driven away the last snow-filled cloud, it felt entitled to a rest, to sit down and watch the cold come into the forest. The moon, looking down upon the quiet scene, gave forth no rays of light. The eerie luminescense was of the pervading vacuum. Like a hardened, seasoned veteran of the north, the moon drew closer its skins and furs, enwrapping within the folds of its wool garments its warmth for itself, protection against the cold, against the phantom fingers spreading a crisp, snapping, crackling crust of ice over the white blanket under which the very earth itself took refuge.

Soon the white enshrouded scene would be transformed into a crystal fairy-land. The frozen crust, wrapped around every twig, eery branch, giving to every tree a snowy burden of which it could not shake itself, would bend and shape the leafless limbs, until spread out and distorted, they would make a roof of white shutting out the sky.

The moon, eager to see what was happening, threw back its hood, and, darting here, there, and everywhere for an opening in the crystal network below, transformed the scene into a sparkling, dazzling suggestion of a galaxy of colors that did not exist, an inherent splendor and brilliance that even the sun could not bring forth at the passing of the moon. Nature, jealous of its show of unmatched glory, locks its priceless treasure within itself. Even the snapping and crackling of the icy crust and the occasional springing upward of a branch greater than its burden is alien to the scene, seeming to provoke a scornful glance of reproach, rebuke for breaking the hushed silence, like a little boy shufflling his restless feet in a solemn high mass for the dead.

Into this scene came a man! A creature of flesh and blood, warmth and action.

Resentful of the intrusion, the wind arose angrily. As the man moved forward toward the center to dominate the stage, disrupting the absolute silence, leaving behind a trail of scattered crusts, the magic is suddenly gone and the spell is broken. Gone is the affinity with nature at rest. The angry wind reached out and brought forth great murky masses of pillows of grayish white, and, like an angry pup, shook them and tore them until their feathery contents plummeted earthward in a blinding snowfall.

And the man lost his way.

The wind leaped upon him, buffetted him from every side. The snow, locked to the earth by the craft of the cold, could not be used as a weapon by the wind. Unable to throw great blinding handfuls into the face of the man, the frenzied fury of the wind mounted to a rushing,

roaring, screaming, howling maelstrom of silence in motion. With head bowed and face burrowed deep into a shielding arm, the man struggled and staggered blindly, pushed forward helplessly as though he were caught up by a rampaging mountain stream. He careened off trees he could not see, blundered onto snowy ledges that gave way under his weight.

Then in preparation for the master stroke the wind abated just enough for the man to face the lessened blasts, to search and seek for shelter until the dawn would permit him to escape. A huge, jutting rock loomed ahead. Eagerly the man sought refuge behind it. Thinking himself safe behind its bulk, he unhooked and dropped his pack and bundle of furs from his shoulders. As he bent to lay his rifle down beside them the leather thongs at the neck of his parka-hood loosened and fell apart.

The wind, as though knowing this moment would appear, darted forth, flipped one of the thongs into a loop, and neatly tossed it around the trigger. Unaware of the triumph of the wind, believing that it was he who had won, the man straightened up to examine and to improve his shelter. The thong stretched out and tightened. The man resisted the slight tug with an unthinking, impatient toss of his head.

A shot rang out.

The night leaped up to stifle it, to muffle and silence it.

Jealous of its chance to play its part, it ducked and dodged, echoing and re-echoing from tree to tree, never diminishing, but, racing forth in its sudden liberation, it lessened only as it escaped into the distance.

A searing shock of pain transfixed the trapper. As the bullet burst into his stomach, smashed through his body and cracked his spine, he hung in mid-air. For an infinitesimal, unmeasurable moment he remained suspended between life and the cold earth. Slowly, limply, aware of his doom, he crumpled to the earth, sinking deep into the snow as if to make it easier for the next snow-fall to restore the unbroken whiteness of the scene.

The wind stopped again. But this time, knowing that the moon had allowed the intruder to appear, it did not blow the clouds away. It sat instead, quietly upon a hill, moving only now and then to get a better view of the man-creature crystallizing and mutating to affinity with the trees and the rocks about him.

The rocks, sometimes flaking and cracking under the strain and the pressure of the cold, would endure the erosion of the next summer with its heat and rot and gnawing insects, for they, the rocks, needed not life stream to sustain them.

The trees, into whose earth-embedded roots the life stream escaped the seasons of the lessening of the sun, but, paying the price of courting the sun, would summer after summer increase in splendor only to suffer the eventual ravishings of the creator of their pride, and would not as long be a part of the winter scene.

The man, without root, his life stream flowing out and freezing upon the ground, in a six-month would be gone!

The wind, tiring of thought and reflection, rose, stretched and went upon its endless way.

Man has learned that he cannot do battle single-handed with nature. He has learned to define the forces of nature in all their many aspects. He has come to realize that no single trait of nature is inherently all good or all bad. He is unable to control these forces, but to a very great extent he has become able to control their effects upon himself.

Early efforts to meet the challenges and adverse effects of the uncontrollable forces about him have given to man his ability to think and hence to invent, to create a science and then to develop a culture.

It took little effort on the part of the first man to satisfy his need for food, his instinct prompting him but to reach out (in one way or another), grasp whatever was edible about him, gorge himself to the point of disgorging or satisfaction, and then sleep and rest until the pangs of hunger made him stir again.

But for the wind and the rain, the sleet and the snow, the heat and the cold, man never would have emerged from his early monotonous patterns of existence.

Ever basically unimaginative, man adapted himself to the climatic condition about him with as little effort as was required. He used the materials close at hand. He burrowed into the caves he found by accident. He raised fallen trees in a barricade when no caves could be found. He raised up mounds of ice and snow and mud and thatch. And in the process he developed a social order and cultures evolved. New problems and complexities were attendant results, and, as his life became complex his types of habitation demanded change. As the challenges of other men were added to the challenges of nature, he altered his methods of construction accordingly. The preciseness of his systems was proportionate to the size of the materials. Where wood was scarce he learned to lean sticks together and enclosed them in skins, for roving herds were the more plentiful on the plains. Where trees grew in abundance, he could afford to stand them upright for walls and lay them horizontally for a roof. But where he was compelled to build his material into bricks from mud and clay, his problem was not a simple one to resolve. And so he developed a system of geometrics, and to aid in determining the amount of materials he would require, he devised arithmetics. In his repeated attempts to produce a durable material he accumulated a fund of recollections which developed into an elementary

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Words and Music

By Page Hutchison

Agnes Scott *Aurora*

It has been said many times that art is an expression of the times. Music, perhaps more than any other form of art, bears this out. Not only do those works coming from contemporary men express the currents of the time, but the compositions that have endured for many years take on a sense of the age in which they are being performed from interpreters, audiences, and surroundings.

Take, for example, concerts given this summer in Washington, D. C., New York City, and Tanglewood, Massachusetts. Each one was a combination of the music that has endured for generations and of the music that is being written in our own time. At each there was a different flavor in the music.

In Washington people came from all parts of the District, from Maryland and from Virginia to the "Watergate" to hear music interpreted by the National Symphony Orchestra. They sit on the steps that have been built into the bank of the Potomac River or in tiny canoes on the river and listen to the music performed from "the barge." Behind them is the Lincoln Memorial, to their left is the Lincoln Memorial Bridge and in front of them is the Potomac River and the Virginia countryside.

The settings for these concerts are varied by nature herself. A beautiful sunset will turn the river into gold and red on one night, a sudden storm will streak the sky with violet and send the tiny canoes scurrying for the protection of the overhangings of the barge.

But the city can never be forgotten. Planes from National Airport are continually overhead, and traffic on Memorial Bridge provides a constant murmur in the background.

The music itself assumes these qualities — from nature it takes a freshness and exuberance, from the city and its people a certain restlessness. As the lights of Memorial Bridge and Lee's home at Arlington appear, the audience relaxes, but it never seems to forget that it is at the center of the activity of a nation.

The concerts at Lewisohn Stadium in New York City have the same restless, city atmosphere, but in addition there is the atmosphere of New York itself. When a concert goer sits on the field at the stadium, he has the great platform where the performers are before him and the white concrete bleachers with their Greek columns

behind at his back. To his left there is a stand at which he can buy anything from candy bars to beer, and he can see the red brick buildings of the College of the City of New York over the wall of the stadium.

The audience is typical of the city —working girls, students, service men, long-time residents of New York. There is the same restlessness. A woman in an old raincoat wanders by. A young girl and her date amble by, obviously more interested in each other than in the music. A shabbily dressed man and a flamboyantly dressed woman pause to compare the merits of the night's concert with those of the concert on last Wednesday.

Again the city seems to impart its atmosphere to the music. The music becomes more remote, more objective. The restlessness of the audience is felt and the music becomes a part of the city.

The concerts at Tanglewood in the Berkshire Mountains of Massachusetts are far-famed and take their strength from the perfections of nature which abound on every side and from the understanding and attitudes of the performers and audiences who gather there every summer.

The Berkshire Music Center has as a setting the rolling green hills of the Berkshire Mountains. One must see the hills, the birches, the pines to comprehend the lushness and perfection in the surroundings which seem to make the music created by fallible human minds at one with the infallible mind which alone can give perfection.

The audiences come from everywhere and from all ways of life. There are great musicians of our time who come each year to teach outstanding younger musicians. There are the "laymen." who know that they have the finest in both classical and contemporary music, and that, in some measure, the enthusiasm and understanding of the musicians all around them will be imparted to them. They are caught up into the power of great music exquisitely performed, into the excitement of the acknowledgment by the conductor of the composer of the composition just completed and into the sheer joy of sharing beauty.

The noise, restlessness and distractions of the city are left behind. All is sympathy and understanding for what is being done. But still the spirit of the age prevails. Young men, carefully trained by the older masters, are free to interpret the music both of past ages and of their own generation.

Serenade to a Lost Love . . .

I knew a love that called my heart
And chained it with a thousand kisses
To an eternity past comprehension—
Binding it with links
Which decreased by one
With each day which offered not another kiss.

All is still the same with you—
Your voice, your face, your presence . . .
Nothing has changed except the looks, the gestures, and the words,
Which love made more meaningful,
Before some unknown sun evaporated love,
As the sun takes from the flowers
Their early morning jewels
Yet leaves them still lovely.

Aching heart,
Let fall your tears
To jewel the flowers of remembrance;
Let weary sighs
Whisper gently over them,
And color them with dreams.

These flowers of remembrance will be mine,
And so, in memory's garden, shall you be mine forever.

And so, farewell, my love!
Though once I thought
That you would chill my lips to any others,
I find now that you give to them a warmth,
That lends to love a beauty
Transcending mortality.

—Bill Duke

The Dream of Harry Walker

by O. L. Shoenfelt, Jr.

As Coach Harry Walker dressed he knew that this would be a big day in this life. It was the last day of the football season and it would probably be the last day that he ever sat on the Woolsey bench as a coach. He slipped into his clothes in a hurry because there were always a million things to do on game day. He looked down at his red socks, the same ones that he had put on for every game that season. The entire coaching staff wore red socks on game day because red socks were sure good luck, and over the years Harry had become more certain of that than anything else. No pictures were ever taken of the team on a Friday and the Dean of Students carried a horse chestnut in his pocket; all this had protected him during his twenty - three - year reign at little Woolsey College. All this had helped make him one of the most respected and talked-of coaches in the South. He had become a tradition at the little school, but now the alumni were calling for a little less tradition and a few more victories.

Coach Walker kissed his wife and left for the fieldhouse. She didn't have much to say because she was a little worried about Harry. She had seen Harry smile that night when the president of the school visited him and told him there would be no renewal of his contract. She knew that Harry was brave and she was proud of him. That was the funny part of it; Harry wasn't brave; he had expected it and now his time had come. For many years now he and Ann had prepared for the time when they would take his job away from him and now that it was about to happen he was ready.

When he arrived at the fieldhouse there was already a scene of confusion, which was to be expected, for this was a big day for little Woolsey College too. They were going to play the great University team that was slated to go to the Orange Bowl. This was to be the first sporting event televised in the state and nine of the leading papers along with seven radio stations were covering the game. The school had to hire two extra carpenters to build stands for the newsreel cameras on top of the press box. Harry was surprised that there hadn't been a complaint from the administration.

This was going to be the national debut of a team that had been selected to play in the Orange Bowl. The committee had chosen the University after the A&M game, but of course the selection wouldn't be made public until the close of the season. There was a box reserved in the stands for the committee and the official programs said that there was to be a special ceremony at the end of the game, which everyone knew was to be the announcement of the University's selection for the Bowl Game.

The demand for tickets had been tremendous and Coach Walker knew that he had offended many people. Yes, he felt relieved that he would be getting away from all this. When he entered the coaches' office he could see that his coaching staff had been hit by the fever too. The line coach sat at his desk tapping a pencil while the end coach and assistant backfield coach were talking over the coming battle; both ventured opinions as to the outcome. They were close to the boys and knew what it was to ask a team to go out to sure defeat, but then they were young and still had hopes. Coach Walker said to them, "I don't expect to win this game, right now I'm worried about losing it as gracefully as possible." They looked at the pleasant man who always wore a hat, and knew what he meant. It was to be his last game and they wanted to say something to help, but no one could think of anything, so there was an embarrassing silence.

The morning passed quickly. At 11:30 the University's 250-piece band, that was to accompany the team to the Orange Bowl, arrived and gave a concert for the newsreel and television cameras. At 12:00 Coach Walker and Coach Crank poised for a picture shaking hands before the game. Coach Crank was younger than Coach Walker and it looked a lot like a father-son picture.

Taping came next and Harry was left alone for a few minutes, for which he was thankful. He tried to think of something to tell his boys when he went into the gym, but he couldn't think of anything worthwhile. He walked into the dressing room and could feel the excitement that ran with electric fingers through the players. He knew they were keyed up to the limit; it was funny that he was so calm. In the gym there was a dramatic tenseness; the players were sitting on the stands waiting for him to give them a pep talk. He felt inadequate; he was the one that needed the pep talk. It was quiet when he spoke, "We've been a long way together, but I'm afraid that this may be the end of the line for me. I just want to wish each one of you good luck and to say that I have enjoyed every minute of it." He had to stop because he felt funny in his stomach.

The Woolsey players were unusually quiet as they filed from the gym onto the playing field. The assistant backfield coach tried to get a little chatter from them, but they only acted subdued. The coaches were worried. On the kick-off the Woolsey team rose to the heights in an effort

to right the wrong done to their coach. They swept a stunned University team before them and crossed the 50-yard line on the kick-off. On the next three plays they tore through the center of a great University line and scored within the first two minutes of the game.

At half time the score was 7-7 and Coach Walker stood before his players once more, "Boys, I'm proud of you. You are putting on the greatest exhibition of courage and determination I have ever seen, and," he looked at his battered and bruised players, "thank you." He had to walk out of the room because he was all choked up for some reason.

In the second half the big gears of the University machine started to grind and they ate out a 14-7 lead. Harry watched his boys in the Gold uniforms with a melancholy tenderness. They were putting up a great fight and, by God, he was proud of them. In his twenty-three years of coaching he had never seen such a battle; he should be proud. Twenty-three years is a long time in a business that makes old men out of young ones. The season hadn't been too good and he knew that the wolves had his scalp. A 5-3 record would have been exceptional before the school started emphasizing football, but now anything less than perfection was a sin to the alumni and student body. He had seen it happen to all his old buddies—Charlie, Harry, and Jim. One by one they had been pressured out after a bad season and now it was his turn. He was the last of the old bunch and it was just about over now. He should feel bad and he knew that he would miss the thrill and excitement, but he was ready to give that up and try to enjoy life for the first time. He was beginning to feel out of place with the younger coaches already. Lately his mind hadn't been on football when it should have been; it was out there on the golf course, where his main worry was trying to get back on the green out of that sand trap; then he would be fishing in the creek behind the house. His years at coaching had been good ones and the people had been good to him. He had been presented with a sporty green car; he would have liked a black sedan, and with the lot on which his home now stood. That was the year he had an undefeated team and they played in the Oatmeal Bowl.

He hadn't wanted to play the University this year or any other year, but the demand for big time competition had been too great. He was tired fighting the administration. He was giving in to pressure instead of fighting it. He felt that he had lost a fight for his boys when he signed the game contract. He had been right and now the University was beginning to show its class.

Coach Clayfoot sent in most of the second-string line to rest the players who were fighting so valiantly. Coach Walker sat up and felt ashamed thinking about himself during a ball game. He noticed for the first time how badly his wingback was limping, no wonder they weren't running any reverses. He motioned for another wingback to get in there and went to see how badly the injured player was hurt. On the next play the diminutive wingback took a reverse around left end and outraced the entire University for 56 yards and a touchdown. The extra point was good and the score was tied at 14-14. Suddenly the great University team collapsed and the Golden Terriers of little Woolsey College ran wild. The final score was 28-14.

The team carried Harry Walker off the field on their shoulders. The stadium was filled with screaming demons. Woolsey's 50-piece band was completely drowned out. In the confusion the Orange Bowl committee disappeared. Coach Walker thought this is really going out in a blaze of glory. Everything had worked out perfectly.

Harry still didn't feel hungry by supper time, so he slouched down in his chair in the living room and turned the radio on. The announcer's voice filled the room. "It is now rumored that A&M College, as well as the University, is offering Coach Harry Walker of little Woolsey College a contract. It was earlier reported that the University had offered Walker a five-year contract at an undisclosed figure. I close the program with the thought, if you want to get ahead, be a football coach."

Harry turned the dial until he heard the voice of Sportscaster Bill Stem, "And in a speech as great as Knute Rockne ever made, this grand old man stood before his players with tears rolling down his cheeks and hat in hand and said, 'This is the greatest moment of my life. I want to thank each one of you and God bless you.' And that man was none other than Coach Harry Walker, whose fighting Golden Terriers today defeated the great University team, the bowl-bound University team, for one of the great moments of sports that happen once in a lifetime."

At 7:30 Harry began to wonder what happened to Jim and the rest of them. It was unusual for the Saturday night quarterback club to be

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THE DYING PARTY

Oh, Father, Almighty
O, Auramazda, the Mighty,
See my blood on Korean soil.
See my blood on Grecian soil.
Is America to perish in world turmoil?
Is Persia to perish in world turmoil?
Will my sacrifice be in vain,
Will my sacrifice be in vain,
Or will peace some day reign?
Or will peace some day reign?
Oh, Christ, ease my pain.
O, Mithra, ease my pain.

—William J. Schereck

The Green Eyed Monsters

by Harold Chavis

It is one of those balmy June nights that takes away a body's will power and enshrouds the mind with a nostalgic mist that renders it helpless and incapable of choosing its course. A lazy moon, like a newly molded cake of cheese, and the millions of stars, near enough to touch, if my drugged brain could transmit the impulse, both add to the uncertain and drowsy mood of the wandering mind.

As I look out across the unmeasurable expanse of the heavens, stopping here and there to ponder upon an exceptionally brilliant star, I find myself wondering whether these beautiful little balls are really so far away and of such enormous size as astronomers tell us, or whether they are, as they seem, beautiful little balls hanging in the deep purple of the night just an arm's length away. The fresh sweetness of the night breeze ruffles the window curtains and softly caresses my still form as I lie on my back pondering over the immensity of the heavens. Sleep is inevitable.

I find myself hurtling through space at a miraculous rate of speed. The immensity of our universe is a mere trifle. I have long since left the little nucleus known as the solar system. Planets, stars, and whole universes whiz by like telephone poles passing the window of the eight o'clock limited. I do not know where I am going, or what mysterious force is propelling me forward, but it appears that my course is directed toward an unusually brilliant star straight ahead, and, at present, a great distance away.

As I approach, the star looms larger and larger, and I can clearly distinguish several planets revolving around it. It appears to be a giant replica of our own solar system. The third planet away from this great star, which is comparable to our earth, appears to be my destination instead of the star itself. It is of tremendous size. Our earth, if placed beside this planet, would appear as infinitesimal as a grain of sand beside a ball on the beach.

This mysterious planet is surrounded by a dense atmosphere. As I come nearer, the unknown force which is propelling me relaxes just in time to keep me from burning to a crisp, and I float down gently above what appears to be a dense jungle. I land in a cleared area about two hundred yards across. The floor of this spot is covered with a crystal clear sand that is of a very coarse grain. My landing was so gentle, that I did not disturb a single grain.

As I take stock of my surroundings, I gaze with awe at the huge trees which are so immense that our giant redwoods would appear as mere weeds beside them. There is an unearthly screech and I look up just in time to see the little hole in the foliage obliterated by something dark. The screeches become louder and there are at least half a dozen by now. They come nearer and nearer until they are just above my head. Before I can duck out of the way, I am caught in the talons of some huge flying mammal and drawn up into the soft hairy folds of its skin. It crouches on the sand for a few moments, and then with a bound that crushes me against the earth for a brief second, it is off—battling its way skyward against the other enraged creatures.

We rise and fall, dodge and dip, in what seems to be an endless struggle against an ever increasing number of unseen assailants, whose squawks and screeches would put a dozen angry lions to shame. All this time I am clutched in the talons of this monster, struggling desperately to survive its crushing strength. At last we clear the tree tops and skim along dangerously close to them at an incredible rate of speed. The other creatures, which are quite small in comparison to my captor, take up a useless pursuit.

For what seems to be hours, I dodge flying tree tops, and then the jungle abruptly gives way to a vast expanse of level plain covered with a low-growing vine-like plant which is brown in color. My carnivorous captor immediately swoops down so near the surface that I could put out a hand and touch the umbrella-shaped leaves of the strange vine. The leaves are not only shaped like open umbrellas, they are about the same size of them, and the stems are as large as walking canes. The vine itself is as large as a man's thigh, and the whole thing is a deep greenish-brown color.

Suddenly we rise, and on looking ahead, I see the reason—a huge wall about a hundred feet high; beyond the wall is a bright roof of what appears to be a castle of enormous size. As we clear the wall, the monster releases me and I float gently down into a huge courtyard.

The courtyard is strewn with heaps of bones, the lower regions of which are covered with a green slime that appears to be oozing from underneath. I look all around me and there is nothing but bones. There are large bones and small bones, old bones and bones with flesh still clinging to them, dry bones and bones covered with slime. Everywhere there is nothing but heaps of bones! As I stand knee deep in slime, pondering my plight, a strain of strange and weird music drifts across the mounds of bones. It is coming from

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exchange poetry

Blindmen Can See

Like a baby who just found the moon,
I stood dripping delight at the
Spark-spitting stone in my hand,
Cold burning and unearthly hard,
When Godwin the blindman
Feelingly drifted
Over and asked,

"What do you see in a diamond?
It hasn't a smell, as though it were
nothing;
Nor does it ravish the tongue like
clear water.
And when your fingertips question
In ten thousand innocent nerves,
It stings you—
It scratches, but gently,
Mouthful of snake fangs
Coaxed into cute-size,
Polished and velvet-wrapped,
Serpentine, hiding.
What's in it, my friend?"

How could I tell him
I'd sold half my soul
For the soot from one stovepipe,
Condensed?
How could I ask him to see it;
How, when he already had?

—Joseph Quinlan
Marquette Journal

Getting Down To Things

Because Ludwigana really had no power in her hands
Except the ability to drive a streamlined car
After a few drinks she mused on the terrace
How we all have some secret reserve
Some pose to keep us living.
"It seems we should make some inner connection
With here and there, the varia, Oh, I don't know."
She clenched her vacant hands:
"Oh, to burst with the alchemy of silence
Down over the world; and I do, I do."

And I swear she did, loving it all.
The street lights stared and blinked surprise
As she shuts her eyes and jumped head-first.

But, Oh, she made a fool of herself just shortly after
Screaming as she caught a flagpole
And hanging at half-mast as if she were sorry.

-Joseph Murphy
Fordham Monthly

A Sonnet That Isn't

How foolish we are
To fall in love
And spend our strength
On someone else
When days are given
Only once
For us to hurry
And make our mark.
But see—everyone is running.
Where? Oh, to succeed
In getting old and someplace,
And not foolish and not in love;
But everyone knows that the young
are foolish,
And we're young.

—Dorothy Worth
Marquette Journal

Roman Collar

By Louis W. Pintar

Marquette *Journal*

Flanzer splashed cold water on his face. He studied his heavy square features in the mirror, critically. "You need a shave, you're getting too fat, your mustache needs trimming."

He spoke to himself, as lonely men often do, ripped down four paper towels and wiped his hands, hands so huge they seemed swollen.

"Where did you ever get mitts like these. Takes all day to wipe 'em."

He pushed out of the men's room and joined two men in the hallway. One of them, a police sergeant, spoke, "The G-Man's in your office. Say, what'd you do? Soak your head in the bowl?"

"Dry up, Joe. Any word on that transcript, Doc?"

"Yes, the stenographer finished it about five minutes ago. I put it on your desk."

"Didn't take 'em long," the sergeant offered.

"It never does." Flanzer started down the hallway. "Go back to whatever you were doing. I'll let you know when I need you."

He opened a door that had his name and four others lettered on it. One of the inner offices was his, a tiny room that had a desk, three chairs and no other furnishings. A slim gray-suited man sat erect in the chair alongside the desk. Flanzer squeezed past him and dropped into his chair. He smiled.

"My name's Flanzer," he said. "We ran into something you may be interested in."

"I'm Dadisman," the gray-suited man said. They shook hands. "Whatever you have will be welcome."

"There was a shooting down in Kenosha county. Some farmer phoned in. It happened in one of his fields. The county sheriff found one survivor. Rushed him to a hospital where he sang quite a bit. They sent us a transcript. I had one made for you."

Flanzer opened the square manila envelope on his desk, removed the paper clip from the sheets that had been in it, and passed them to Dadisman. "If you'd care to read it now, I'll try to answer any questions that may occur to you."

Dadisman nodded. Flanzer stripped the cellophane from a cigar, lit it, leaned back in his chair and closed his eyes. Above all others, he enjoyed these rare moments when he had absolutely nothing to do. He hoped that Dadisman wouldn't read too fast.

The stars were brightest I'd ever seen. Like diamonds set in black velvet. There wasn't a moon anywhere. Not anywhere. Only the stars. And they burned into my eyes like bits of fire. I tried to close my eyelids, but they wouldn't close. Then I grew afraid I'd never be able to close them again.

Something moved in the deep autumn grass. I heard it rustle, dry and brittle, too dry for even the dew to turn it wet. But my back was wet, and I didn't know why. It wasn't from the dew; I knew that, but I couldn't remember. Something moved in the deep autumn grass, and was crawling toward me. I grew even more frightened.

I could hear its breathing, heavy, short, harsh breathing. I didn't like the sound of it, I didn't like the nearness of it, I didn't like anything about it. I didn't like the stars falling into my eyes; I didn't like being so helpless that I couldn't close my eyes, or stop my ears, or roll over and let the night air dry my back.

My own breathing drove away the sound of the other's. I tried to force it, for breath was motion and motion life, but the effort only made a great and jagged weight grind into my ribs, and a twisting sickness tear through my belly. I stopped trying to do anything.

I heard a grunt, and the ground near me moved. I knew then that it was a man. A broken black shape clouded the stars. For that I was grateful, even though I knew it was his face, and could feel his breath playing over my nose and mouth. He spoke, but I didn't move. I had stopped trying to do anything.

"Hey?"

He had a strange voice. Completely timbreless, but still powerful somehow.

"Listen to me," he said.

Sure I'd listen. How could I help it? I couldn't even shut out the stars by blinking my eyes.

"Listen to me," he said. "Can you nod, or talk, or whisper or hiss? Anything?"

He didn't know that I'd given up trying. But he'd guess soon.

"Listen to me," be begged.

The great blob of his head frightened me. I wanted the stars back now. But I knew he wouldn't leave.

"Listen," he said. "I want to tell you something. Important. The most important thing you ever heard."

The weight of my lungs pushed down against my heart. It swelled and pushed them back. The sudden sharp pain of it pulled my mouth open. I suppose I even made a noise.

"Good," he said. "Hang on. I'll try," he had trouble keeping his voice. "I'll try to make it short."

Damn him anyway. A circle of red flickered around my eyes, stabbed deep into my head; and in my ears a shrill whistle grew higher and louder in pitch. Still, through it all, his

voice wouldn't fade. Damn him anyway.

"Think about your life for a minute," he said, "and think about what it really was. And think about how you're dying now."

He was crazy. The damn fool had to be crazy. Many's the night I've dropped on my back to look at the stars. Or had they been different? Had they?

"Think about that," he said. "Ask yourself what happens after you die."

He was crazy. What happens after I die? Who cares? I wasn't dying. Was I?

"Maybe you don't know," he said. "You should, but if you don't I'll tell you. And you'll have to believe me the first time through. It's that important to you."

His head fell forward a bit, and away; beyond its edges the stars shone bright again. And all at once I knew he wasn't crazy at all. I was crazy. For I'd shot him twice, once through the heart.

I think I would have died right then, but his voice wouldn't let me. It held fast in my ears, and drove flat blades of hurt through my head. It kept me alive; I hated it. But still I was glad it was there.

"And so you see," he said, "you have to make your choice right now. Heaven or hell. Because you can't have this earth any longer."

The damn fool. Still hanging on to his heaven and his hell. I'd thought he was that way when I saw him climb into his Chrysler at six this evening. Big black Chrysler, and him a Jesuit with a vow of poverty. I'd heard him explain it away—but that was before he knew what we were going to do to him.

"Now you'll have to repeat after me," he said, "in your mind and your will. I believe in God. . . ."

Damn him anyway. Shot him twice. Saw the dust puff away from his coat. I shot him twice, and still he was with me. It was the Moron's fault. All of it. The damn fool.

At five-thirty the Big Fellow had called on us.

"Working hard?"

"Maybe," I said.

The room was small, a back room; we used a bookstore for a front. Policy wheels, mostly. With the Big Fellow leaning over the desk the room seemed even smaller.

"You're not glad to see me," he said.

There was only one way to talk to him, but it was hard. He had eyes as empty as the spots on a pair of dice. I kept my voice level.

"If you want a brass band, hire one."

He laughed and turned to the Moron. "He's glad to see me," he said.

"The Moron's glad to see anybody," I told him. "He's like a dog. A friendly mutt. Only he's dumber."

"Really?" The Big Fellow seemed amused, a sure sign that he wasn't. "Then why do you keep him?"

I leaned back in my chair. "Rumor has it he was once a bright boy. Studied law at the university. His father was a big man. Rich. A judge. But he was a Commie too. A big Commie. The boy found it out, and the shock drove him batty. The shock or the beating somebody gave him one night. I don't remember which."

"A touching little tale," the Big Fellow said. "But you haven't answered my question."

"He does what he's told," I said. "And he keeps his mouth shut. Never says a word, never asks a question. And I like it quiet in here."

"Clever, Mr. Rober," the Big Fellow said. "But why make his silence a virtue. He can't speak. He couldn't if he wanted to."

"How would you know?" I said. "He still has a tongue."

The Big Fellow began to sweat. He tried to laugh.

"I must compliment you, Mr. Rober. You possess a remarkable talent for eliciting information. But don't permit that talent to lead you into trouble." He put his fist on the desk. "You have thirty minutes."

"I'm busy," I said. "And I don't like working for your outfit. Too much chance the FBI will pick you up one of these days. And when they do, I'd rather not be connected."

"This is not a party job," the Big Fellow said. "It's personal to me. And it's a set-up. Easiest money you ever earned."

I said nothing.

"Park in front of the University," the Big Fellow said. "Wait for a

---

TIME

Time . . .
What is it?
Time is a wisp of smoke,
Disappearing into the air even as we hold it.
Time is a butterfly,
Forever eluding our frantic grasp.
Time is a waterfull,
Flowing over everything,
Rushing endlessly toward—the unknown.
Time is a piece of driftwood on the ocean of life,
Which the dying sinner clutches at and fails to hold,
Sinking into the bottomless depths of eternity,
Timeless.

—Ed Berckman

black '47 Chrysler to pull out from the east driveway. Do you know who'll be in it? The dean himself. It isn't every day that you can see the dean of a famous college. It will do you some good to see a man of culture."

And the Big Fellow laughed. "He's going to Chicago. Follow him. In an hour or so you will see his engine flame a little. It has been rigged with a timer. You'll offer him a lift the rest of the way. And you'll leave him face down in a field somewhere near the state line."

"How much?"

"Five hundred."

"For both?"

"I don't understand."

"The Moron does all my driving for me."

"Very well, then. Quite happily for you, I am fond of the Moron." He went to the door. "Who do you suppose," he asked, "saw to it that he joined your little establishment?"

"That's easy. You did."

"Yes." The Big Fellow coughed. "Do a good job."

And he was gone.

I let the Moron drive. He was good at it. I guess he wasn't really a moron. It was just that he didn't talk. He was sharp enough in doing things, once they'd been explained to him. Quick as a cat, always. But we called him Moron, and he didn't seem to mind a bit. That was why I liked him and used him. I saw him once when he was alone. He was leaning against a wall, rolling his head from side to side, and moaning like a sick bull. Since then, I'd kept a close watch on him. But nobody else ever noticed that he wasn't quite all right. They called him Moron and thought it was a gag. I called him Moron and knew there was something behind it. Like the odd resemblance between him and the Big Fellow. But that was the kind of thought you kept to yourself. Along with the rumor that the Big Fellow had a son in the Jesuits. You ordinarily didn't ask him about these things. I'd hinted at it today. And now I'd have to be careful of the Big Fellow. More careful than ever.

We parked on Michigan avenue east of the driveway. It was about five minutes of six. I told the Moron to stay in the car while I took a look around the grounds. There were still a few kids walking about.

I followed the little blond past a building marked Marley Hall, and into an open space. Here the drive circled around a patch of green scattered with a few park benches. Across from me was an old dirty brick building. Part of it was the priests' rooms. Guessed from the curtains on the windows. To my right were the garages. I lit a cigaret and waited.

In a few minutes I saw the man. Heavy-set, young, black-haired, handsome enough. A good priest by the look of him. Very good. Maybe even goody goody. I spat in the dust and watched him open the garage doors. Even from where I was standing I could see that it was a black Chrysler. I went back to the Moron.

The man was easy to follow. A good driver, careful and slow. In a half-hour we were out of the city. Another half-hour and the highway was flanked by open fields, not a farmhouse in sight. He was due for his engine trouble any minute now.

But a quarter-hour passed and nothing happened. I told the Moron to step on it. We'd force him off the road. I wanted that thousand bad.

The Moron's mouth hung open. He liked to drive fast. The needle jumped from forty-five to fifty-five and higher. There weren't any other cars in sight no matter where I looked. The only bad thing was the country lay flat as a table.

Alongside the Chrysler I got a good look at him, roman collar and all. He was about thirty, I'd say. Damn good-looking, a big man, still something boyish in his face. He looked at me and I turned away. Now I was ready to believe the rumor about the Big Fellow's son. That was when the first wisps of smoke burst through his hood. I told the Moron, "Brake."

The Chrysler pulled away. I heard his brakes scream, and hoped he'd switched off his ignition. I don't like to see a car burn. He was out stepping away form it when we rolled up.

"What happened, Reverend?" I asked.

"I don't know," he said. "I don't really know." Almost apologetic for it.

I had an extinguisher under the dash. I tossed it to him, left our car, climbed into his and released the hood. He threw it open ripped the extinguisher nozzle from its clamps and pressed down the lever. The dioxide burst like a pistol shot.

I watched him through the wisps of fog the wind took. He didn't seem a bit worried. He was enjoying himself. It probably wasn't every day that he could play with a fire extinguisher. There wasn't any more doubt about there being something boyish about him.

I took a look at the sun. It was low, a quarter gone; not a cloud in the sky. I could feel the chill com-

FRATERNITY

When men forget to fight
And teach their sons to sing,
A beam of heaven's light
Will form a mercy ring
To bind their hearts with right.

And then the Trinity
Of heaven's own Elite
Will spread their bounds and be
To every man, most meet.
A circle of divinity.

—Harold P. Hamrick

ing. When I looked back at him the fire was out.

"That car won't go anywhere," I said.

He laid the extinguisher on the fender and looked at me. He smiled a little. "I'm very much afraid you're right."

"Can we give you a lift?"

"I'd be grateful," he said.

"Hop in."

I let him sit next to the Moron. I climbed in back.

"Smoke?"

"No, thank you," he said. "How far are you going?"

I struck a match, "Chicago," and lit my cigaret. He leaned back in the seat, took off his hat, then threw it back to me. The Moron threw the car into gear and started off.

"I won't forget either of you," the priest said. "I'm Robert O'Hallaran, dean of the classics at MC Catholic. And happy to know you both."

"MC Catholic," I said. "That would be So—ciety of Jesus, wouldn't it?"

"It would," he said.

"You know, Rev—er—Father," I said, "somebody once asked me how you could own a car, what with your vows of poverty and all."

He smiled again. "It's a common question. But I don't own a car. Nor do any of our priests. The group owns them."

"That's kind of Communistic, isn't it?"

"The resemblance," he said, "is only superficial."

I laughed at that. I was still laughing when the Moron found a side road and turned off on it. The good Father fell silent. I think he caught on right away.

"You know, Father," I said, "you put it well. You won't forget either of us."

He kept his silence. But the Moron started moaning. A quick chill broke through me.

"Pull up," I told him. But he kept his foot on the accelerator. The car started to weave down the road as it picked up speed. "Pull up," I yelled.

The priest put a hand on the wheel and switched off the ignition. The Moron didn't protest. His moaning stopped.

"Thanks," I said.

"One good turn," the priest answered.

"Get out."

We all left the car.

"Let's go into the field a way."

"All right," he said

After a while, I told him to stop. He turned and faced us, and seemed very calm.

"You don't believe in asking questions," I said.

"No. Now that I've seen my brother I have none to ask."

"That's fine." I spat in the grass. "Last request?"

"A cigaret."

"You trying to impress me?"

He didn't answer.

I told the Moron to give him a cigaret.

He smoked it slowly, enjoying it. I hated him for that. For being a man where I couldn't have been. I hated him.

The Moron stood between us, but a little to the left. "Get out of the way," I said.

He shook his head, no.

"You damn fool. Get out of the way." I took him by the arm and threw him behind me. The Big Fellow could have him back in the morning.

"O.K., Father," I said.

The shot was like the crack of doom. It was only when I fell, turning, that I knew I hadn't fired it. The Moron had drummed a slug into my back.

He stood like an idiot statue watching me. He was stiff and empty-eyed. My own mouth hung wide open as his; my own arms stiff and heavy. But I lifted the gun and

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killed him.

I swung back to the priest. He'd taken a step forward. But I told him, no. And shot him twice, once through the heart, for I thought I saw the dust puff away from his coat. Then I rolled over on my back and remembered nothing till the stars woke me with their shining.

His voice droned. Still holding to his story of a heaven and a hell. "Repeat after me," he said, "as best you can. O my God, I am heartily sorry. . . ."

And so on through the rest of it. When he was done, he whispered words in a language I didn't understand. Then he was still. His face fell away, and the stars burned deep in my eyes once more.

After a while I managed to turn and raise myself up on one elbow. He was lying next to me, dead as he ever would be, his roman collar gleaming against the blackness. The damn fool had kept on to the very last. I'd killed him, and he tried to save me. From what?

I laughed, then an iron fist crushed me to my back again. That's about it. Except you found me. You're going to try and nurse me back to life, I suppose, so you can kill me legally. But I don't think you will.

Dadisman picked up the paper clip and refastened the sheets. Flanzer gave him the manila envelope.

"Interested?"

Dadisman shrugged. "He might have been more explicit. Who is the Big Fellow?"

Flanzer studied the ash on his cigar. "You know as much as I do." The ash dropped and broke on the button of his coat. Flanzer sighed and brushed it away. "But I don't think we'll have any trouble finding him."

Dadisman put the transcript into the envelope. "You won't pick him up till we can fully trace his organization."

"Well," Flanzer said, "it isn't really our business to worry about Communists. But I suppose it can be arranged."

Little John

(*From page* 3)

and got the sheriff and his men. The Negro took them back to Little John's island, and there they found the other Negro torn apart with all his blood sucked out. His guts were all over the door of the tomb, and the other poor Negro turned white. That is why you find Negroes near Charleston that are almost white. John was gone and so was his horse. The sheriff turned and looked across the river and saw Little John riding his

horse on top of the river. The sheriff and his men went back to Charleston as fast as they could.

From that day on Little John rides on a full moon near Charleston on the marshes and rivers. He still kills a few people and animals for blood, because their bones are left in the marshes. If you should happen to see him coming your way do not be afraid. If you are afraid of him he will kill you and suck your blood out of you. Act like he is a regular fellow if you should happen to meet him.

Great to be Back

(*From page* 6)

tion. Yeah, Chief, we got him. He almost killed his old man, hit him with a crutch about six times. . . . No, Chief, he's off his noodle. . . . Yeah, just a punk kid in the Army; he's been in here before—record says '45 for stealing. If the old man lives, he'll probably get ten; if he dies, life maybe. I'll report in the morning to you. We haven't questioned him yet. . . . How's Mary? . . . Still worried about your kid getting drafted? Well, let me know and I'll pull some strings for you. . . . See ya."

Hot tears welled in my eyes. Pa was right—I would be better dead. That 90 mm. was just a little short. Yeah, it's great to be back.

Swampland

(*From page* 9)

to keep him. We left him, still looking frightened and bewildered.

Someone later told us that the doctor had examined him and had sent him to a brain specialist. The surgeon found that a lick on the head of some sort had put the poor man in his condition. The surgeon operated on him and removed the pressure on the brain. When he awoke from the operation, the man remembered almost nothing. He had completely forgotten his days in the swamps but still was unable to remember much about his normal past life. The doctor asked us if we could find out anything about what had happened to him. He felt that if the story of his life were told to him, he might remember. We searched for several months, but came up with nothing. Meanwhile he must have a job, so we set out to get one for him. Dad found a small farm and was able to get it cheap, for the owner had just died. On the farm there was a colored man who had lived there for a long while. He would be able to show the man how to do things on the farm.

We were on our way there, discussing plans for his new home, when all of a sudden I looked up to find a huge truck coming straight toward us. Dad pulled hard on the steering

wheel. Mother screamed. Over the embankment we rolled. Then everything went black. When I came to, I heard Mother crying. There was a cut on my forehead, but other than that I was all right. Dad finally came to and seemed to be in fairly good condition. It was only then that we noticed the absence of our friend whom we were carrying out to his new home. What had happened to him? Had he been thrown out of the car? Dad scrambled out. No, he hadn't been thrown out of the car, for there in the mud were the unmistakable footprints of a man, leading off into the swamp.

The Wind

(*From page* 11)

science of analysis, eventually progressing into more complex empirical systems. So it is that our mathematics, alchemies, and sciences came to us from the narrow plains areas through which flowed and overflowed the great rivers which gave rise to our early civilizations.

So it is today. With the forces of nature always giving an ever present challenge and a more immediate need for defense, man has progressed further in his knowledge of material things than in his knowledge of other men.

Dream of Harry Walker

(*From page* 15)

late. There would be a lot to talk about tonight. He remembered how they used to try and beat the pants off one another; now they mostly talked over old times. He leaned back and tried to relax. He could feel that golf club in his hand now. Ann had always wanted to spend some time with her folks in New York and they would do that to. He felt those knots inside him begin to slip.

He jumped when he heard the school Alma Mater played outside the front door. There was no mis-

---

SALVATION

When Satan damns man for his unbelief
In Credos chanted in the halls of earth,
He takes salvation's map and casts it far
Into the burning pools of mental hell.
Man cries repentance, begs to burn instead,
For hell is void to those without a God
And only burns the souls of those who've found
Tho lost the purity of heaven's love.
But mind invents by means to matter lost
A hope that breeds on utter hopelessness
And finds the power to bear from alien thoughts
More thoughts not totally unlike itself.
In mind chaotic order still prevails
To flagellate the proselytes of Hell
And make decision heir to thought alone
That man must first reward the hopes of bliss
By crossing Styx and fighting Lucifer.

—Harold P. Hamrick

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taking it. It was the Woolsey 50-piece band. He walked out on the front porch and he could see what looked like the entire student body. It was hard to tell by the street lights. A small group of officials were approaching the porch. It was the president of the school, the president of the alumni association and two of the more important alumni. The president of the alumni spoke, "Harry, we've heard about the offers from the other schools you've had. Of course, you know we can't compete with them in the salary department, but we can offer you a lifetime contract and a guarantee of a hands-off policy. You can do with the team as you wish."

Ann came to the door, "Harry, it's Jim, and he seems to be in some kind of trouble." Harry picked up the phone; it was Jim. "Harry, they've got us in jail down here; they think that we're from the University and have come down to steal you from dear old Woolsey College. How about straightening them out?" Harry had to laugh.

As he returned to the porch he thought of something to say to the students. "This is the proudest moment of my life," (this Bill Stem stuff was pretty good), "I know that anything I would do in coaching after this would only be anti-climactic. I have thought it over. I owe it to you, my wife and myself; you need some new blood. God bless you," he coughed, "and good bye." A flashbulb popped. The little wingback who made the sensational touchdown run came up and shook the coach's hand and his eyes were wet.

Coach Harry Walker hurried from the house. There never was enough time on Saturday mornings. He stepped into his new yellow convertible and drove towards the school. Maybe after this season he would be able to get out with the boys and play some golf.

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The Testing of the Freshmen

(Parody on "*Danny Deever*," by Rudyard Kipling)

"What are the bells a-ringing for?" the new professor said.
To turn you out, to turn you out," the learned senior said.
"What makes you look so white, so white?" the new professor said.
"I'm dreading what I got to watch," the English professor said.
For they're testing all the freshmen, I have heard them moan and pray,
The upper classmen strut and gloat—they're testing them today,
They are stripped of high-school honors, and letters took away,
And they're testing all the freshmen in the morning."

"What makes the fellows breathe so hard?" the new professor said.
"They're in an awful fix, I guess," the learned senior said.
"What, Wofford men afraid of tests?" the new professor said.
"You've got a lot to learn, my friend," the learned senior said.
They are testing all the freshmen, they are marching them around,
They have halted all the freshmen, who are looking at the ground,
And they'll start in half a minute, and they'll gulp their hearts back down,
Oh! they're testing all the freshmen in the morning.

Green-Eyed Monsters

(*From page* 16)

the castle, which appears to be an endless maze of towers, domes, and wings, all of which are made of a strange, glowing, glass-like material.

Suddenly the music ceases and everything is still. The stillness is maddening. It is even more terrifying than the flight to this eerie place clutched in the talons of the winged monster. I feel like an animal that is caught between two huge rocks with a pack of hounds at the only entrance. I would imagine that the animal fares better than I, because even if he cannot see the dogs, he at least can hear their barks. I cannot see my assailants or picture them in my mind. Neither can I hear any noise that they are making. But I know they are there. I can feel their blood-thirsty eyes bearing down on me from every direction. My first impulse is to run. My brain carries out the impulse, but my feet refuse to move.

I struggle frantically, trying to free my feet from the death grip of the green slime, until I am near exhaustion. But my efforts are futile. Neither foot will move a single inch.

Suddenly the sky begins to darken and the weird music is resumed. I look toward the castle, and the roof has changed its appearance. Instead of glittering glass, I see what appears to be a roof of a drab brown substance. The walls too are of the same material. A loud screech behind me sends shivers down my spine. It is followed by numerous lesser

---

"They wasn't such a stupid lot," the new professor said.
"We'll see when they get through with them," the learned senior said.
"I've heard them talk a score of times," the new professor said.
"They's talking in their beards today," the learned senior said.
They are testing all the freshmen, you can watch them in the race,
For they've got to learn their lesson—you must look them in the face
While they're testing all the freshmen in the morning.

"Who's that got up and run?" the new professor said.
"It's one who put down all he knew," the learned senior said.
"What's that that flutters overhead?" the new professor said.
"It's freshmen's souls a-passing out," the learned senior said.
For they're done with all the freshmen, you can see them turning gray.
You can hear their teeth a-gnashing, and they're marching them away;
Oh, the juniors' knees are shaking, and they'll want their loans tonight,
After testing all the freshmen in the morning.

—Walton N. Bass

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screeches which seem to be right above my head. I clap my fists into my eyes in readiness for the attack. My blood runs cold in my veins. My heart feels as though it will burst, and my lungs are almost in a state of collapse for the lack of the proper amount of air. My hair stands on end and my fists dig further into my eyes as something falls into the slime right beside me.

Then as abruptly as it began, the screeching ceases, and I hold my breath waiting for that crucial moment when my body will be rent to shreds and swallowed by these unseen monsters. I find myself wondering whether they have teeth or

sharp beaks and whether they kill their prey before they devour it or tear it apart bit by bit as they eat it. Nothing happens. I wait for what seems hours before my suspense compels me to peep from behind a fist to see what is transpiring around me.

It is dark and I can see nothing. I open both eyes and peer into the darkness. Nothing is visible at first, then straight ahead, not more than fifty feet, is a pair of monstrous green eyes peering greedily at me from the darkness. The eyes advance steadily, and then a second pair comes into view just above the first. A third and a fourth pair of eyes appear, and finally there is a total of nine pairs of eyes, one pair just a little above the other, and the entire group creeps slowly toward me.

My whole being is frozen with fear as I try to visualize the monster that possesses eyes as large as saucers. Suddenly there appears another nine-headed monster to my left and another on my right, and I know there must be one behind me. These unseen monsters with nine heads advance slowly, menacingly, toward me, the center of an ever-decreasing circle.

EDITORIAL

(*From page* 2)

part. To be more specific, we mean that a student will become much more interested in his courses and therefore do better work if he studies only one or two at a time, rather than five or six.

This is no new theory but we will add our personal testimony in support of it. Let us suppose that a student in a sociology class becomes interested in some specific point, say Hull House, through some reference to it during class. He wishes to learn more about Hull House. But after classes he finds that he must prepare assignments in economics, history and philosophy. He does not have a chance then to follow up his original interest in Hull House, and, unless he is extraordinary, he never will. His intellectual curiosity is stifled.

This is but one example of the weakness of the present system. A different system may not be any better, but in this case the grass certainly looks greener on the other side of the fence.

* * *

The English language, as a written tongue, may become extinct in time, even though there continue to be English-speaking people. Because fewer and fewer people these days are able to spell. Before long the number may dwindle down to near zero.

This idea may seem a bit preposterous but the matter of spelling is a real problem. There is a deficiency today in either teachers or teaching methods, and the fault lies in the elementary schools, not high schools and colleges. Something should be done.

* * *

Just to show how paradoxical some things can be, we offer these facts out of history. At one time reactionaries were those who favored the outmoded custom of free love. At one time reactionaries were those who favored the return of obesity as the standard of beauty for women. Perhaps a majority of women today would prefer a reaction on this last point.

TO A ROBIN

O Herald of Elysium who flies
Above the Zephyr clothed gentle spring
And drops the blessed soul of he who dies
Into the land of paradise, now sing
To me the mellow-throated tones you bring
From heaven's fortune isle. O Angel Sprite,
Now hold my head in song of lasting spring
And stay till drooping clouds befog my sight;
Then carry me into thy land of morning light.

Your wooing song is such a careless thing
Made fit for gods yet wasted on a man
As if a mortal hearing heaven sing
Could tune his mind to some eternal plan
And find a hope on earth to safely ban
All fearful doubts of his eternity
And learn to end his life as it began:
Sensationless, without a thought, and free
To seek the Truth that was, and is, and still
shall be.

A nascent sense born slowly from a dream
Of some forgotten past when thought alone
Controlled our common destiny does seem
To lift the void of human thought and own
A greater understanding than is shown
By reason to the human mind. Now may
Our spirits unify in song unknown
To all but have resisted earth's decay
And live with Everlasting Truth another day.

—HAROLD P. HAMRICK

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Senator Dudley J. LeBlanc

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